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JANUARY
NO. 1



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PIANO PLAYING

Entirely By EAR



Amazing News OF DAVE MINOR'S NEW REVOLUTIONARY DISCOVERY

Mr. Dave Minor is the man with the largest music class in the world . . . the man who is on the radio from coast to coast, and has taught thousands of folks to play the piano by ear without knowing one music note from another. And now an amazing, thrilling new development so sensational that many of Mr. Minor's former pupils are excited. Recently the play-by-ear piano king developed a new amazing method that revolutionizes piano playing by ear. For 25 years Mr. Minor has been teaching thousands of folks to play the piano, but never before has he been able to offer you such a complete, thorough, simple, easy course. He guarantees that even if you don't know one note of music you CAN play the piano in 21 days or less—or you don't pay one cent!

FREE

For your prompt action Dave Minor will send you free of extra cost his great 72-page "Play-By-Ear" Song Book, containing 50 of America's favorite songs. There's not one note of music in this book, but it teaches you to play ballads, waltzes, marches, patriotic and popular songs. Hurry. Send coupon now.

Sensational Introductory Offer

Remember, even if you never played the piano, or don't know one note of music from another, Dave Minor's new, improved, simple course will teach you to play the piano so easy it's really amazing. This new course is so revolutionary that you too can quickly, easily learn to play the piano, yes, if in 3 short weeks you are not actually playing popular songs, marches, ballads, hymns, etc., by ear, you need only return the course for your money back. You take no risk. And just imagine . . . you don't pay a big price, you don't have to spend long hours, but you simply spend a few minutes a day at home, learning to play the piano by this easy, pictured, practical Dave Minor new method. It seems too good to be true, but it is true, and you pay only \$1.49 for the course complete . . . 25 lessons in all. That's actually less than 6c a lesson! But you don't pay unless you actually learn to play. Isn't that a fair, generous offer! Then mail the coupon now, while it's before you.

\$1.49
COMPLETE
NOTHING
ELSE
TO BUY

SEND NO MONEY . . Mail Coupon TEST ENTIRELY AT OUR RISK

Just think of being able to sit down at the piano and in 21 days being able to play the old familiar tunes, entertaining and delighting your friends. This new, improved course is simple as A B C. It contains all the pictures, all the easy-to-follow instructions. You start playing chords at once, and soon you'll be playing all kinds of songs from Dave Minor's big free song book. Mail the coupon, pay your postman only \$1.49 plus c. o. d. postage on arrival, under a positive guarantee you may return the course in 3 weeks if not delighted for full refund. Don't wait. Send the coupon now.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

MR. DAVE MINOR, Studio 137M

230 EAST OHIO STREET, CHICAGO 11, ILL.

Send your brand new, revolutionary, "Play-By-Ear" Piano Course, and 72-page Song Book. On arrival I will pay postman \$1.49 plus c. o. d. postage on your positive guarantee I may return the course in 3 weeks for money back if not satisfied. (Send \$1.49 with coupon and Dave Minor pays the postage.)

Name.....

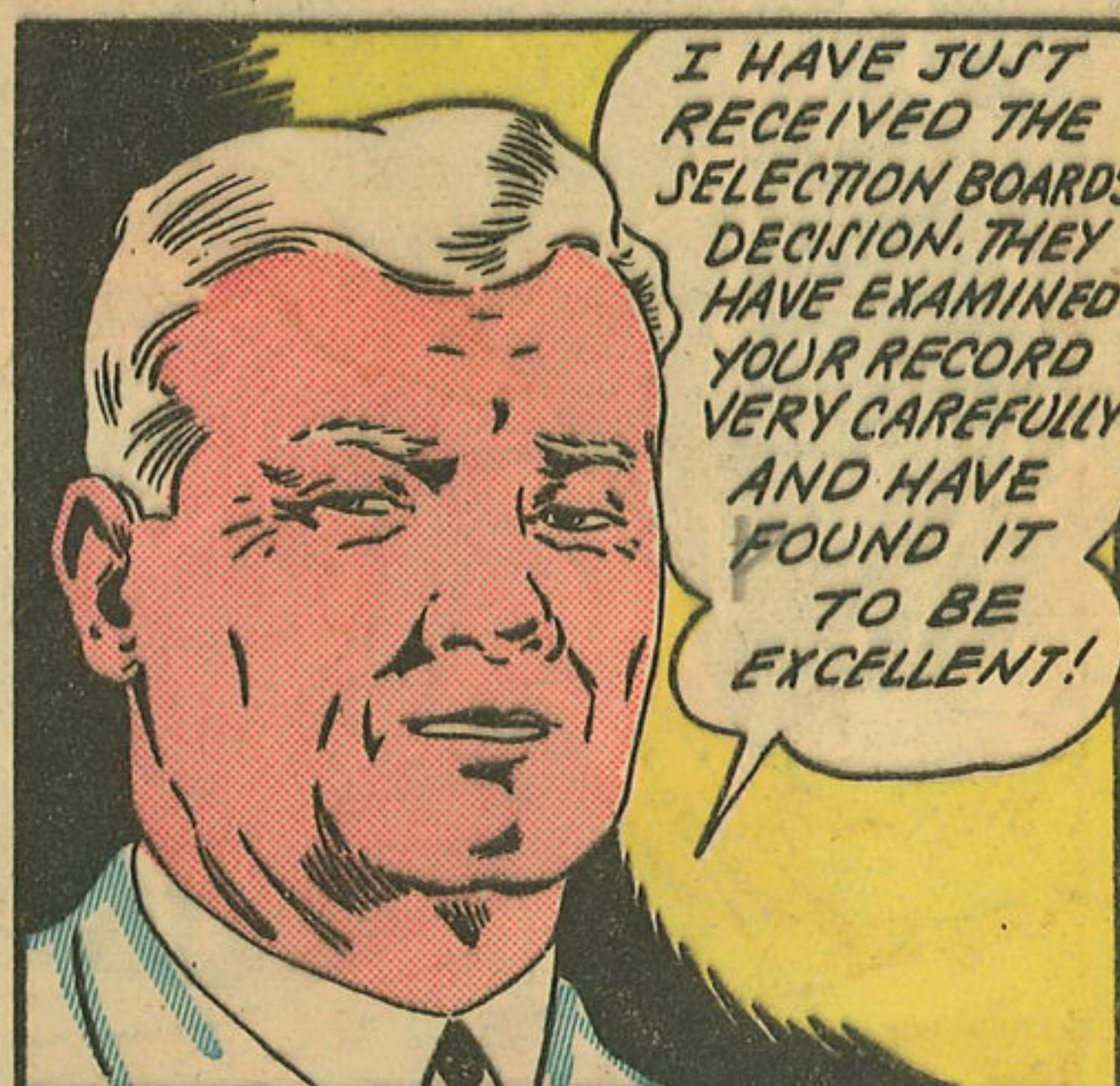
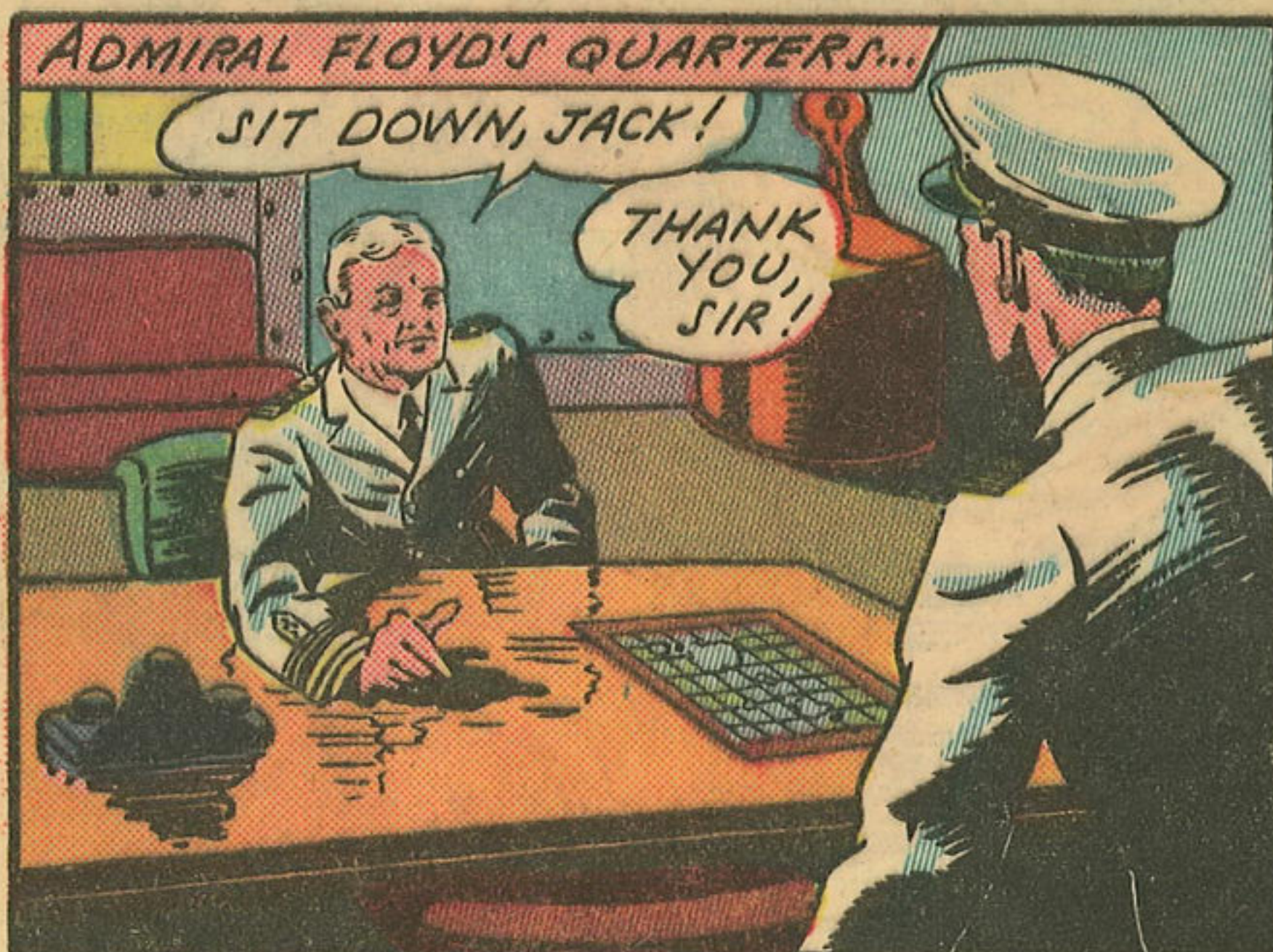
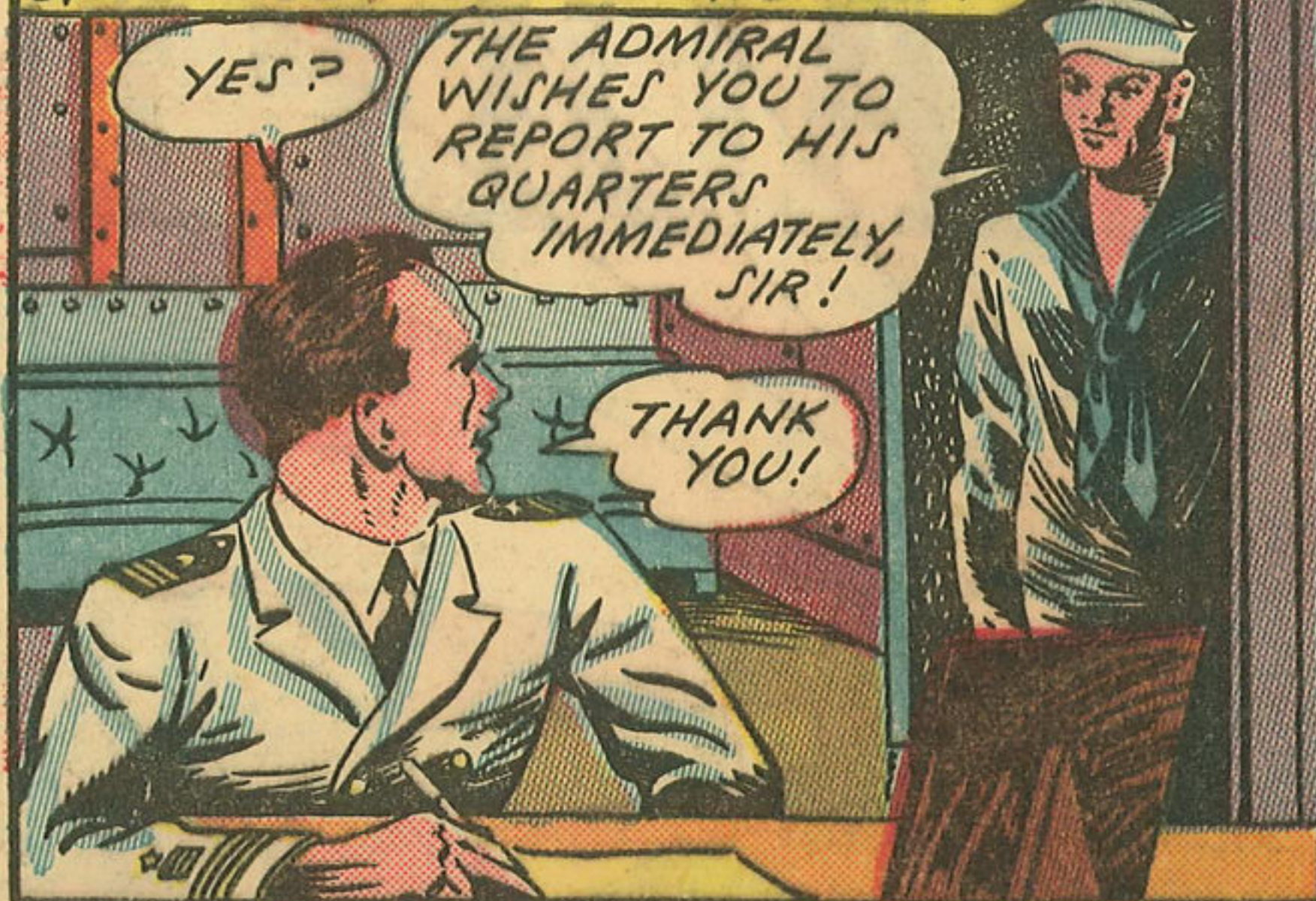
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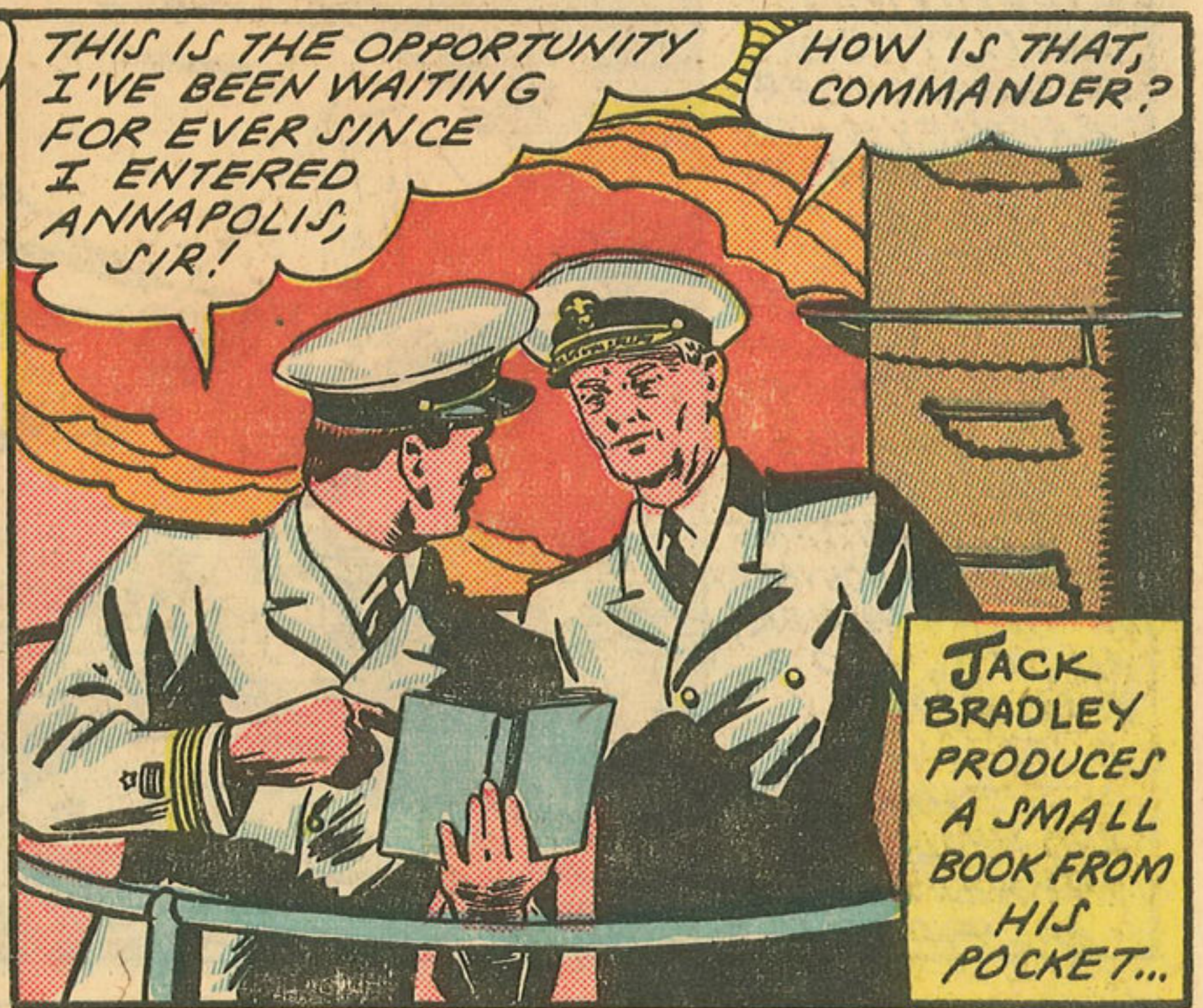
City.....State.....

JACK BRADLEY



ON BOARD AN ADMIRAL'S FLAGSHIP SOMEWHERE NEAR AUSTRALIA; IN THE QUARTERS OF LIEUT. COMMANDER JACK BRADLEY...



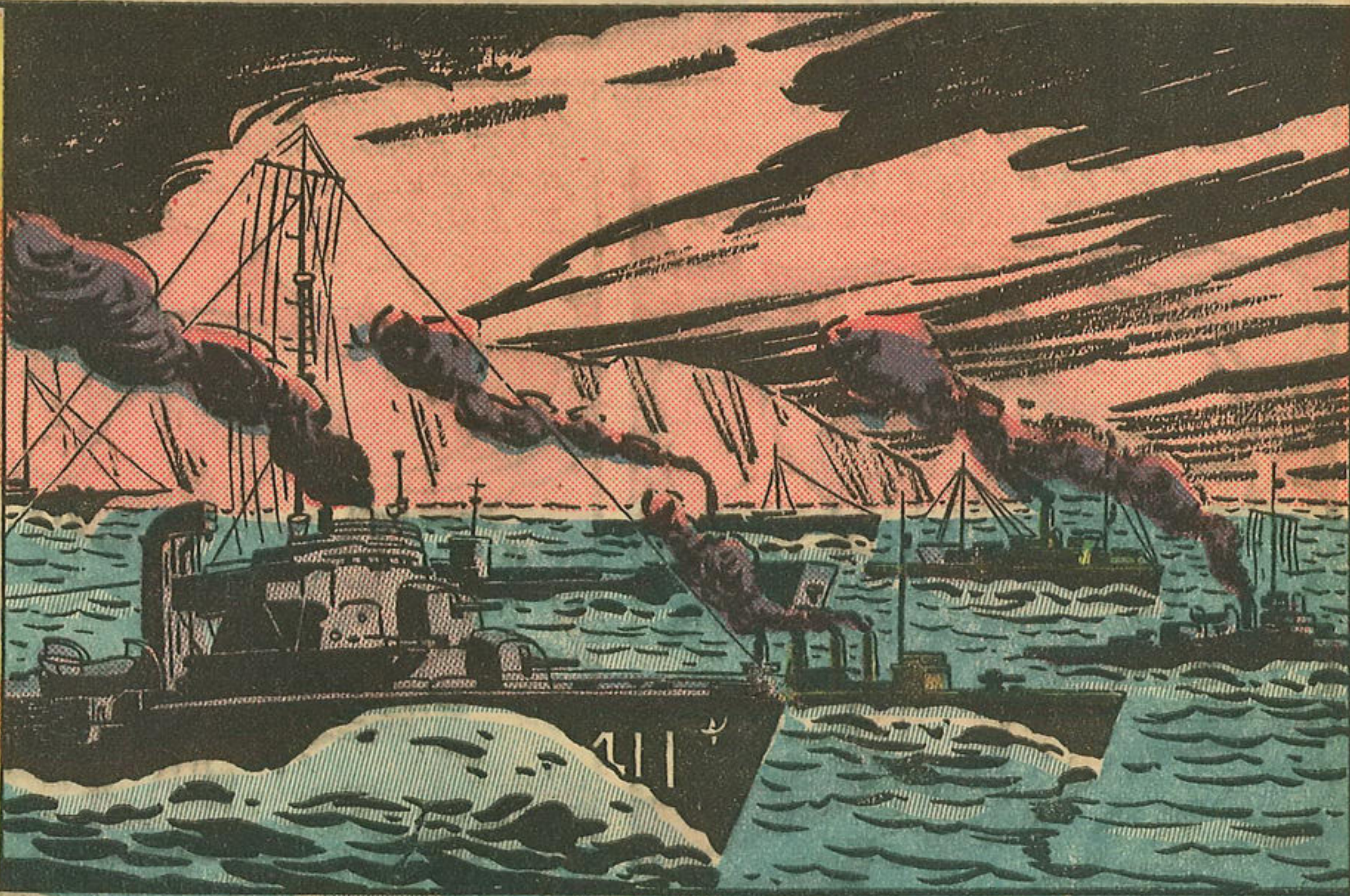


THE COMMANDING OFFICERS OF THE MINE FORCE ARE ASSEMBLED FOR A COUNCIL BY THEIR NEW COMMANDER - - -

WELL, GENTLEMEN, YOU KNOW YOUR JOBS! AND, I KNOW YOU WILL DO YOUR BEST TO MAKE THIS MISSION A SUCCESS! WE WEIGH ANCHOR AT MIDNIGHT - NO LIGHTS ARE TO BE SHOWN. WE'LL SAIL UNDER SEALED ORDERS AND SET A COURSE WEST-SOUTH-WEST. THE FASTER VESSELS WILL KEEP THEIR SPEED DOWN TO THE SLOWEST VESSEL IN THE FORCE! GOOD LUCK!



THE LITTLE EXPEDITION, CONSISTING OF COMMANDER BRADLEY'S NEW DESTROYER, AN "OVERAGE" DESTROYER CONVERTED TO MINE LAYING, A DESTROYER TENDER WHICH CAN MAKE ANY NEEDED REPAIRS AT SEA, A CONVERTED SCHOONER, 2 CONVERTED YACHTS, A TRAWLER, AN L.C.T., AND 2 SMALL SUPPLY SHIPS - SLIP OUT OF THE HARBOR AND HEAD INTO THE HEAVING PACIFIC!



THIS IS THE START OF MY FIRST REAL COMMAND! WHAT WOULDN'T GRAND-DAD GIVE TO BE HERE NOW?



COMMANDER BRADLEY, OPENING HIS SEALED ORDERS AT THE APPOINTED TIME, DISCLOSES THEM TO THE SHIP NAVIGATOR!

HAVE THIS MESSAGE SENT TO THE OTHER SHIPS: "SET DIRECT COURSE FOR PUT HARBOR, DESOLATION ISLAND, SOUTH INDIAN OCEAN"

AVE AVE, SIR.



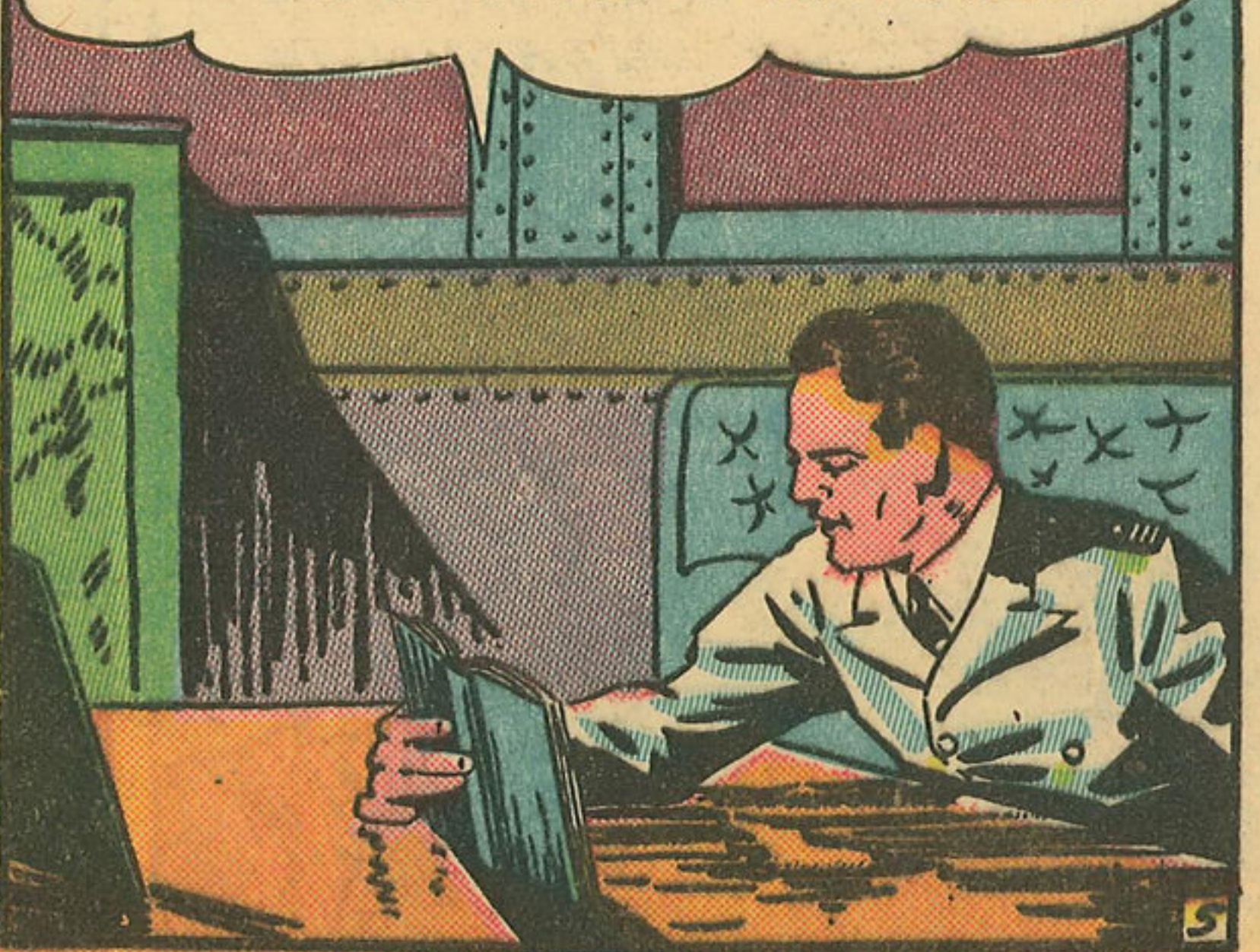
DESOLATION ISLAND -- LAND OF MYSTERY! MAGNIFICENT PICTURESQUE SCENERY, SNOWFIELDS, DANGEROUS DEEP MUDHOLES AND BOGS, FOSSIL REMAINS OF TREES, AN ACTIVE VOLCANO, GLACIERS, QUICKSANDS, PERPETUAL WESTERLY GALES AND...?



IN COMMANDER BRADLEY'S
QUARTERS.

LET'S SEE NOW - WHAT
DOES GRAND-DAD HAVE
TO SAY ABOUT
DESOLATION ISLAND?
H'M, SOUNDS
INTERESTING!

"THE ISLAND IS PRACTICALLY UNEXPLORED.
MANY MEN HAVE TRIED TO EXPLORE
THE INTERIOR, BUT FEW CAME BACK!"
WHAT'S THIS ABOUT A SHIPWRECK?

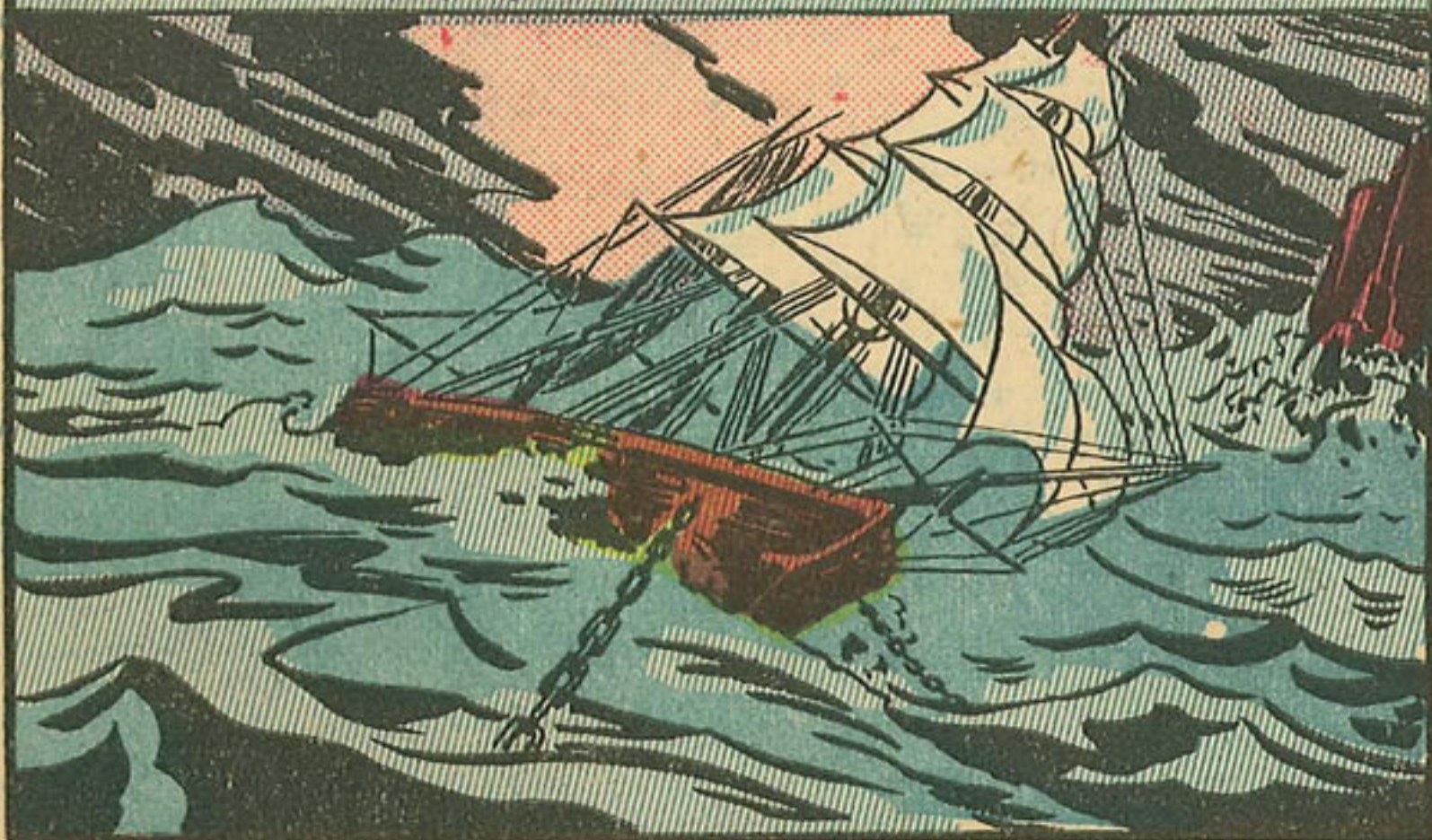


"WE WERE OFF CAPE ST. LOUIS, DESOLATION ISLAND, IN A DEAD CALM AND A GLASSY SEA. AS CAPTAIN, I WAS ABOUT TO ORDER THE BOATS TO TOW THE SHIP INTO THE HARBOR, WHEN I LOOKED UP AT THE SKY - - -"

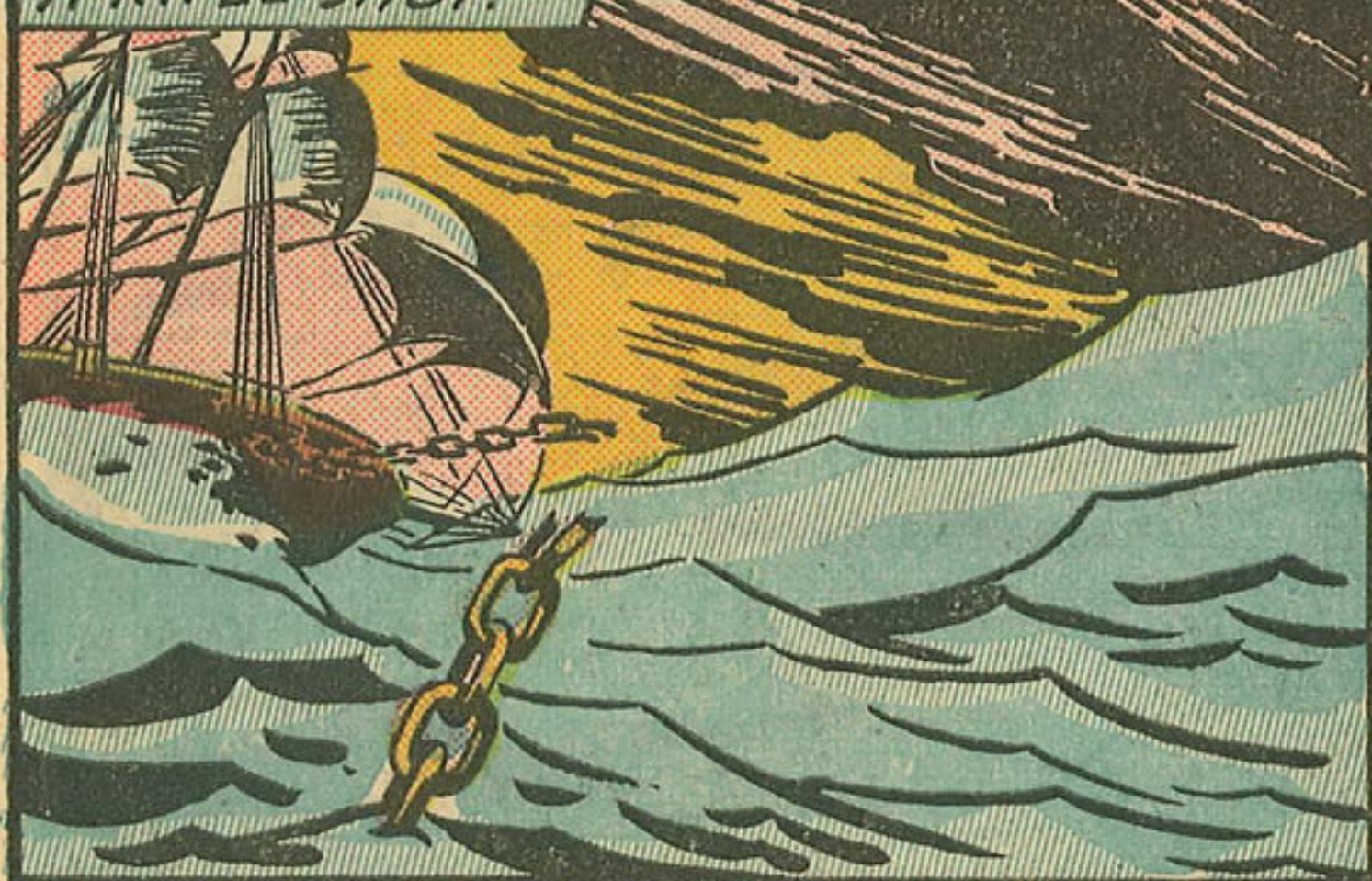
GAD, THAT SKY CHANGED QUICKLY! LOOKS LIKE A HEAVY SQUALL COMING UP! AND MOST OF MY SAILS SET WAITING FOR A BREEZE! ALL HANDS ON DECK!



"THE STORM EXPLODED FROM A DEAD CALM WITHOUT EVEN A RAIN DROP FALLING! SUDDENLY IT HAD BECOME AS DARK AS NIGHT. THE WIND SHRIEKED THROUGH OUR RIGGING LIKE A BANSHÉE THREATENING TO TEAR OUT THE RIGGING!"



"THEN THE WIND SHIFTED HALF A POINT, CAUSING THE STERN TO SWING ABOUT. THE STRAIN UPON THE STARBOARD ANCHOR CAUSED IT TO SNAP WITH THE NOISE OF A RIFLE SHOT."



I'M GLAD NO ONE WAS HURT! ALL HANDS ABAFT THE MAIN MAST! STAND CLEAR OF THE PORT ANCHOR CHAIN!



"THE PORT ANCHOR, FROM THE FORCE OF THE TYPHOON AND THE TERRIFIC STRAIN UPON IT, STARTED TO DRAG MY SHIP! SLOWLY WE DRIFTED TOWARDS THE ROCKY COAST."

I CAN'T ORDER "ABANDON SHIP," THE BOATS WOULDN'T LAST A MINUTE IN THIS BLOW!

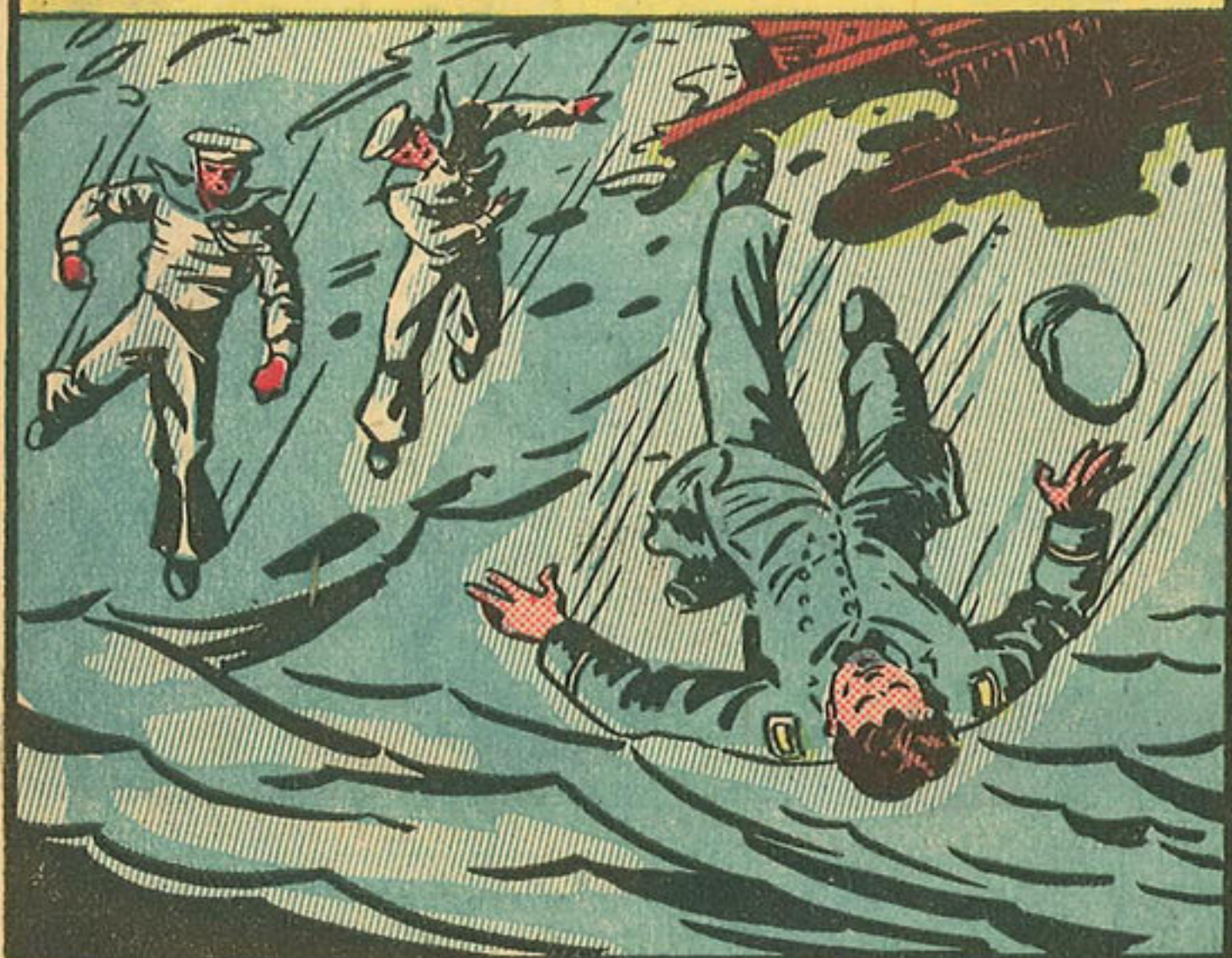


"JUST THEN THE PORT ANCHOR CHAIN PARTED! OUR WOODEN SHIP WAS DRAWN RAPIDLY TOWARD THE BREAKERS!"

STAND BY TO ABANDON SHIP! WAIT 'TIL SHE STRIKES, THEN JUMP AND SWIM TO SHORE!



"SHE STRUCK HARD AND FAST. I HAD INTENDED TO BE THE LAST ONE TO LEAVE THE SHIP BUT THE FORCE TOSSED ME OVERBOARD."



HERE! TAKE IT EASY, SON, HANG ON TO THIS!

THANK YOU, SIR!



UP YOU GO! WE'RE OUT OF IT NOW!

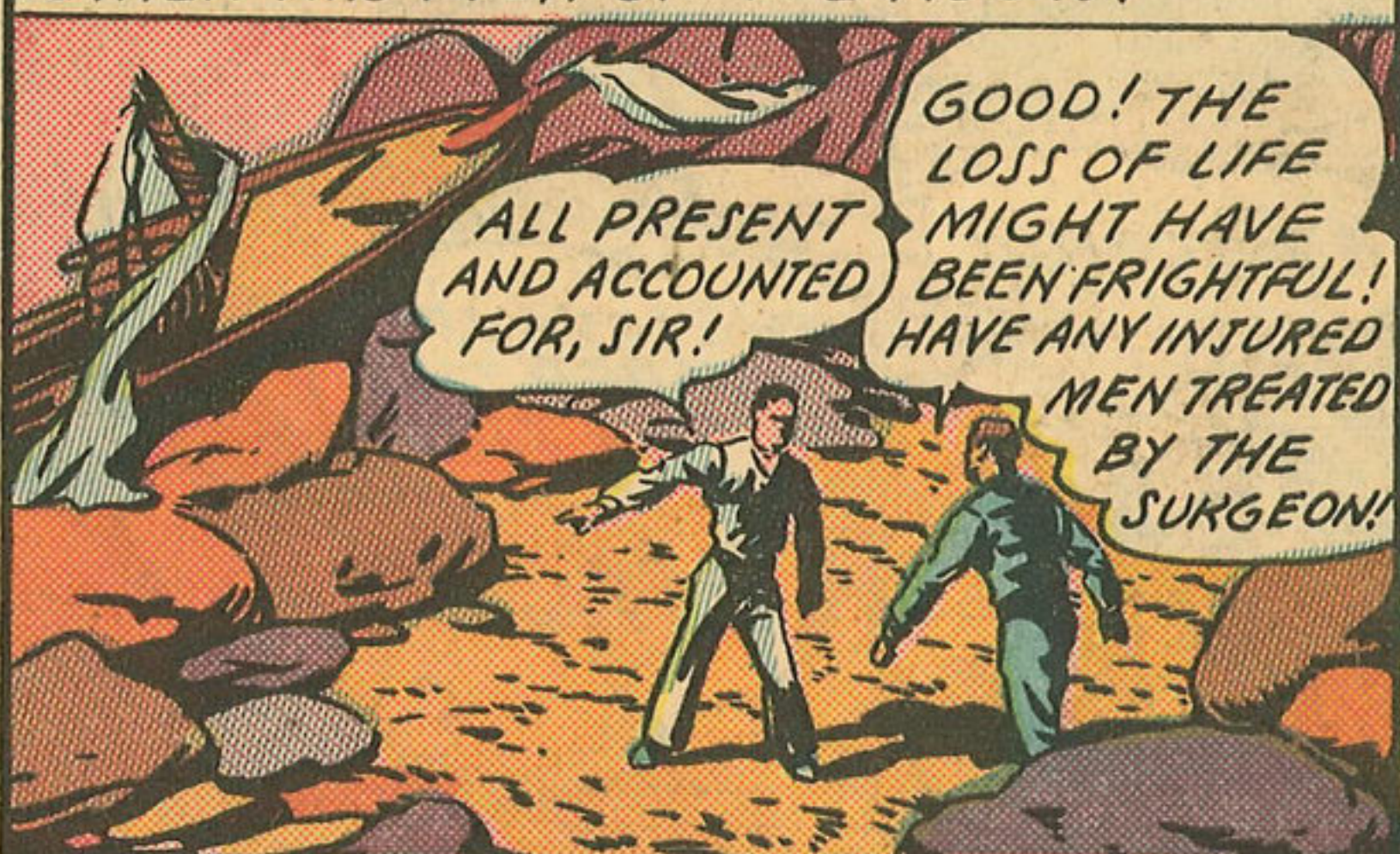
I'M ALL IN, SIR-
THANK YOU!



"WE WATCHED AS MY SHIP SUDDENLY BROKE IN TWO! THE SEA CLAIMED ONE HALF! THE OTHER WAS HIGH ON THE ROCKS."

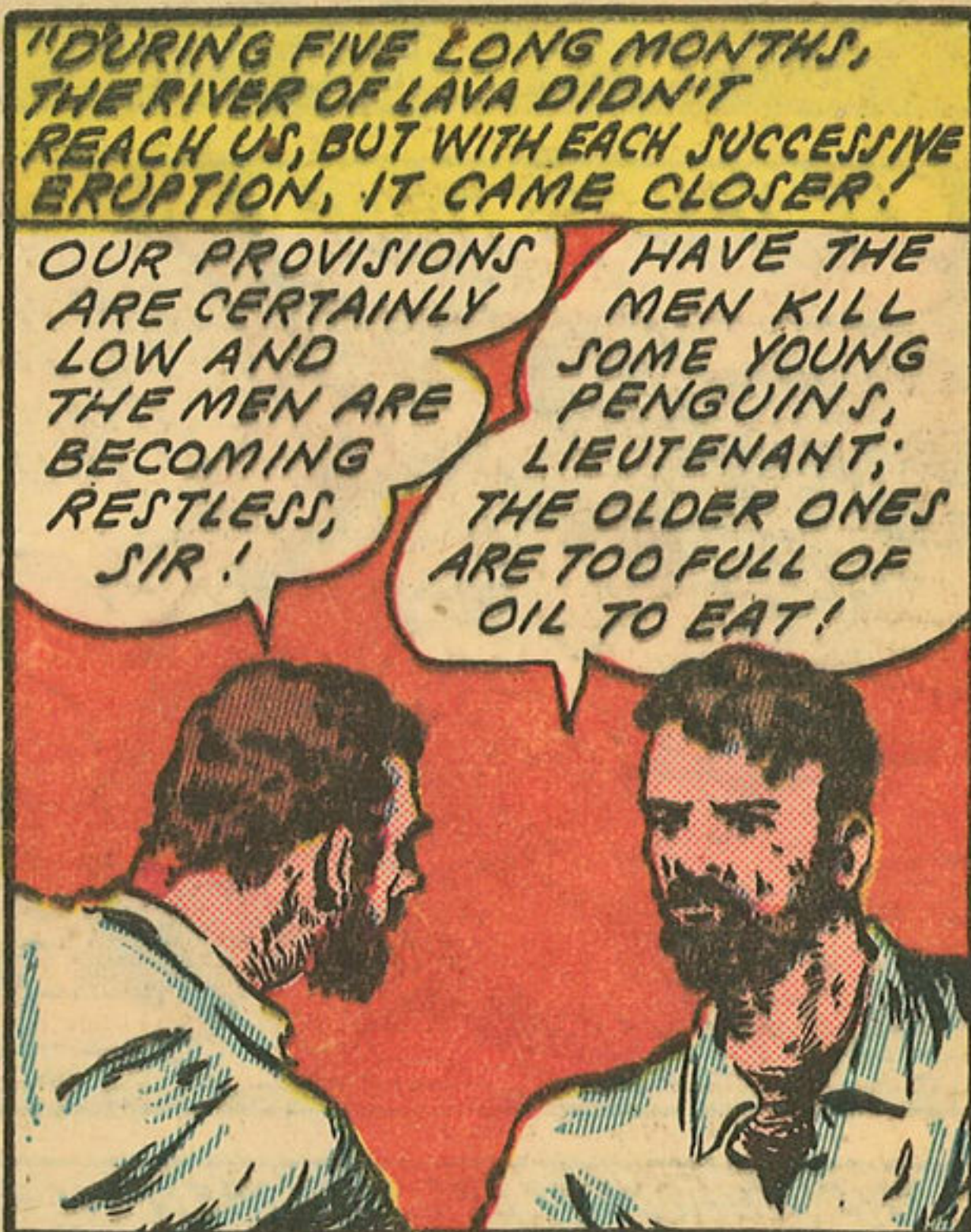
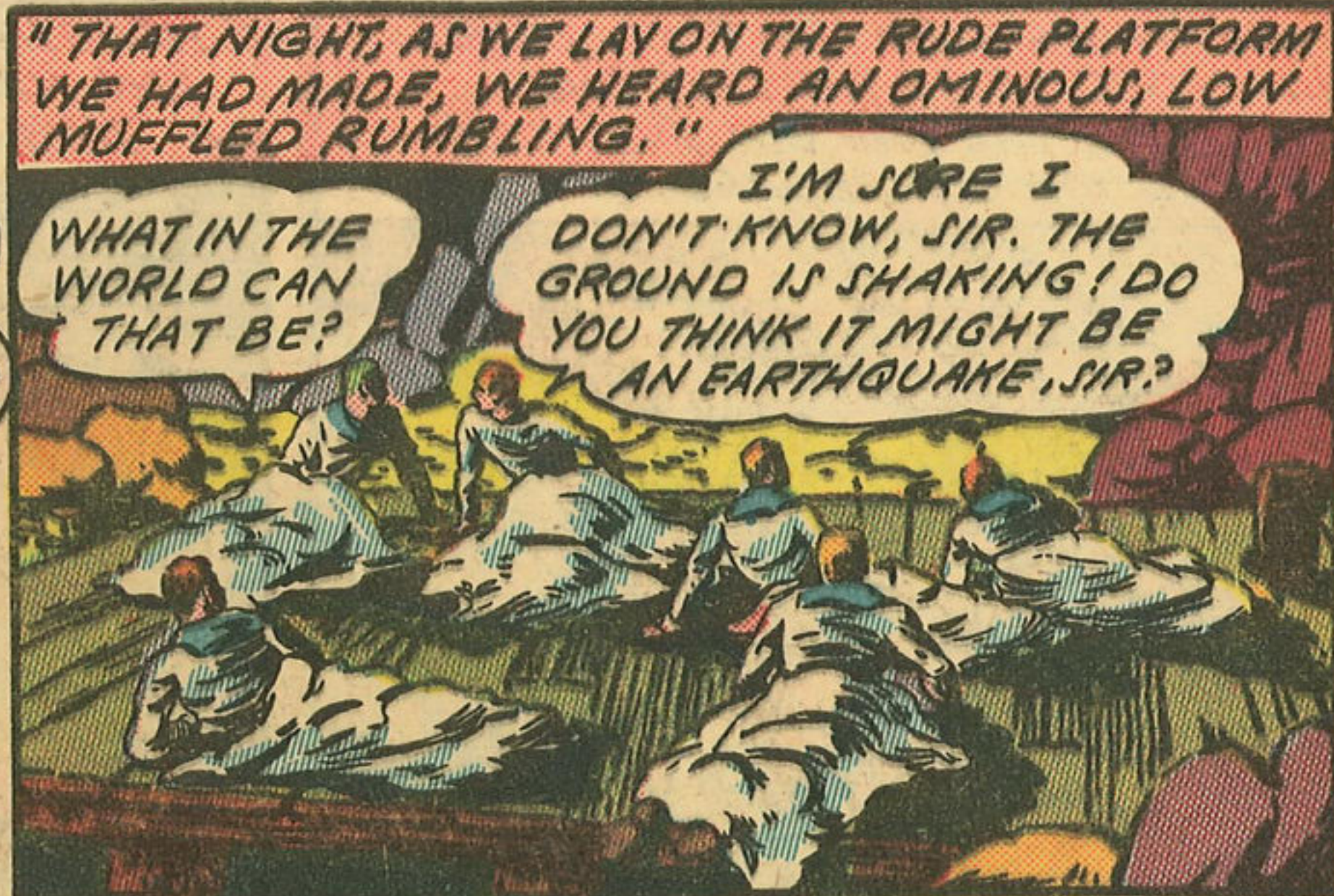
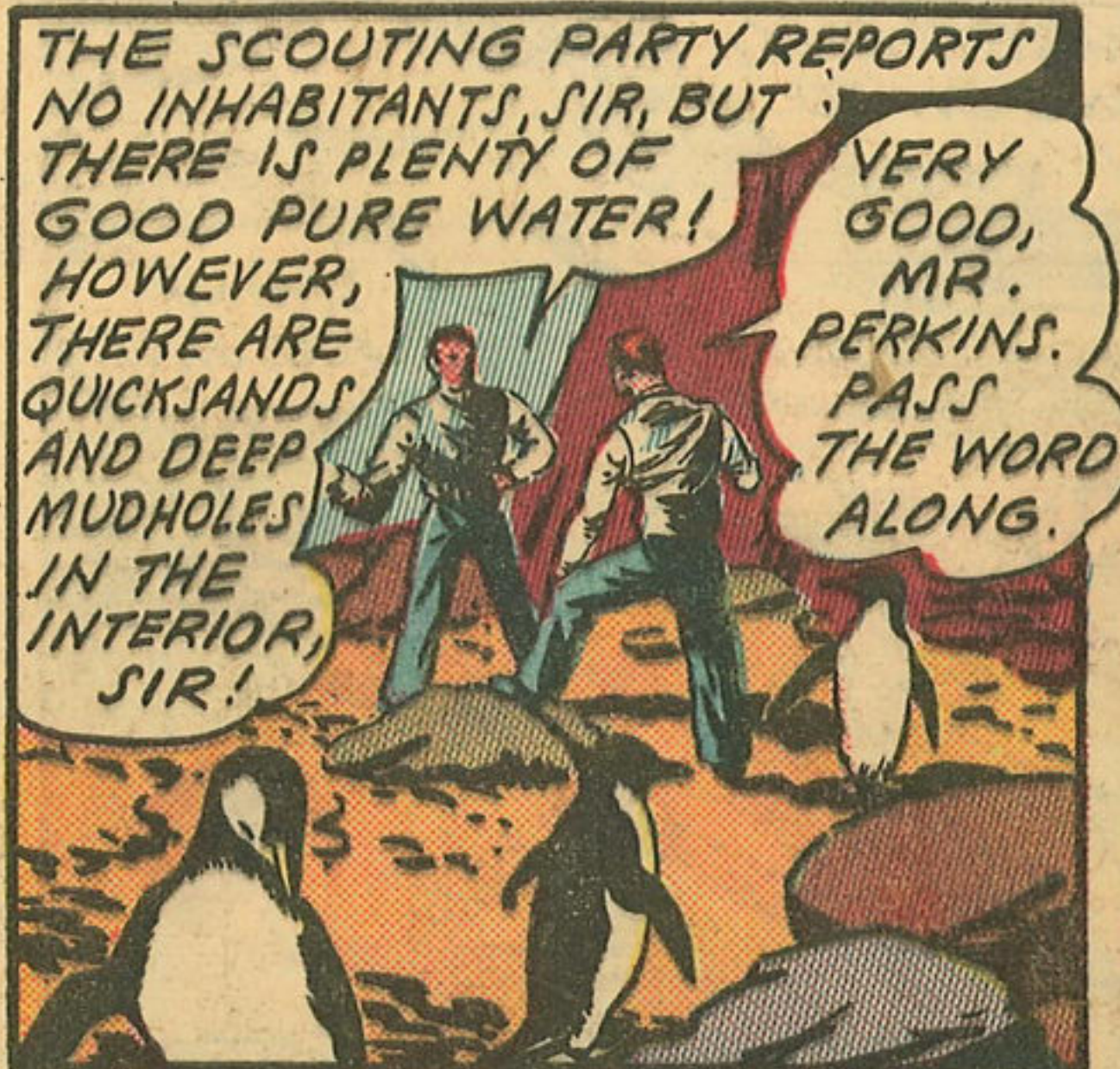
ALL PRESENT
AND ACCOUNTED
FOR, SIR!

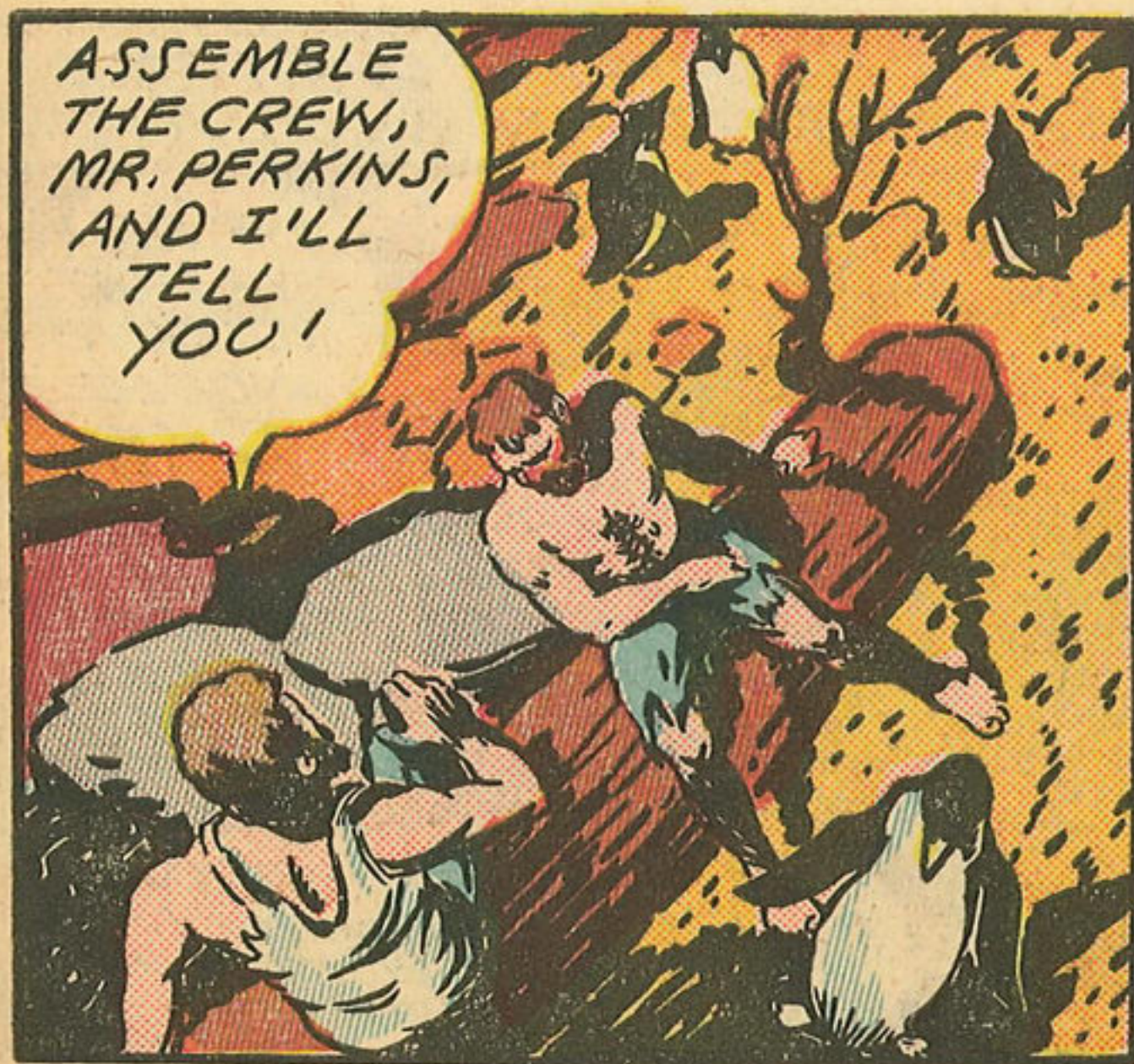
GOOD! THE
LOSS OF LIFE
MIGHT HAVE
BEEN FRIGHTFUL!
HAVE ANY INJURED
MEN TREATED
BY THE
SURGEON!



"THE CHAPLAIN LED THE MEN IN PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING FIRST. THEN, I ORDERED THOSE WHO WERE STILL FIT TO SALVAGE ALL THEY COULD FROM THE WRECK!"



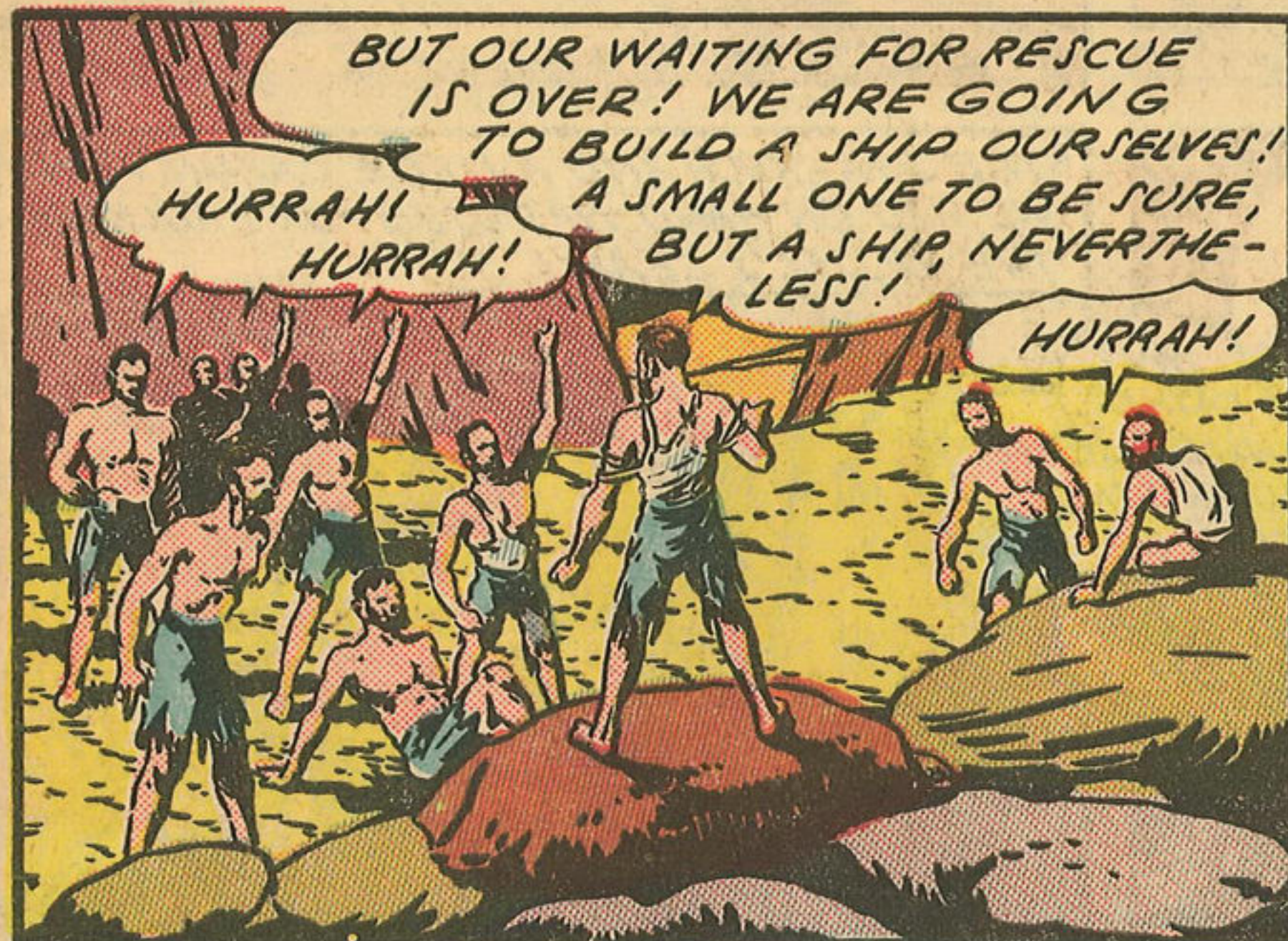




ASSEMBLE
THE CREW,
MR. PERKINS,
AND I'LL
TELL
YOU!

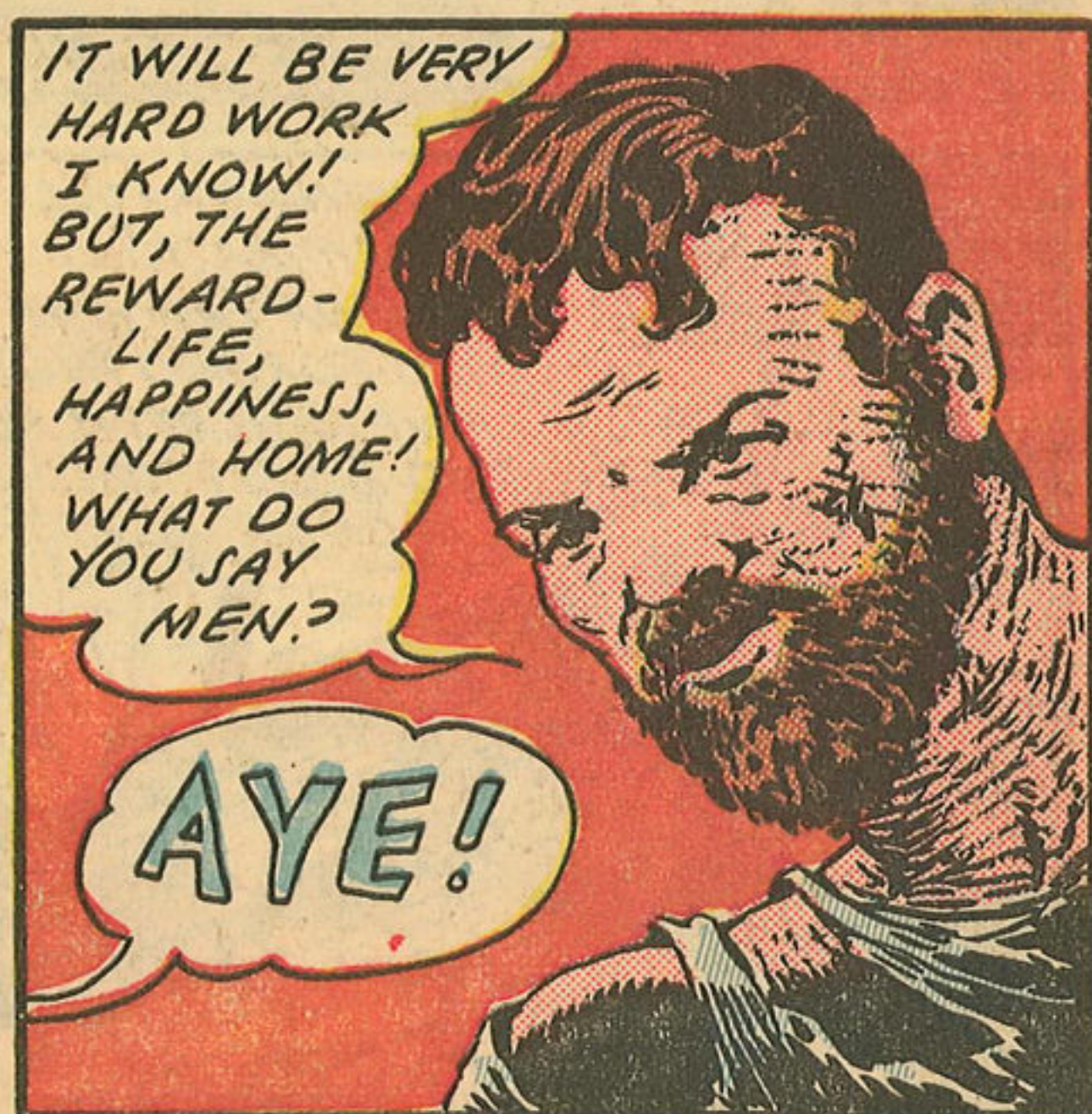


MEN, I WANT TO CONGRATULATE
YOU ON YOUR BEHAVIOR DURING
ALL THESE MONTHS ON
THE ISLAND!



BUT OUR WAITING FOR RESCUE
IS OVER! WE ARE GOING
TO BUILD A SHIP OURSELVES!
HURRAH! A SMALL ONE TO BE SURE,
HURRAH! BUT A SHIP, NEVERTHE-
LESS!

HURRAH!



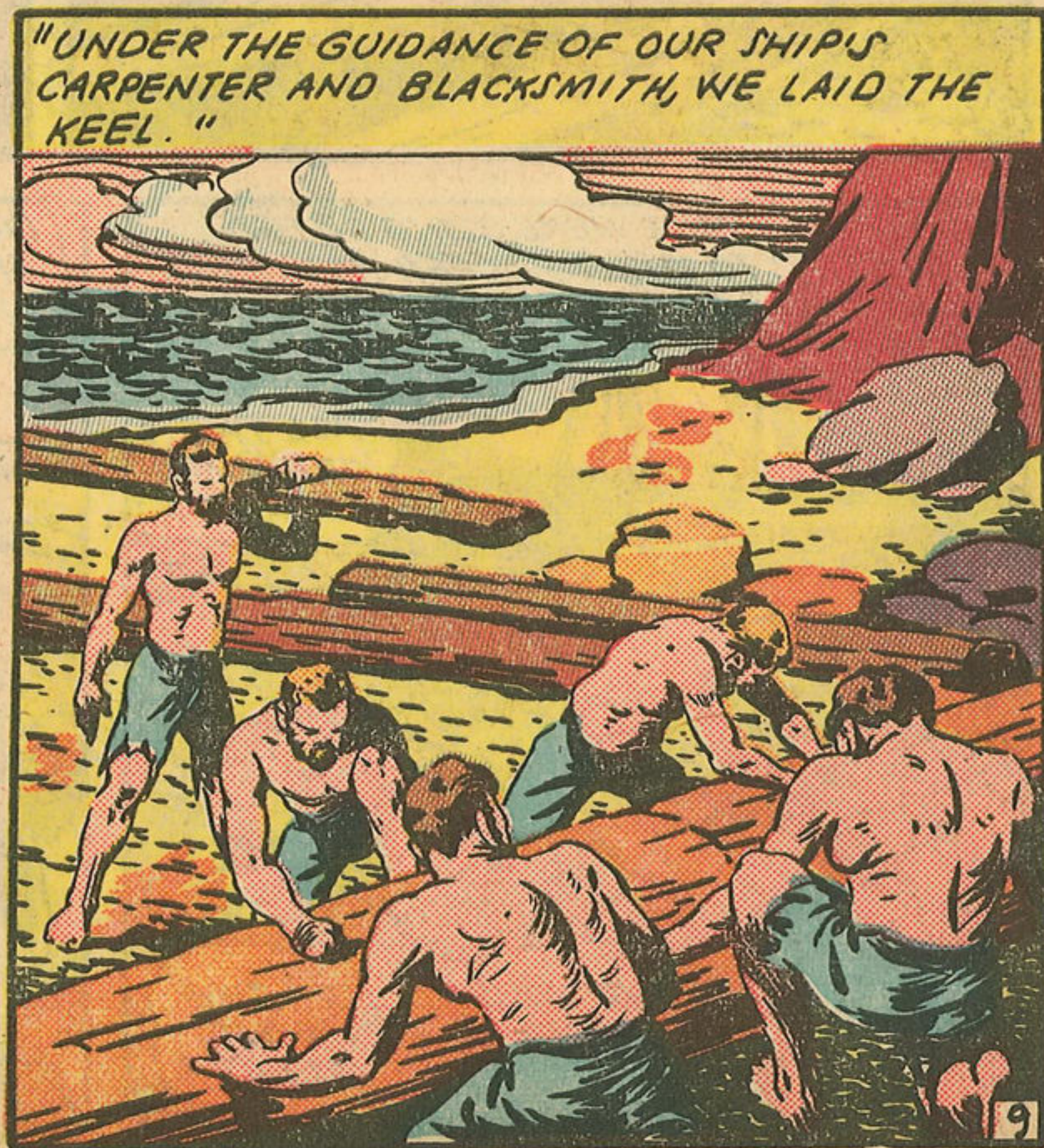
IT WILL BE VERY
HARD WORK
I KNOW!
BUT, THE
REWARD-
LIFE,
HAPPINESS,
AND HOME!
WHAT DO
YOU SAY
MEN?

AYE!



"WILLING AND EAGER HANDS TORE THE
TIMBER FROM THE WRECK. IT WAS
LAID OUT CAREFULLY, ACCORDING TO
SIZE AND QUALITY"

HAVE THEM PUT THE TIMBERS
OVER HERE, MR. PERKINS!

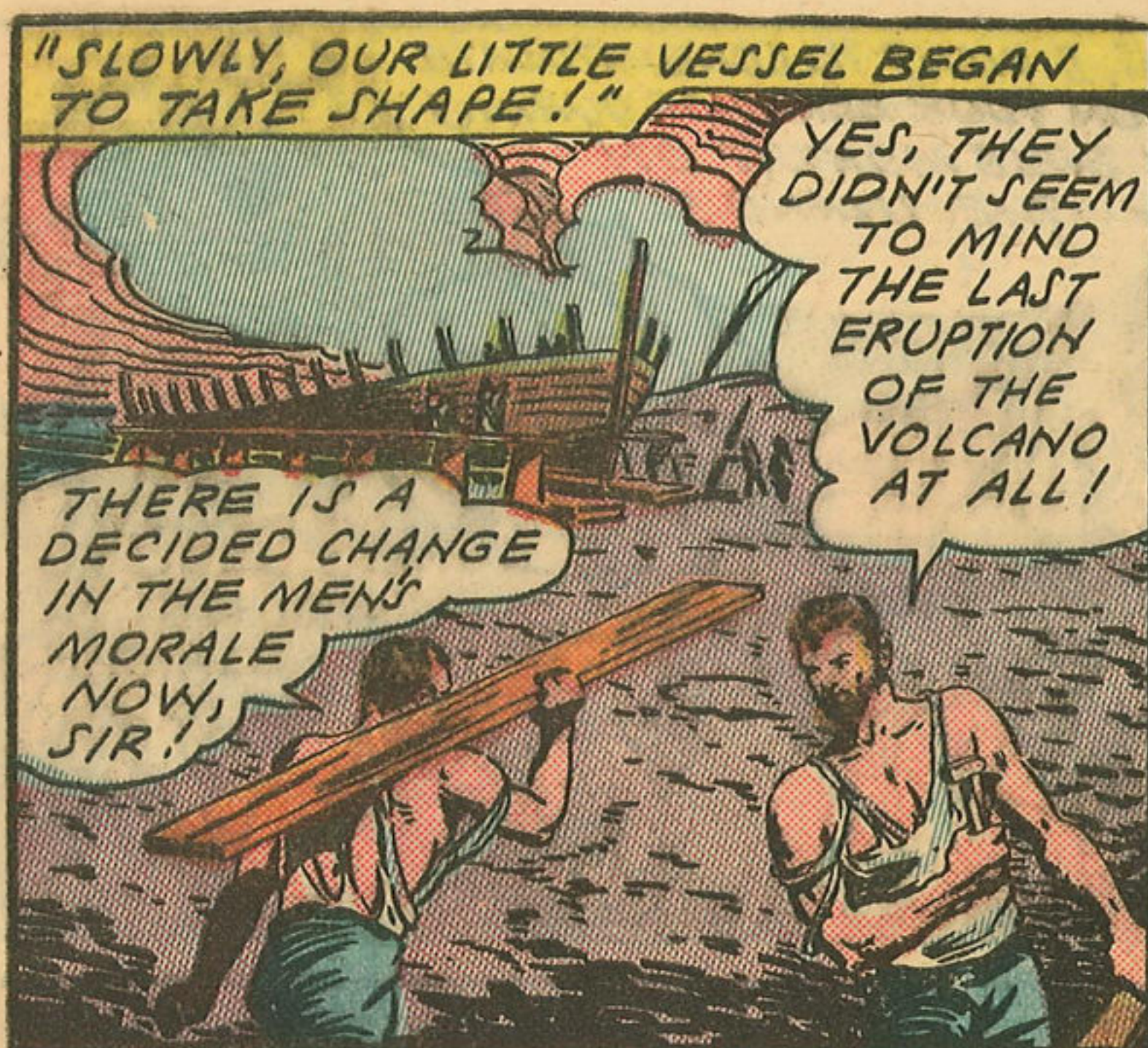


"UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF OUR SHIP'S
CARPENTER AND BLACKSMITH, WE LAID THE
KEEL."

"SLOWLY, OUR LITTLE VESSEL BEGAN TO TAKE SHAPE!"

YES, THEY DIDN'T SEEM TO MIND THE LAST ERUPTION OF THE VOLCANO AT ALL!

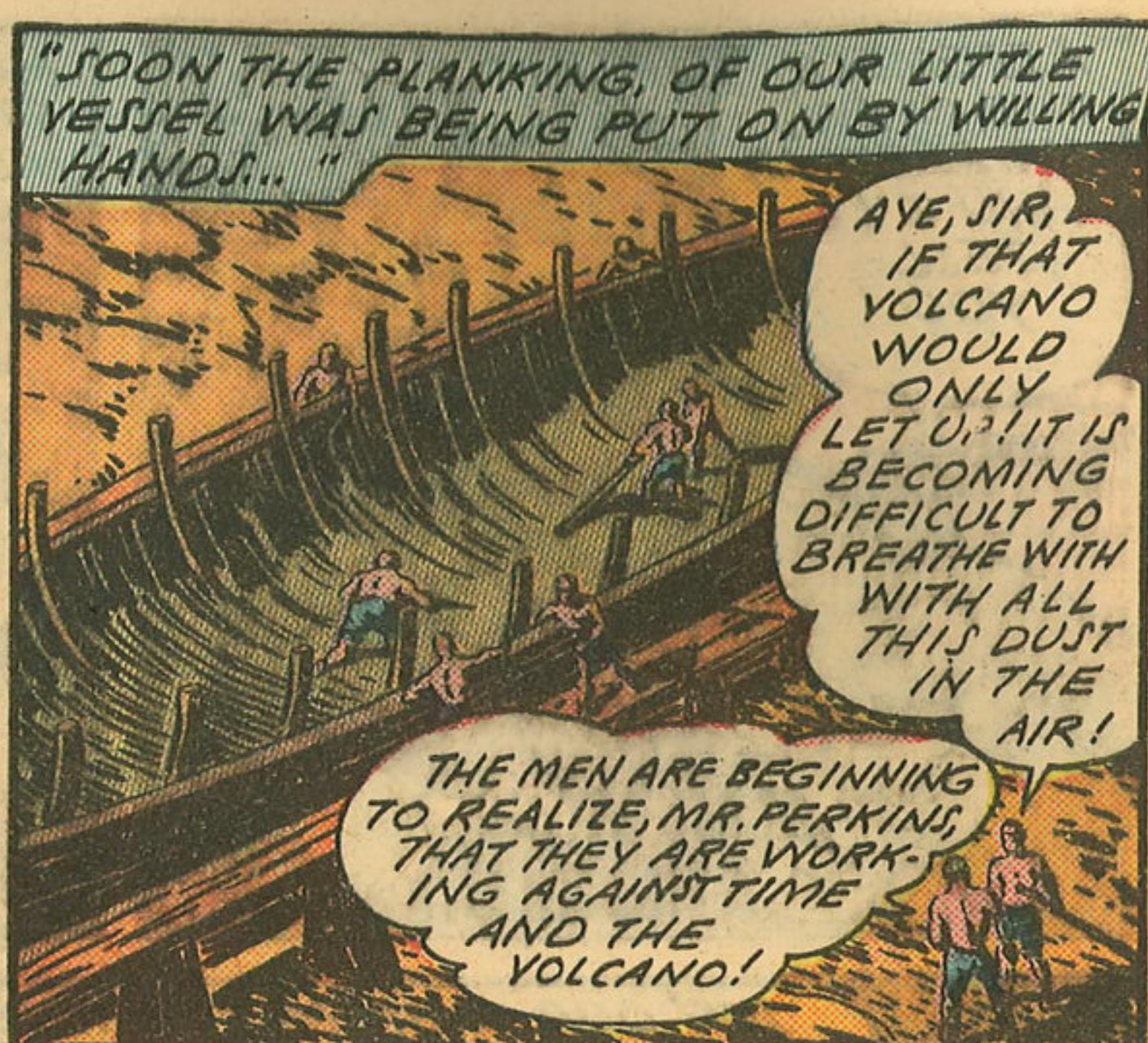
THERE IS A DECIDED CHANGE IN THE MEN'S MORALE NOW, SIR!



"SOON THE PLANKING, OF OUR LITTLE VESSEL WAS BEING PUT ON BY WILLING HANDS..."

AYE, SIR, IF THAT VOLCANO WOULD ONLY LET UP! IT IS BECOMING DIFFICULT TO BREATHE WITH ALL THIS DUST IN THE AIR!

THE MEN ARE BEGINNING TO REALIZE, MR. PERKINS, THAT THEY ARE WORKING AGAINST TIME AND THE VOLCANO!

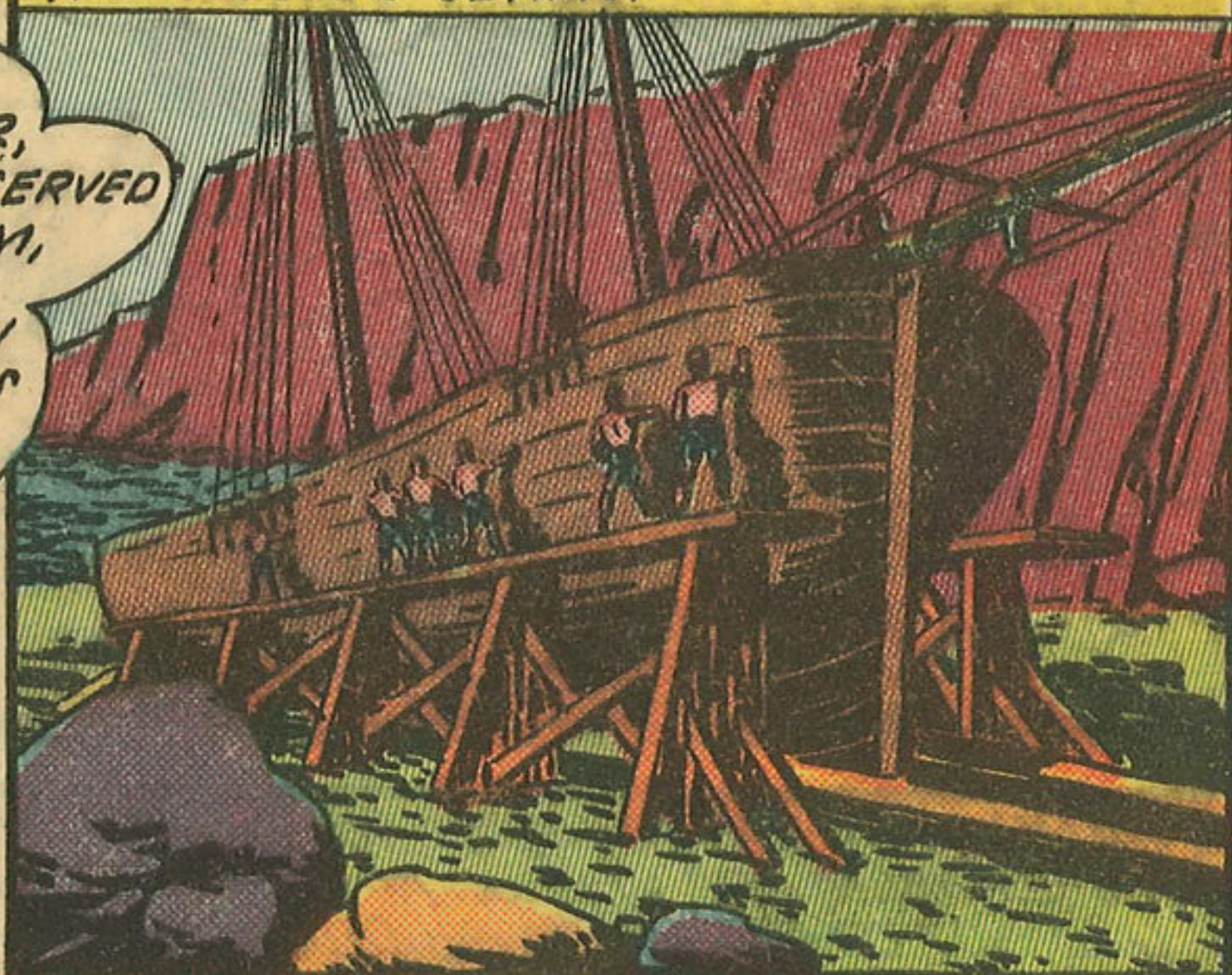


THE MEN ARE FULL OF ADMIRATION, SIR, FOR THE WAY YOU FORGED THOSE RIVETS, SCREWS, NUTS AND BOLTS FROM OLD IRON!

MY FATHER, WHILE I SERVED UNDER HIM, INSISTED THAT I KNOW EVERY MAN'S JOB ON THE SHIP!



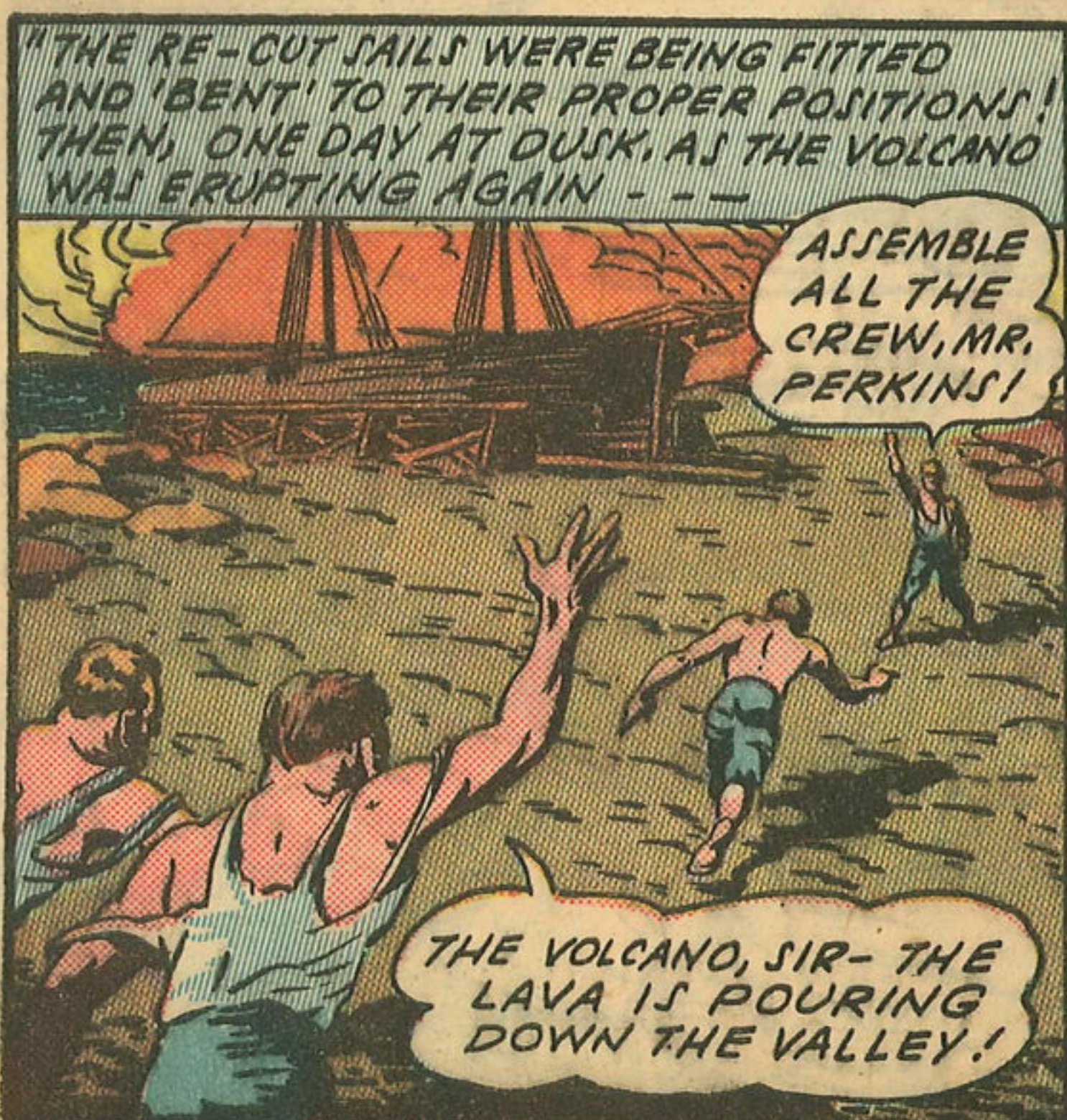
"THE SEA-KELP AND A LITTLE OAKUM WHICH WE HAD ON HAND WAS USED FOR CAULKING THE VESSEL'S SEAMS."



"THE RE-CUT SAILS WERE BEING FITTED AND 'BENT' TO THEIR PROPER POSITIONS! THEN, ONE DAY AT DUSK, AS THE VOLCANO WAS ERUPTING AGAIN - - -

ASSEMBLE ALL THE CREW, MR. PERKINS!

THE VOLCANO, SIR- THE LAVA IS POURING DOWN THE VALLEY!



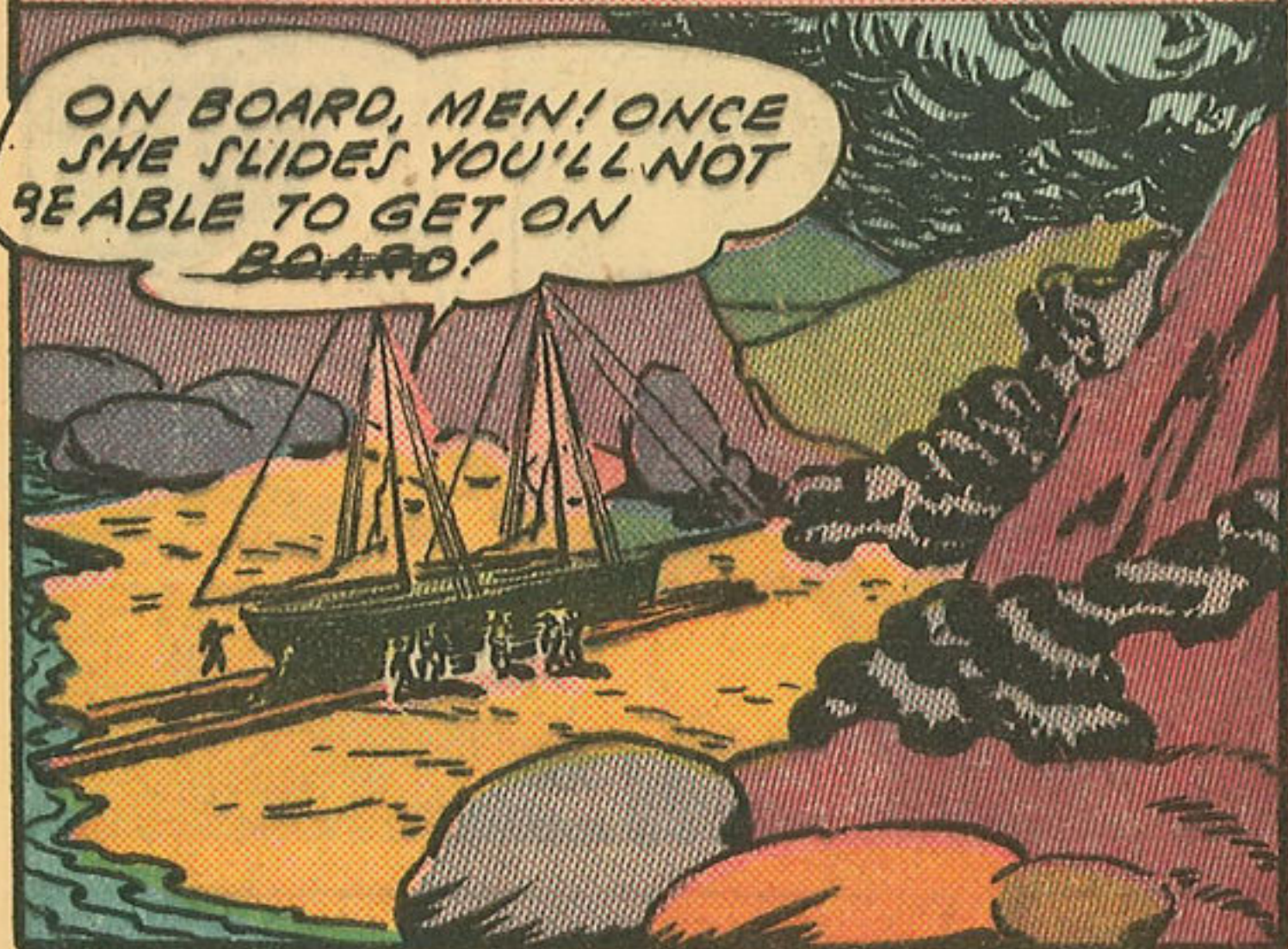
DO YOU THINK SHE'LL FLOAT, SIR?

WE'LL SOON FIND OUT- HERE COMES THE LAVA NOW! GET THE MEN ON BOARD, WE'RE SHOVING OFF!



"THE MEN STARTED TO KNOCK THE SHORING OUT FROM UNDER THE VESSEL, BUT I ORDERED THEM ON BOARD AS WE NEEDED THEIR WEIGHT TO START THE VESSEL SLIDING ON THE WAYS!"

ON BOARD, MEN! ONCE SHE SLIDES YOU'LL NOT BE ABLE TO GET ON BOARD!

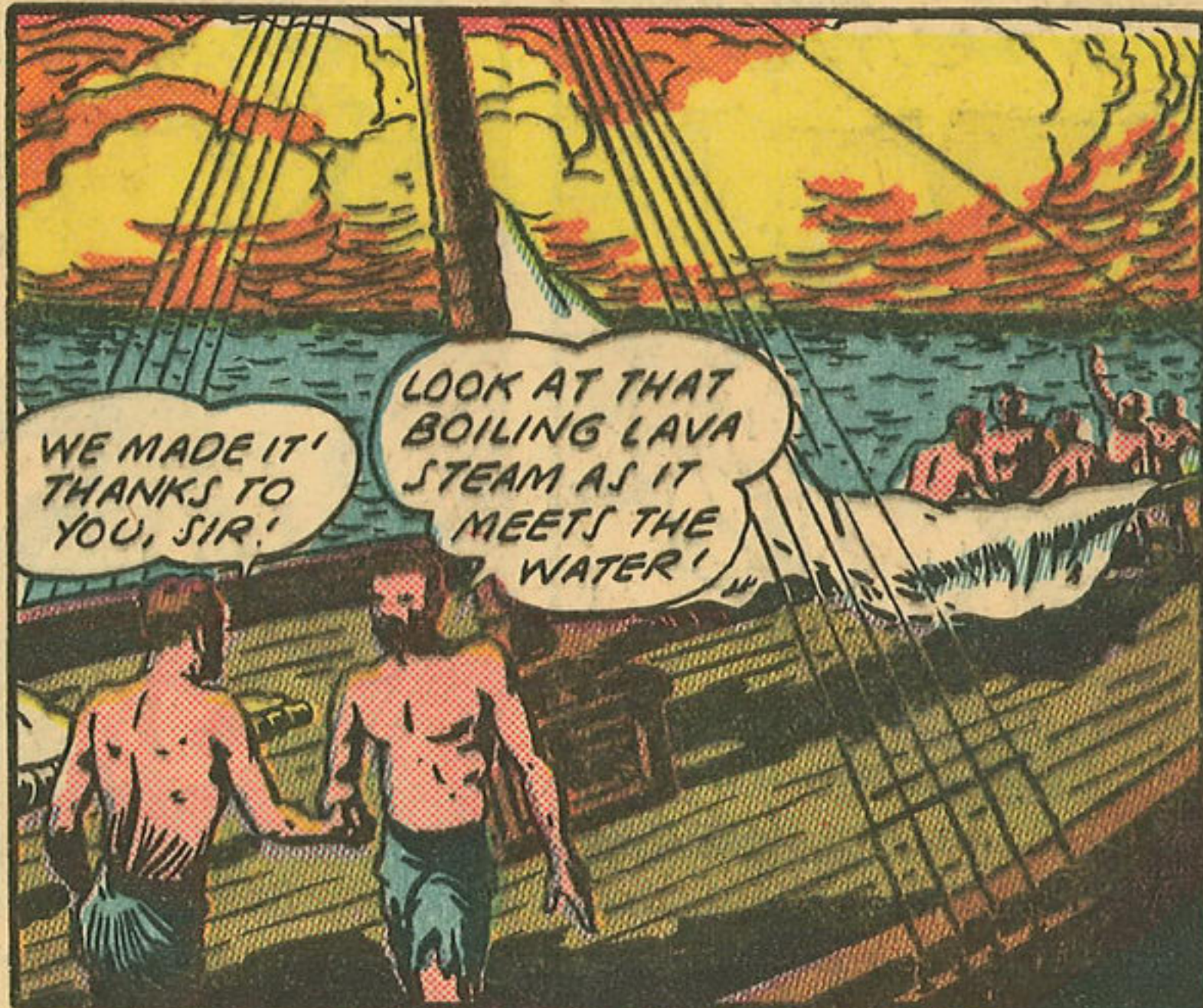
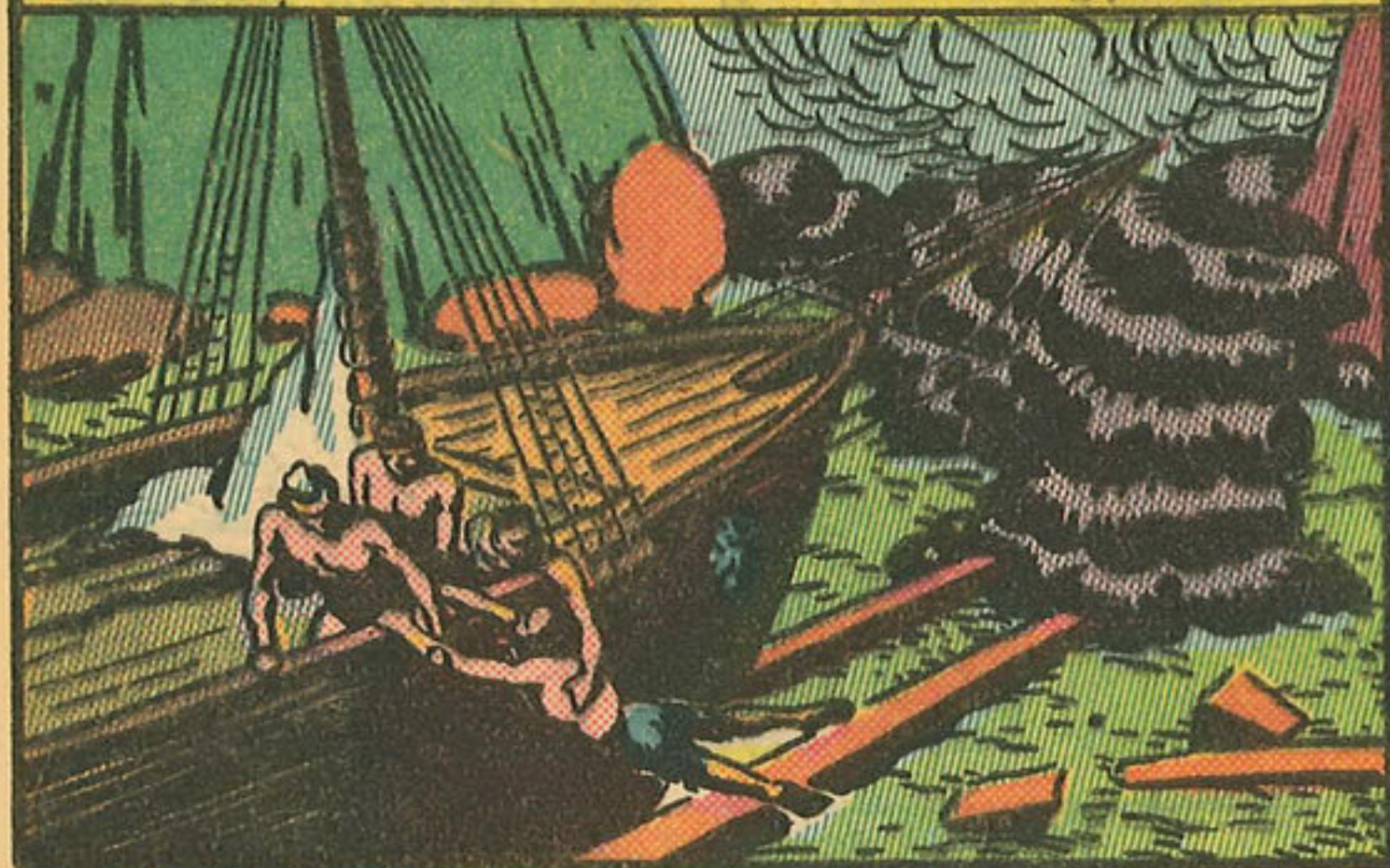


"I KNOCKED THE BLOCKS OUT MYSELF"



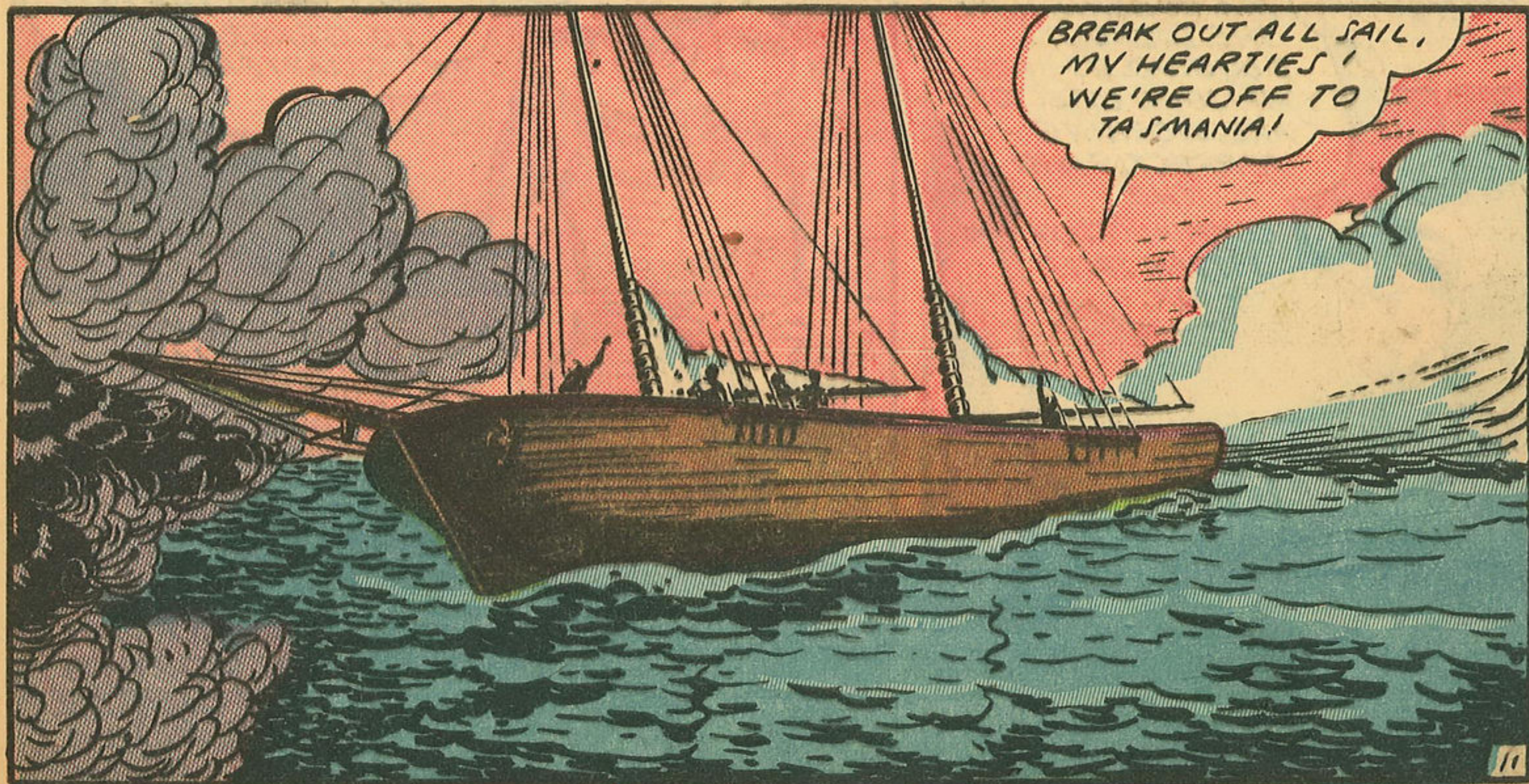
I HOPE SHE FLOATS!

"THE LAST BIT OF SHORING WAS SENT FLYING. THE VESSEL STARTED TO SLIDE AND I WAS GRASPED BY EAGER HANDS, JUST AS THE STEAMING, BOILING LAVA REACHED THE EDGE OF OUR SLIPWAY FRAMEWORK."



WE MADE IT! THANKS TO YOU, SIR!

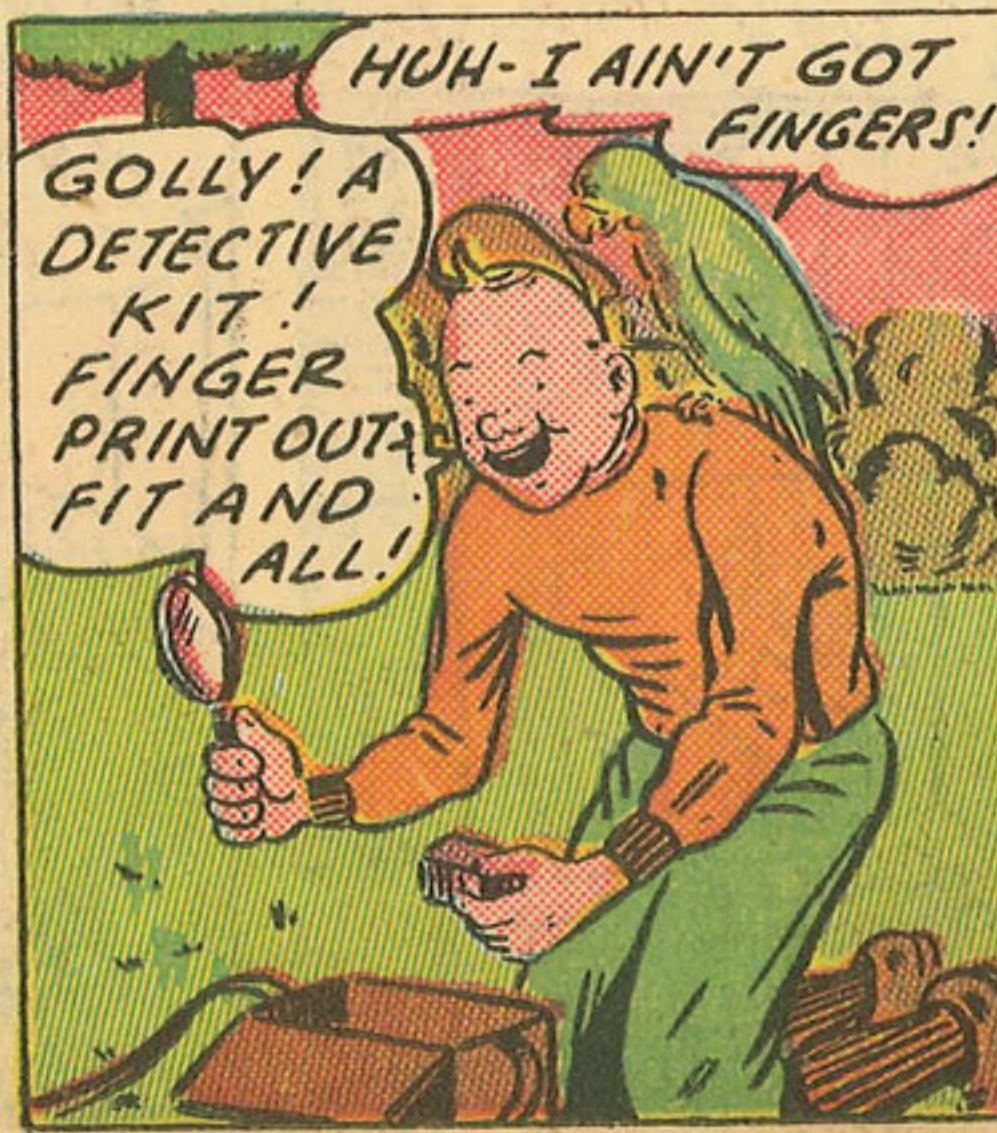
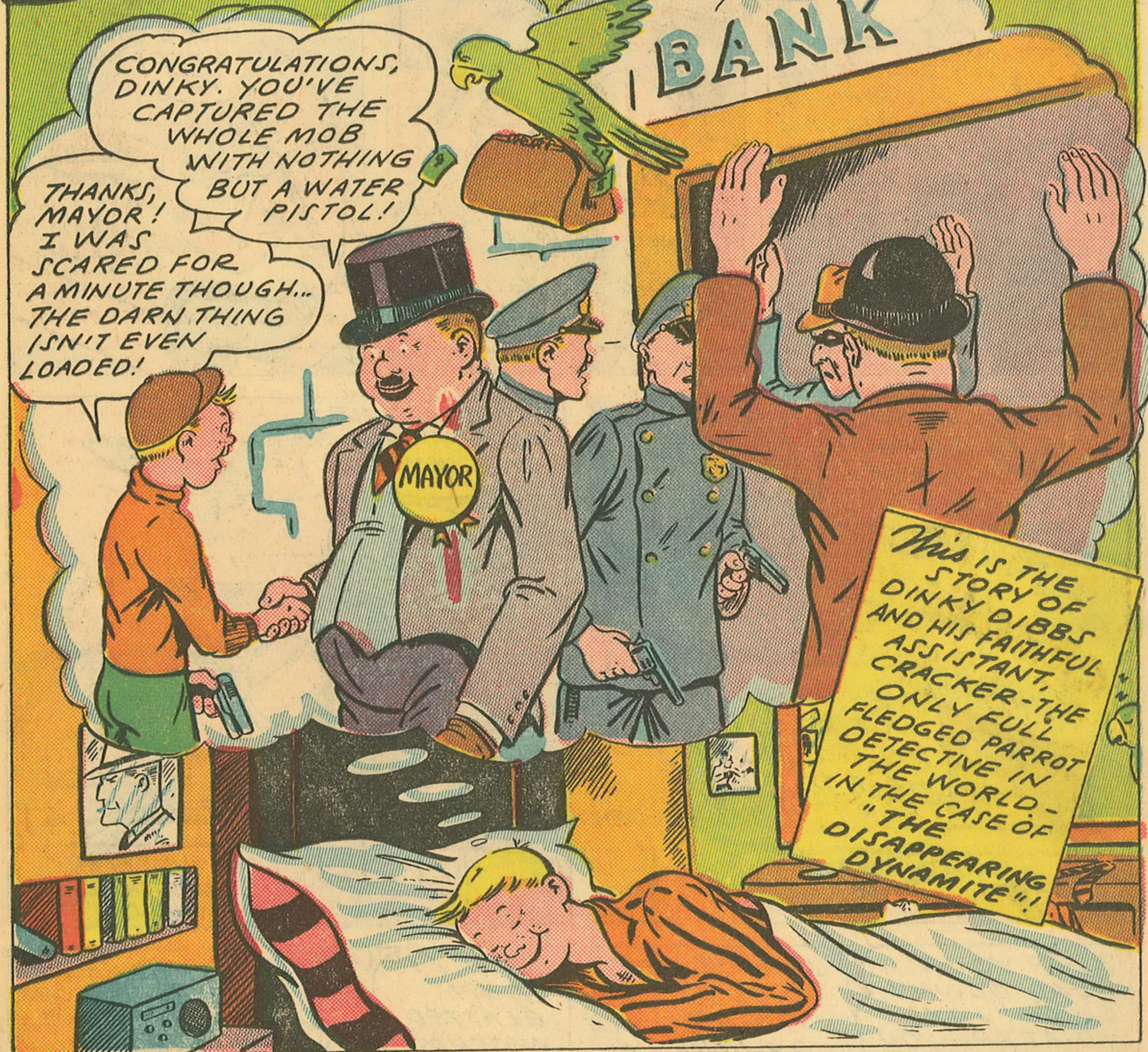
LOOK AT THAT BOILING LAVA STEAM AS IT MEETS THE WATER!

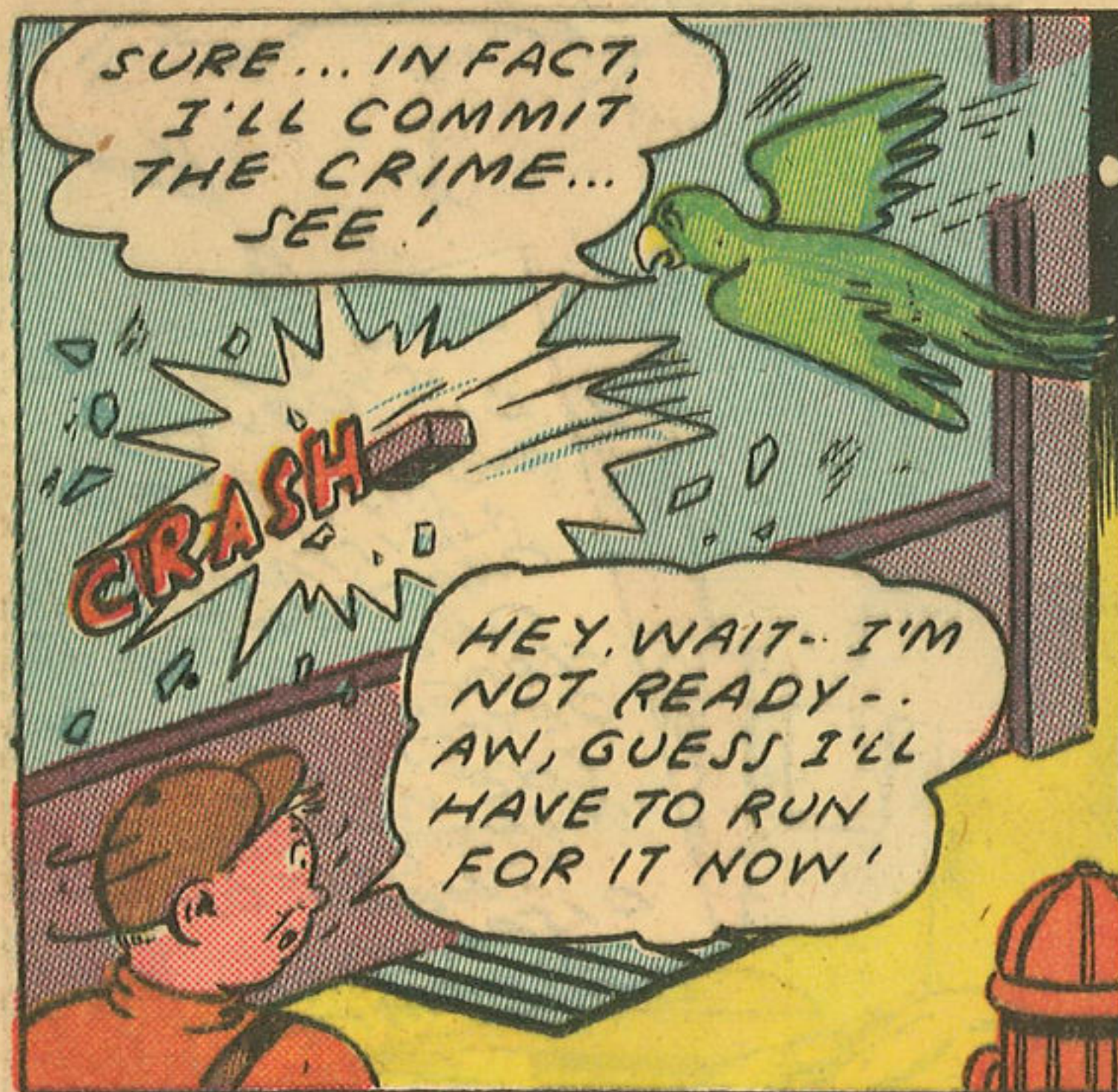


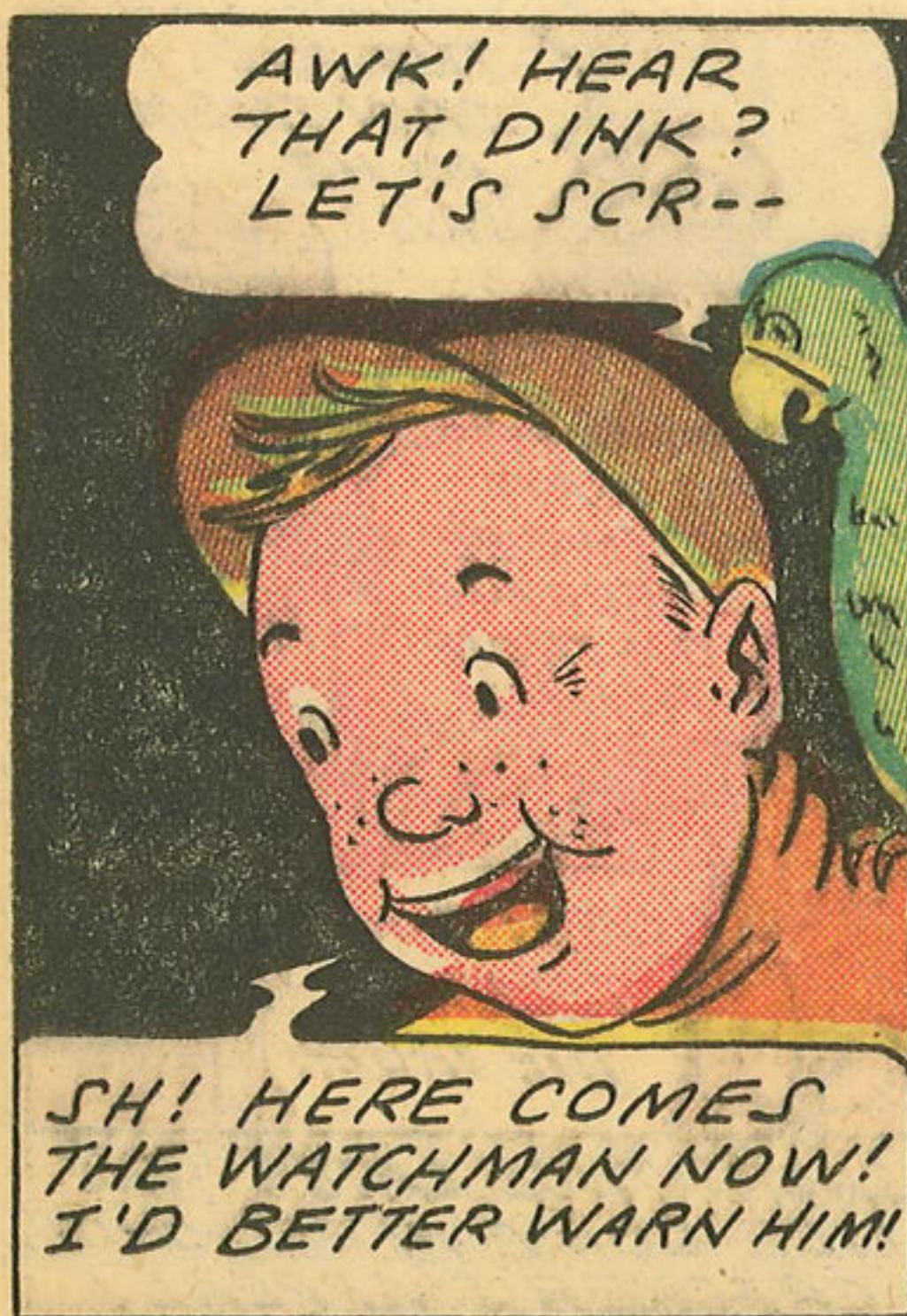
BREAK OUT ALL SAIL, MY HEARTIES! WE'RE OFF TO TASMANIA!



DINKY DIBBS







AWK! HEAR THAT, DINK? LET'S SCR--

SH! HERE COMES THE WATCHMAN NOW! I'D BETTER WARN HIM!

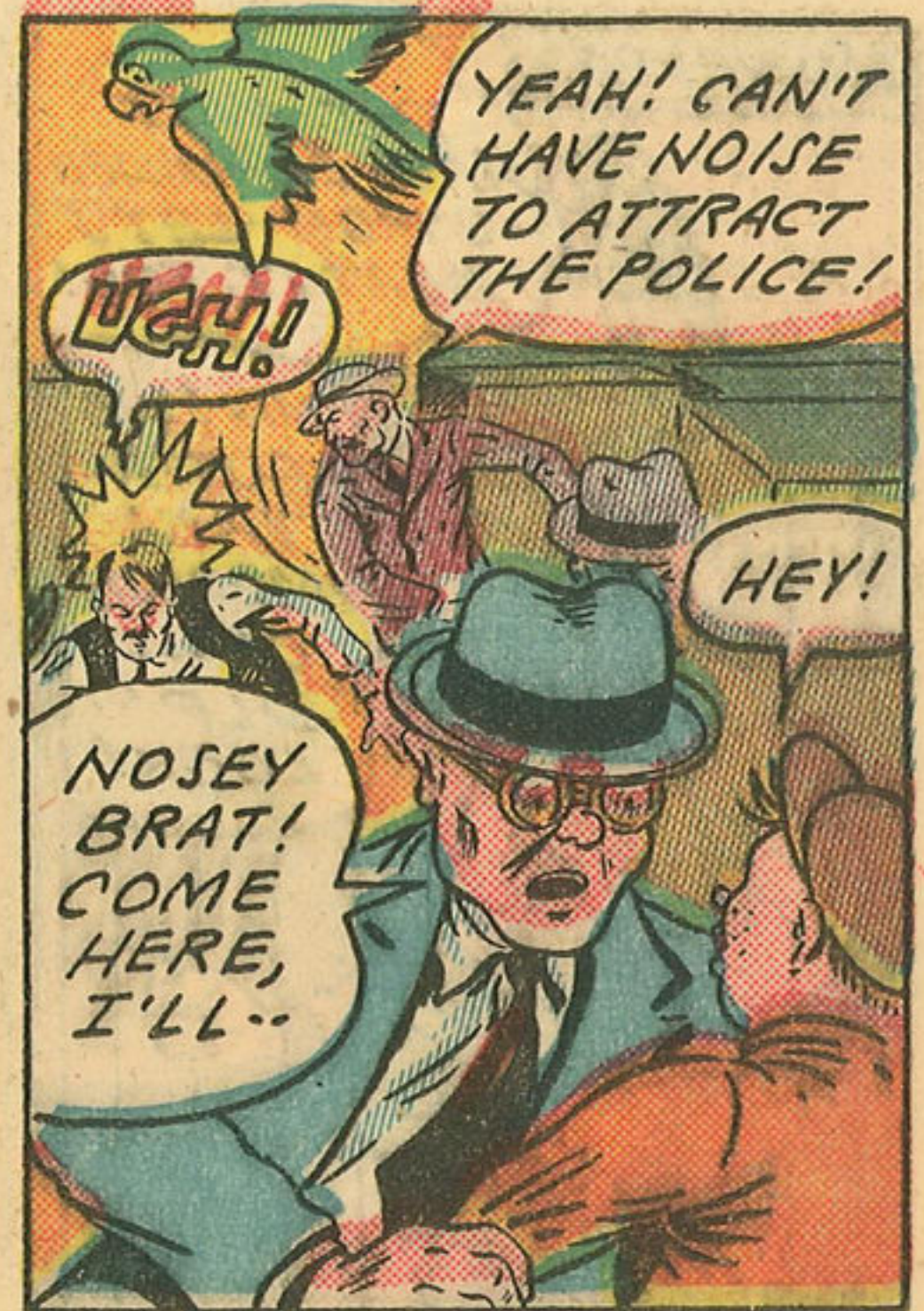


LOOK OUT, MISTER-- HE'S GOT A GUN!

HEY-- WHAT ARE--

THAT KID!

DON'T SHOOT, FRITZ-- DER NOISE!

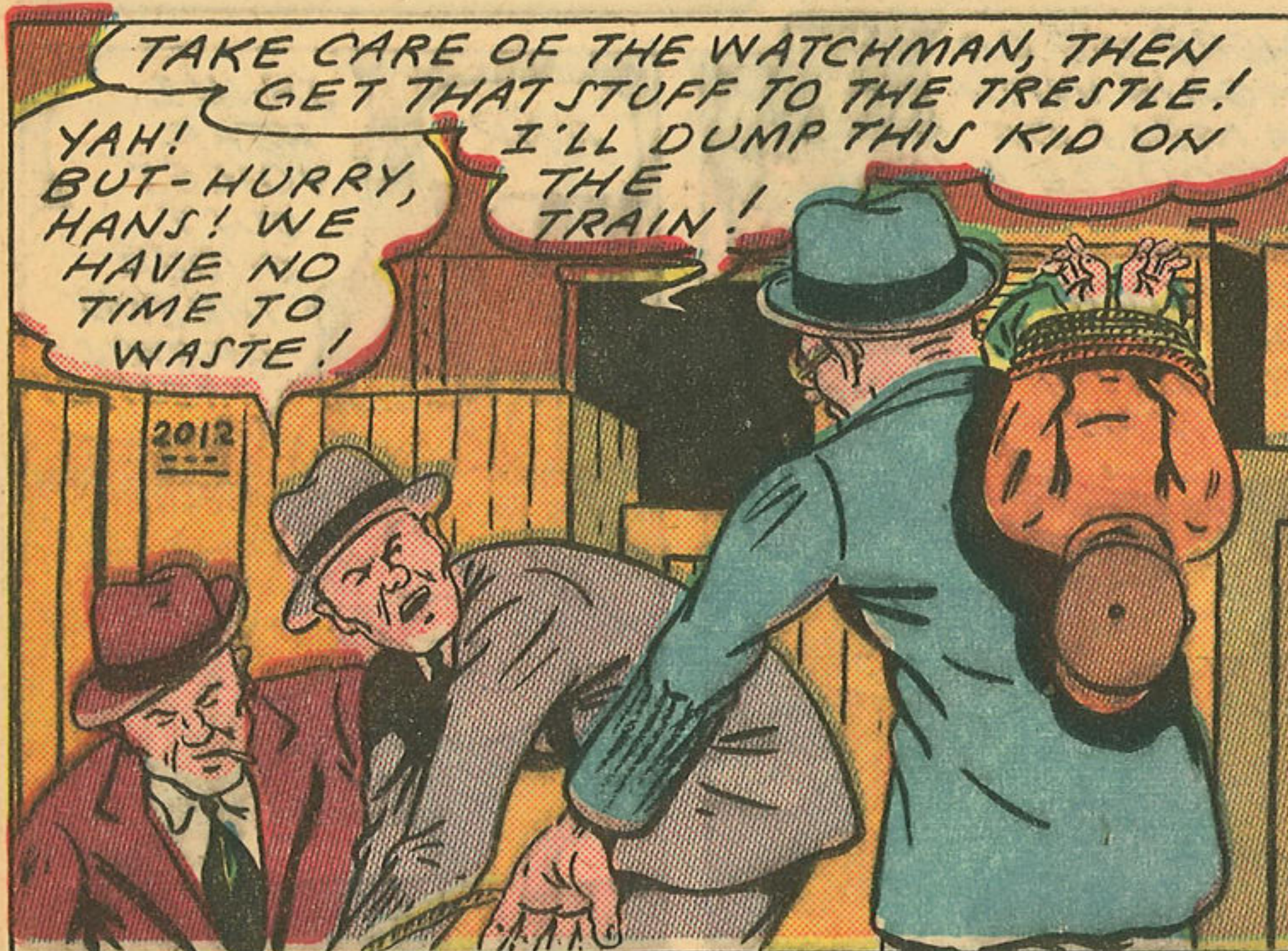


YEAH! CAN'T HAVE NOISE TO ATTRACT THE POLICE!

UGH!

HEY!

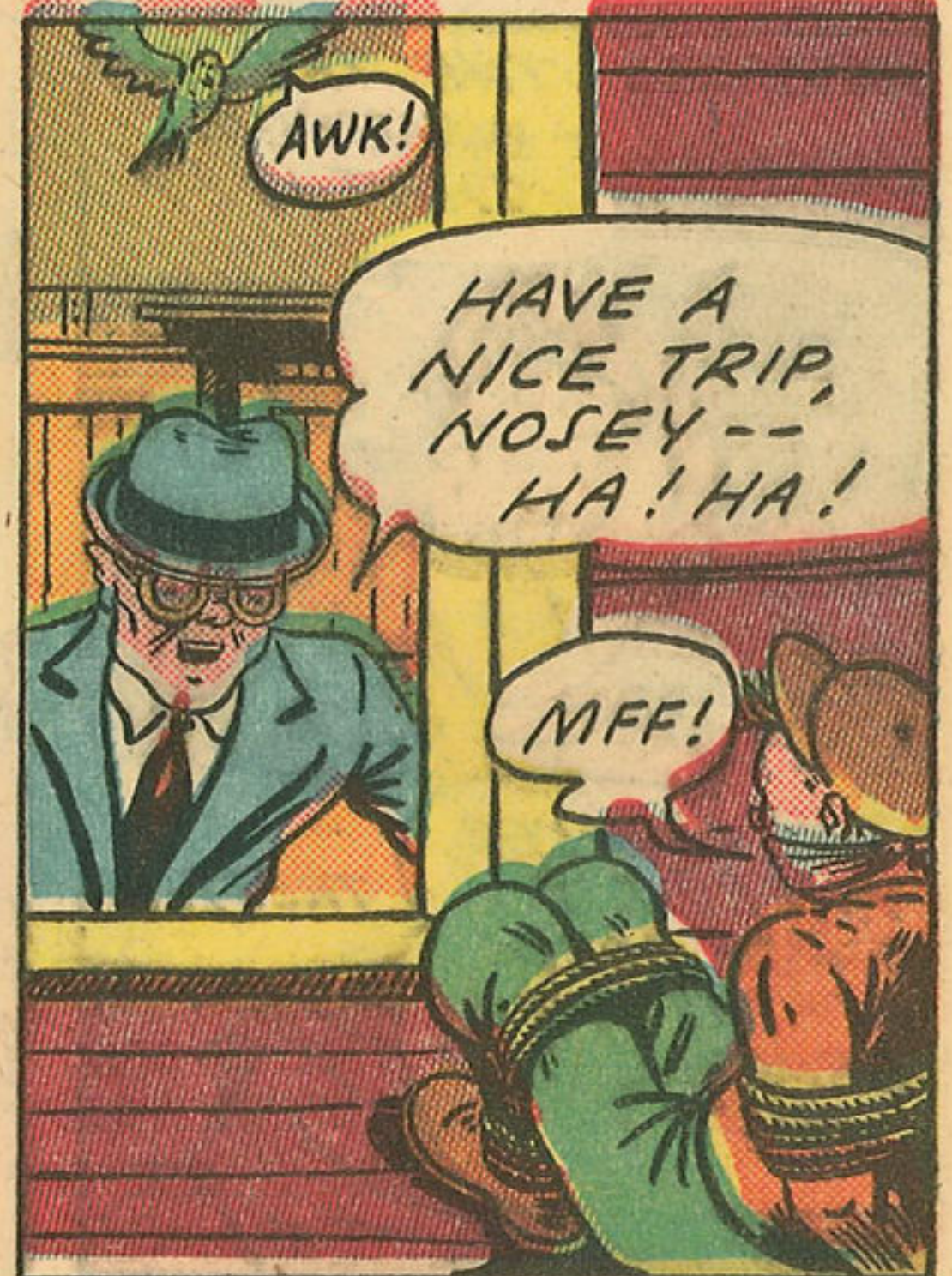
NOSEY BRAT! COME HERE, I'LL--



TAKE CARE OF THE WATCHMAN, THEN GET THAT STUFF TO THE TRESTLE!

YAH! BUT--HURRY, HANS! WE HAVE NO TIME TO WASTE!

I'LL DUMP THIS KID ON THE TRAIN!



AWK!

HAVE A NICE TRIP, NOSEY-- HA! HA!

MFF!



I'LL HAVE TO ATTRACT ATTENTION AND THIS IS ONE WAY TO DO IT!

HEY, MY HAT! OH! HE'S FLYING INTO THAT CAR WITH IT!

MEANWHILE, CRACKER LIFTS THE HAT OFF A RAILROAD POLICEMAN!

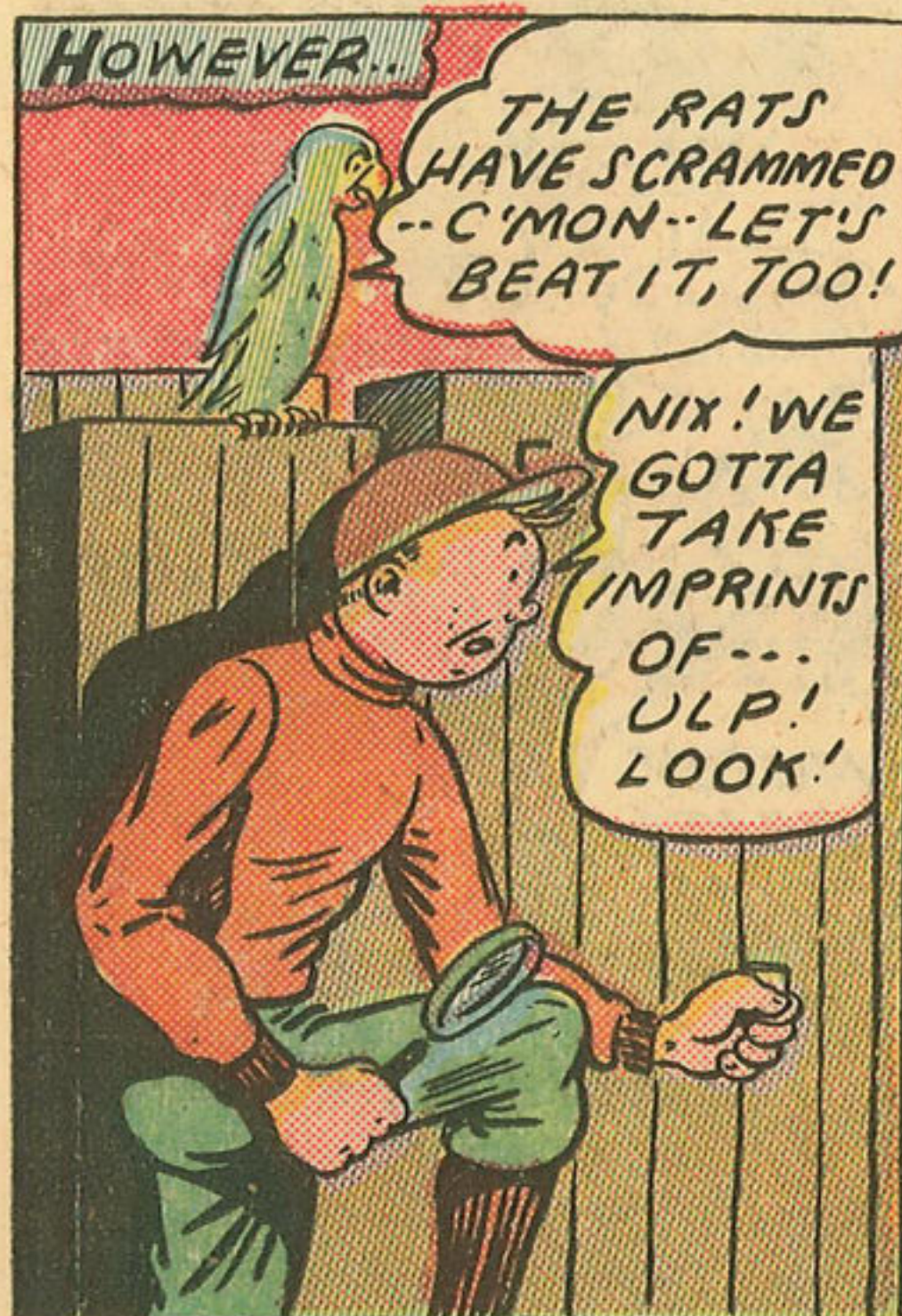


DANG PARROT! OH! WHAT IN THUNDER ARE YOU DOING IN HERE?



YOU KIDS PLAYIN' ON FREIGHTS! GO HOME TO YOUR FOLKS, OR I'LL TAN YER--

BUT-- OW! YES, SIR!



HOWEVER..

THE RATS
HAVE SCRAMMED
--C'MON--LET'S
BEAT IT, TOO!

NIX! WE
GOTTA
TAKE
IMPRINTS
OF...
ULP!
LOOK!



DYNAMITE! THAT'S WHAT
THEY'RE STEALING! LOOK,
CRACKER, FLY THESE FINGER-
PRINT IMPRESSIONS TO
THE POLICE STATION!

AWK..
THE
PARROT
EXPRESS!



THE KID
SAW THEM--
SO HE
SAYS!

BETTER WAIT
HERE, KID! WE'RE
CHECKING
ON THOSE
PRINTS!

GEE! I'M
TELLING
THE TRUTH!

A SHORT TIME LATER--THE
POLICE COME IN RESPONSE
TO CRACKER'S APPEAL!



THE TRESTLE
- WHATEVER
THAT IS!?

SAY, CRACKER,
WHERE DID
THOSE BOZOS
SAY THEY WERE
BRINGING THAT
STUFF TO?

TRESTLE?



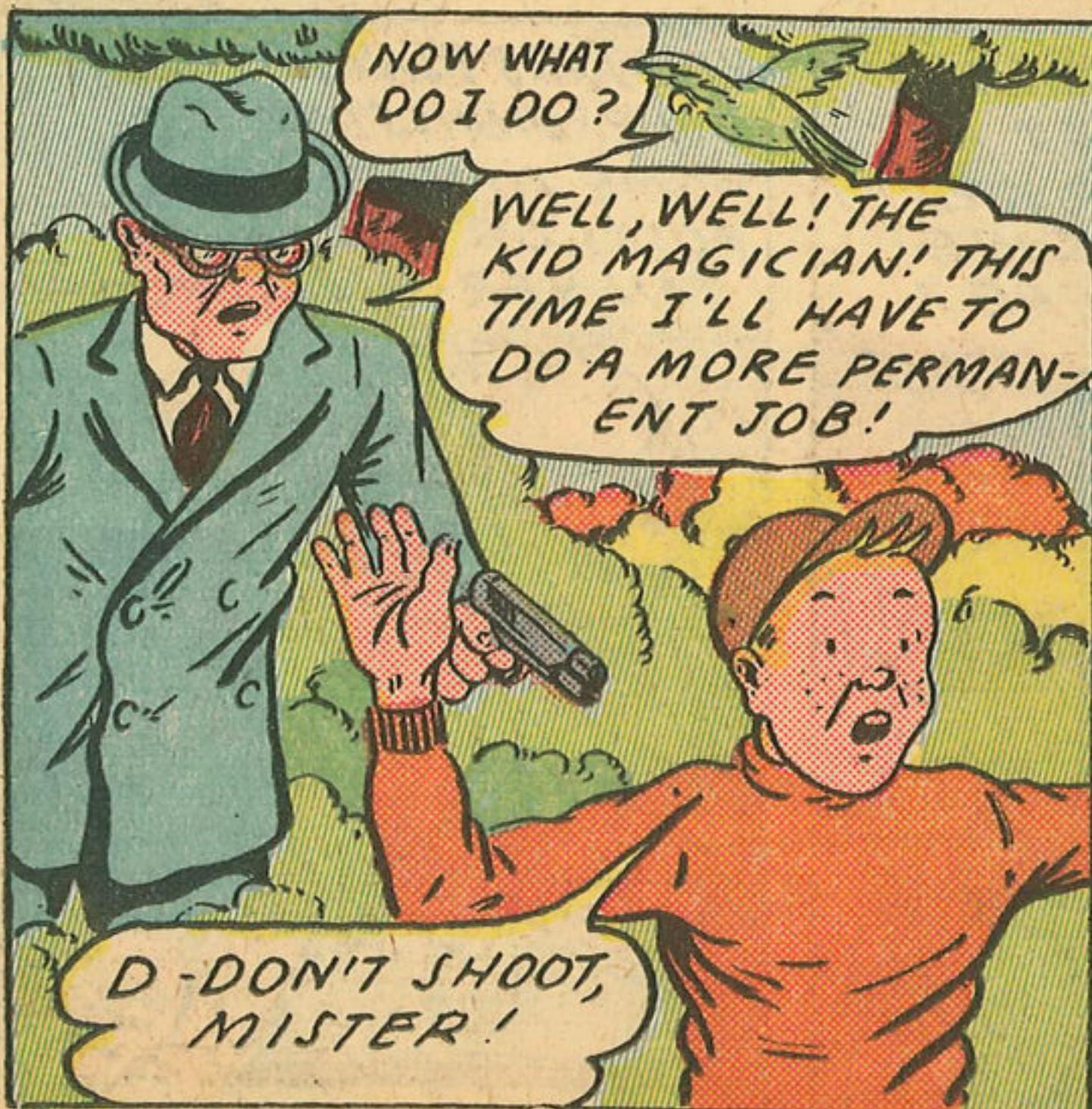
HERE WE GO
AGAIN WITH
A MESS OF
TROUBLE!

OMIGOSH!
THEY'RE GOING
TO BLOW UP
THE TRESTLE!



AWK!

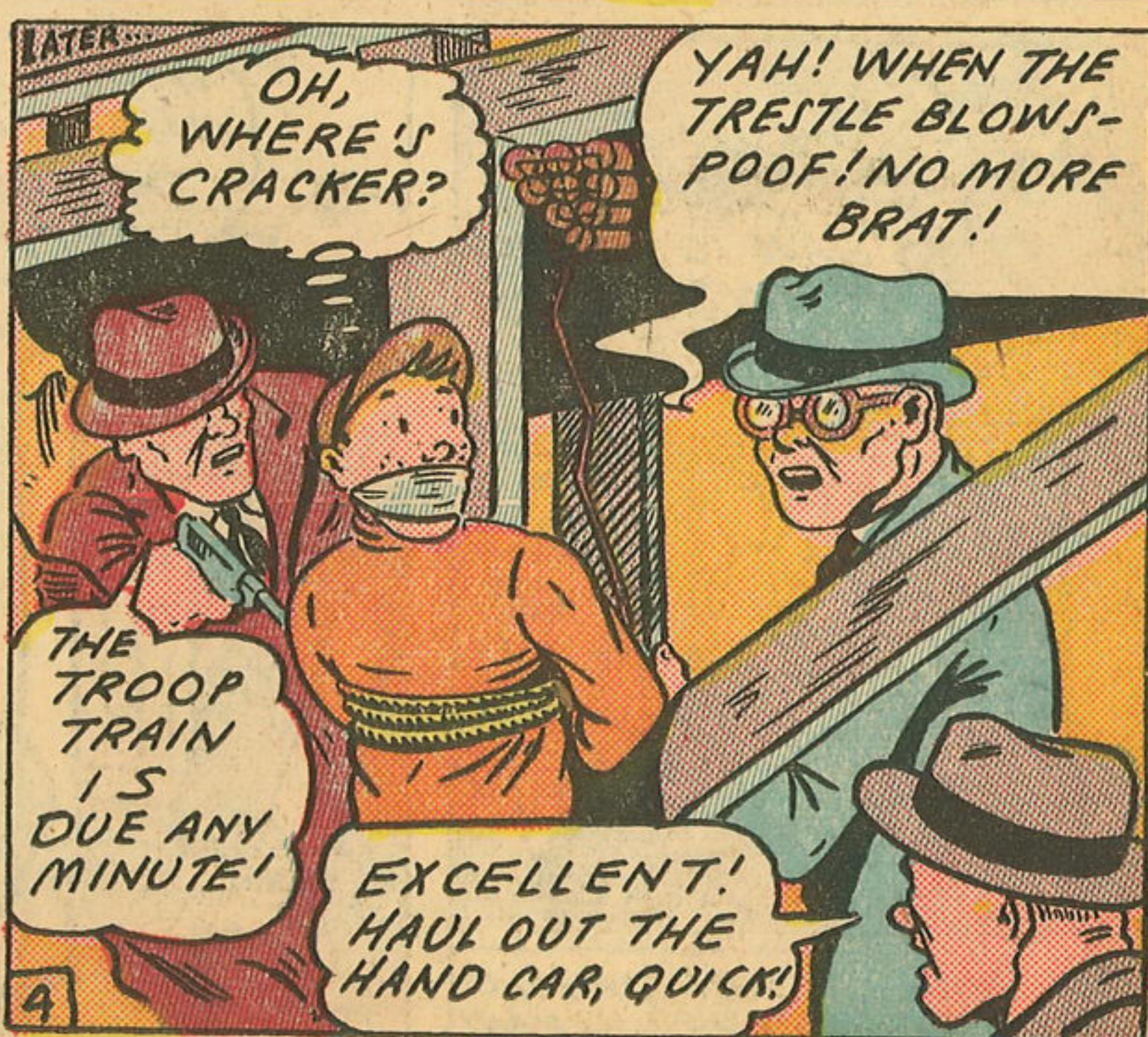
SH-H! I
HEAR
VOICES
JUST
UNDER
THE END
OF THIS
TRESTLE!



NOW WHAT
DO I DO?

WELL, WELL! THE
KID MAGICIAN! THIS
TIME I'LL HAVE TO
DO A MORE PERMAN-
ENT JOB!

D-DON'T SHOOT,
MISTER!



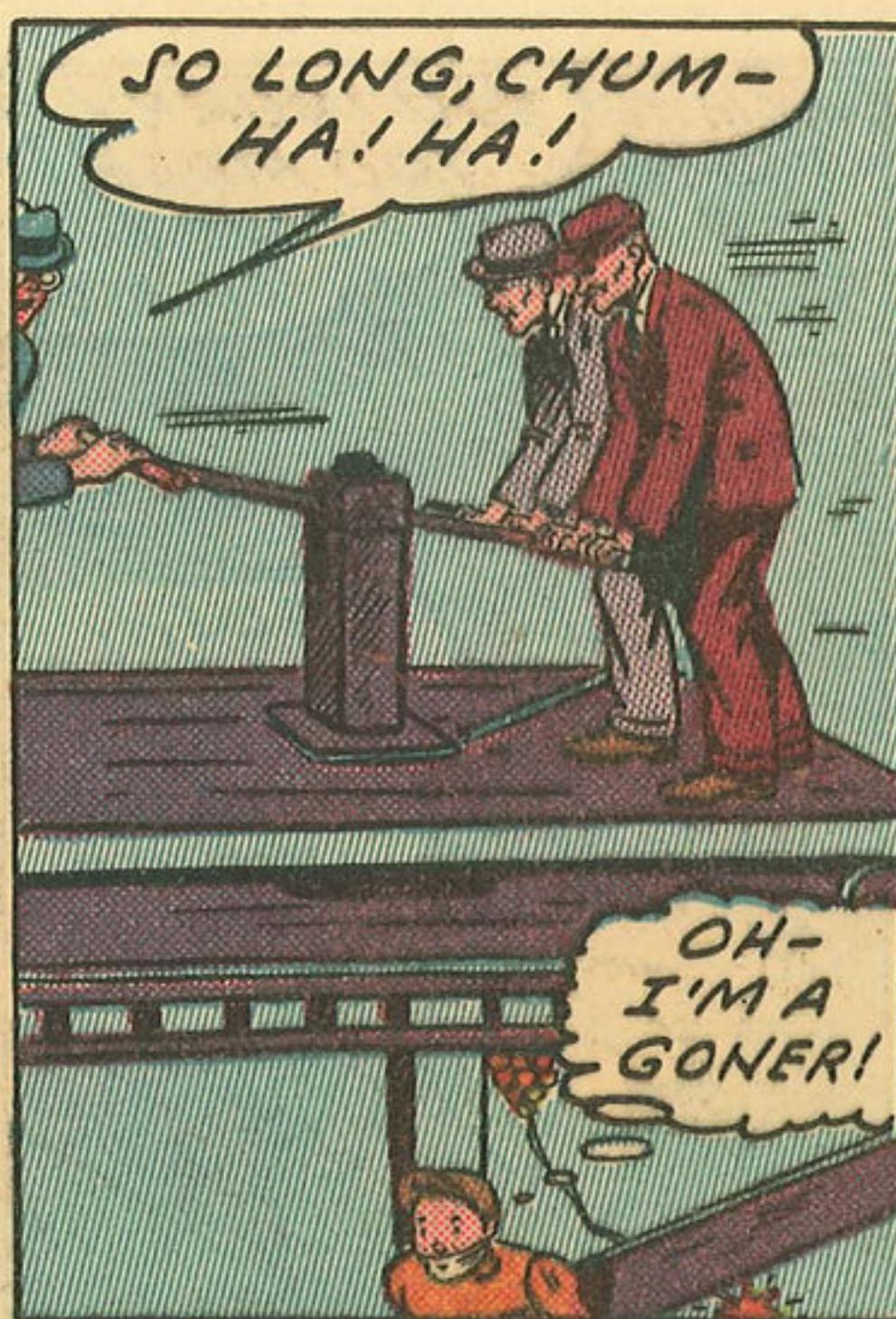
LATER...

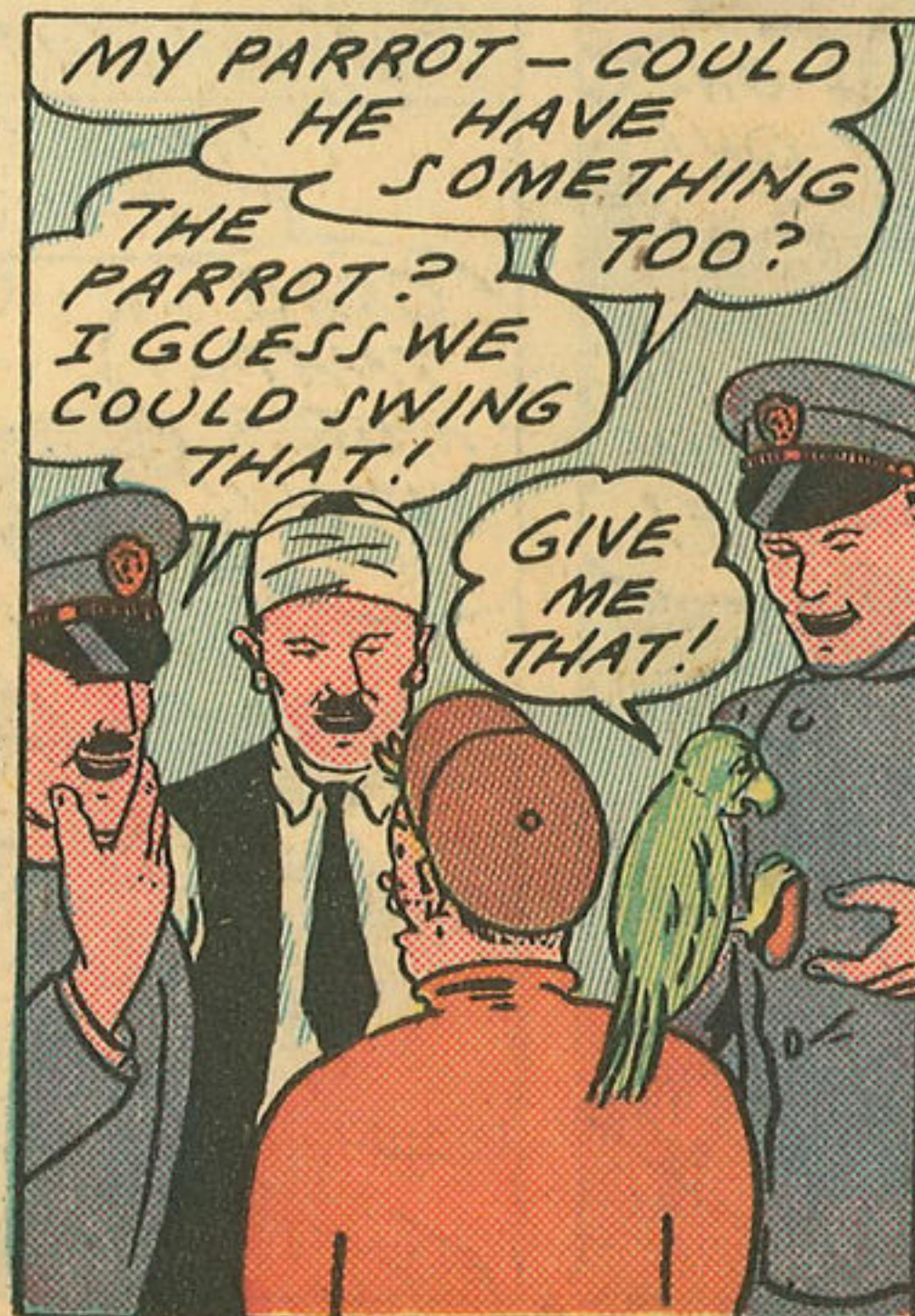
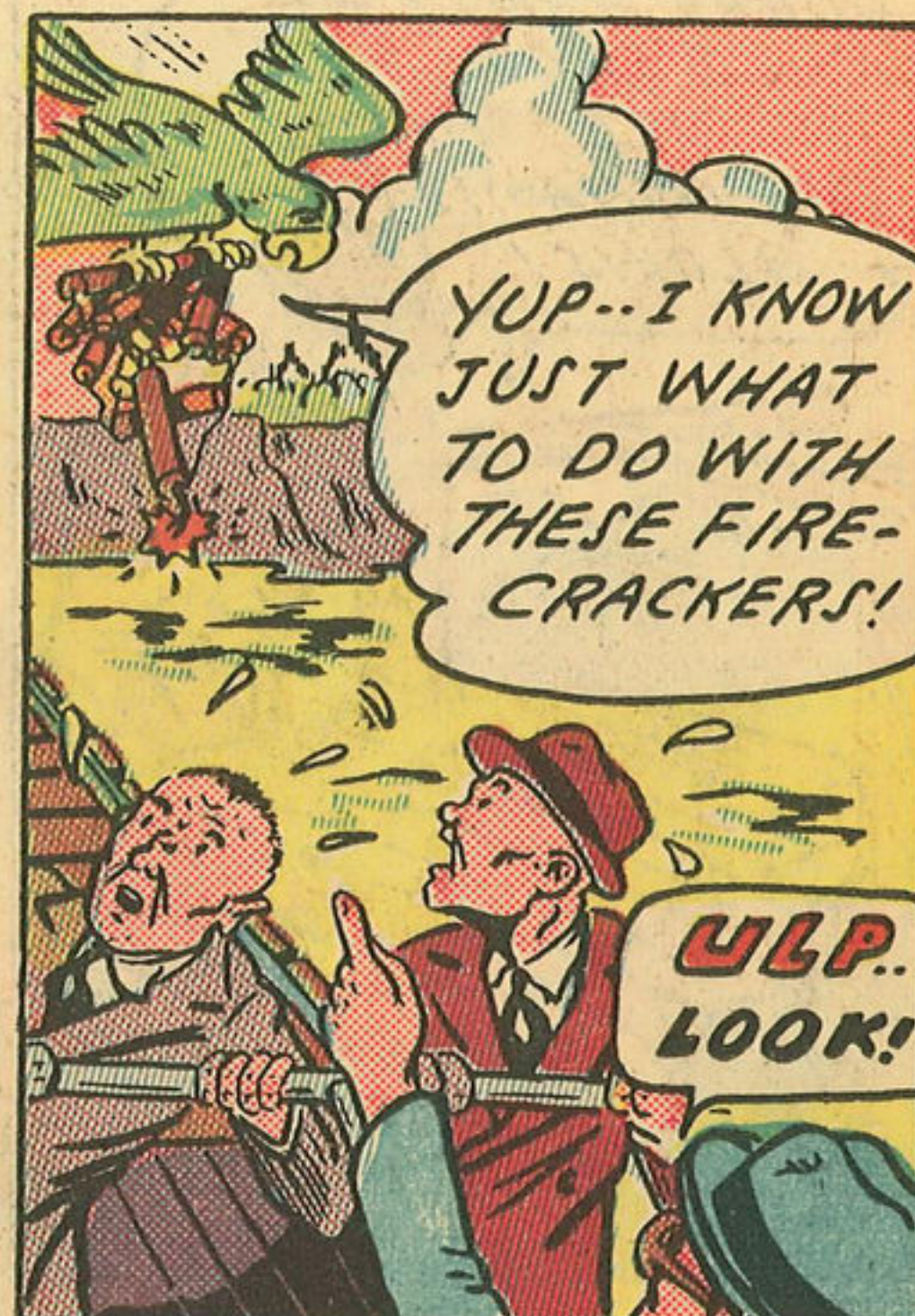
OH,
WHERE'S
CRACKER?

YAH! WHEN THE
TRESTLE BLOWS--
POOF! NO MORE
BRAT!

THE
TROUP
TRAIN
IS
DUE ANY
MINUTE!

EXCELLENT!
HAUL OUT THE
HAND CAR, QUICK!





THE PRANKSTER

COMEDY BATTLES CRIME - AND WINS WHEN MICHAEL MORGAN, THE PRANKSTER, LEADS HIS CROOKED VICTIMS ALONG A TRAIL OF PRACTICAL JOKES - STRAIGHT TO THE JAIL!! THE PRANKSTER HAS A BRAND NEW IDEA IN CRIME DETECTING THAT WORKS THIS WAY . . .



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN - MICHAEL MORGAN...

BUT, AT THE STAGE ENTRANCE --

WHOOPS! I'M LATE FOR MY ACT --- BETTER HURRY, OR THE MANAGER WILL HAVE THE HEEBIES!

YEOW! TORPEDO -- I'VE BEEN HIT!

OOF! HEY!



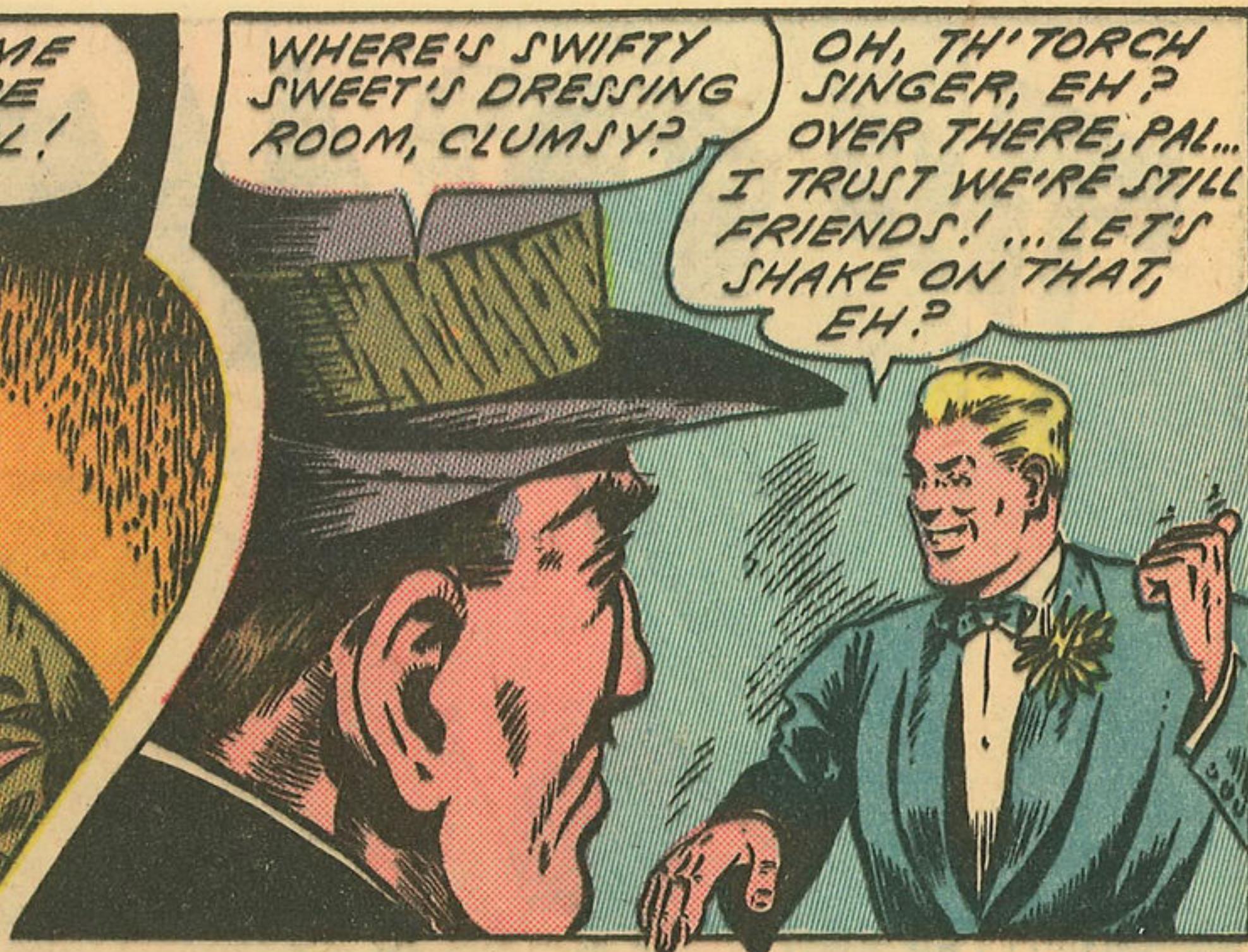
HIS
GAY
HOT
ADM
EYE





SO SORRY, PAL--
HERE, LET ME
HELP YOU UP!

NEXT TIME
BE MORE
CAREFUL!



WHERE'S SWIFTY
SWEET'S DRESSING
ROOM, CLUMSY?

OH, TH'TORCH
SINGER, EH?
OVER THERE, PAL...
I TRUST WE'RE STILL
FRIENDS! ...LET'S
SHAKE ON THAT,
EH?



PARDON THE
ITCHY FINGERS!

YEOW! I'M
ELECTROCUTED!

WHY, THAT--
AW, I'VE GOT
OTHER THINGS
TO WORRY
ABOUT! A GOOD SENSE
OF HUMOR!

SO LONG,
FELLA--
YOU'VE GOT
A GOOD SENSE
OF HUMOR!



**MIKE GOES ON--THE
AUDIENCE RESPONDS TO
HIS ACT WITH TERRIFIC
LAUGHTER... NOW I'D PICK
A CARD IF I HAD A
PICK--ANYONE GOT
JUST A TOOTH PICK?**

HA! HAW!
...THIS GUY'S
A NUT!



**HIS ACT FINISHED-- MIKE LEAVES
THE FLOOR--**

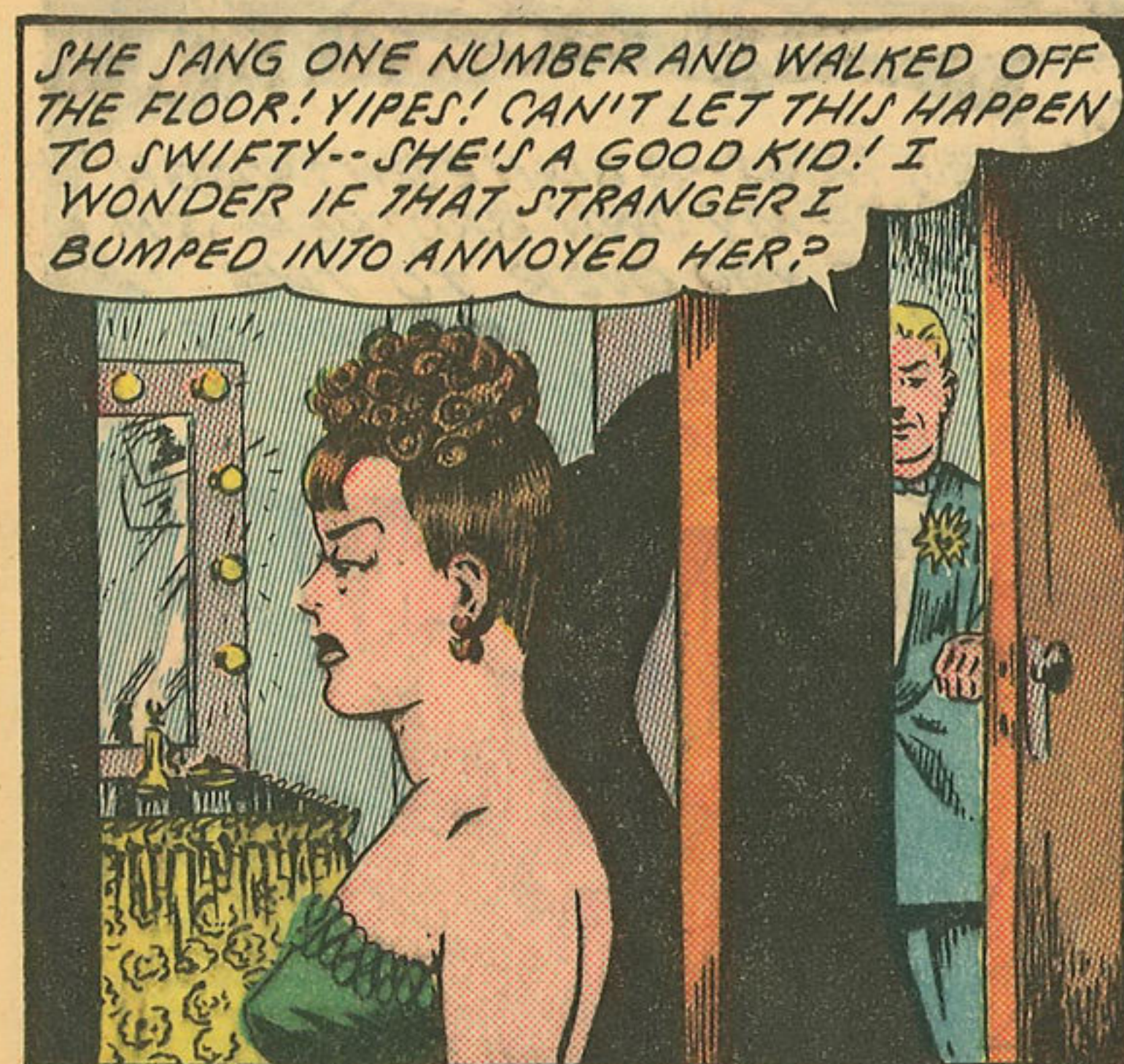
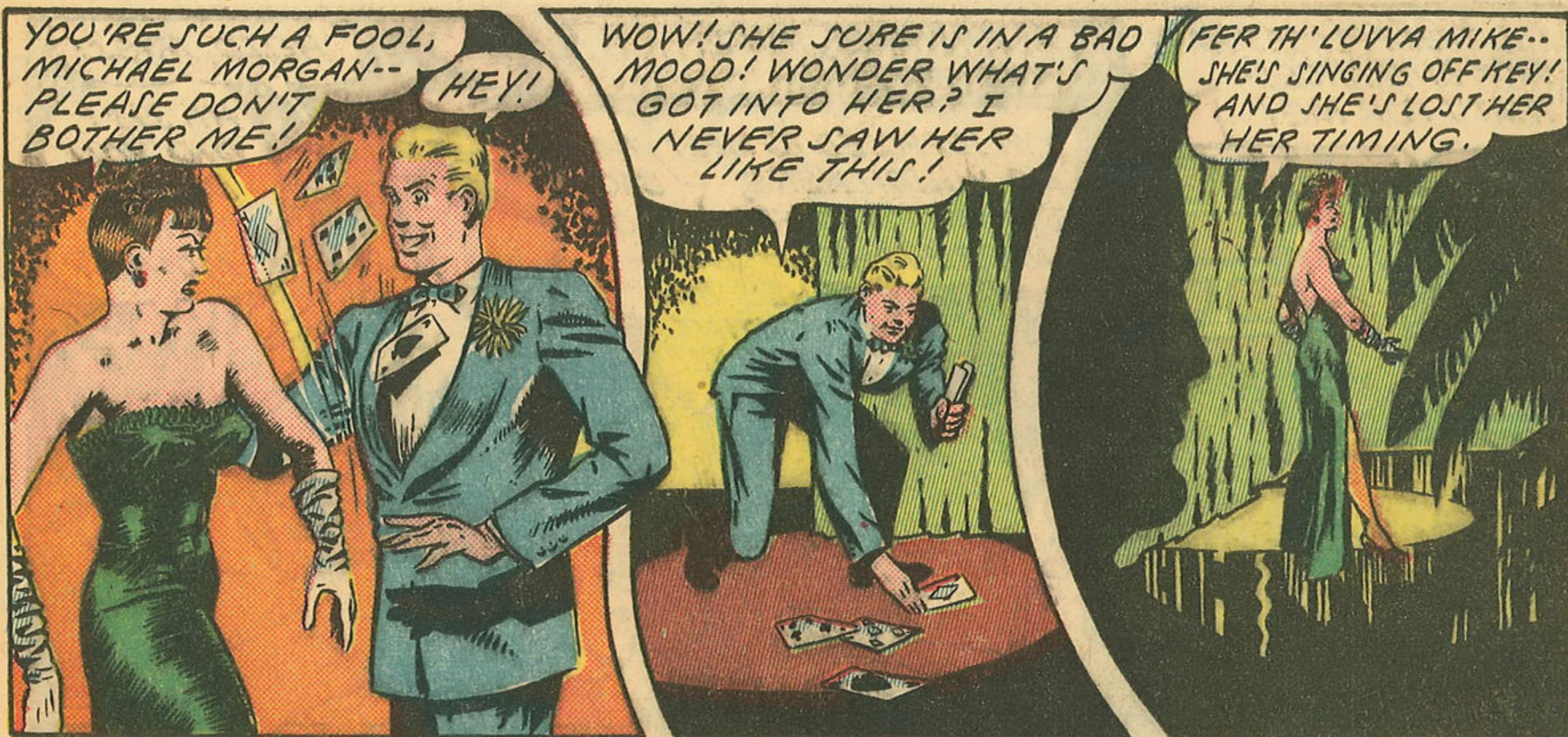
AH -- IT IS THE
SWEET THRUSH...GOOD EVENING,
YOUR MAJESTY!

HELLO,
MIKE!



WILST THOU PICK A
CARD, FAIR MAID?

?



ALL THESE PLACES HAVE
BACK ENTRANCES--
THAT'S FOR ME!



MEANWHILE, INSIDE
THE TAVERN - - -

I'M SUPPOSED TO MEET THE
MR. WILSON HERE, THE BACK
I'M SWIFTY SWEET-- ROOM,
WHERE IS HE? LADY--



HE'S BIN
WAITIN'
FER YA!



HELLO, TRIGS!

HI, SIS!
DID YOU
BRING
THE
MONEY?

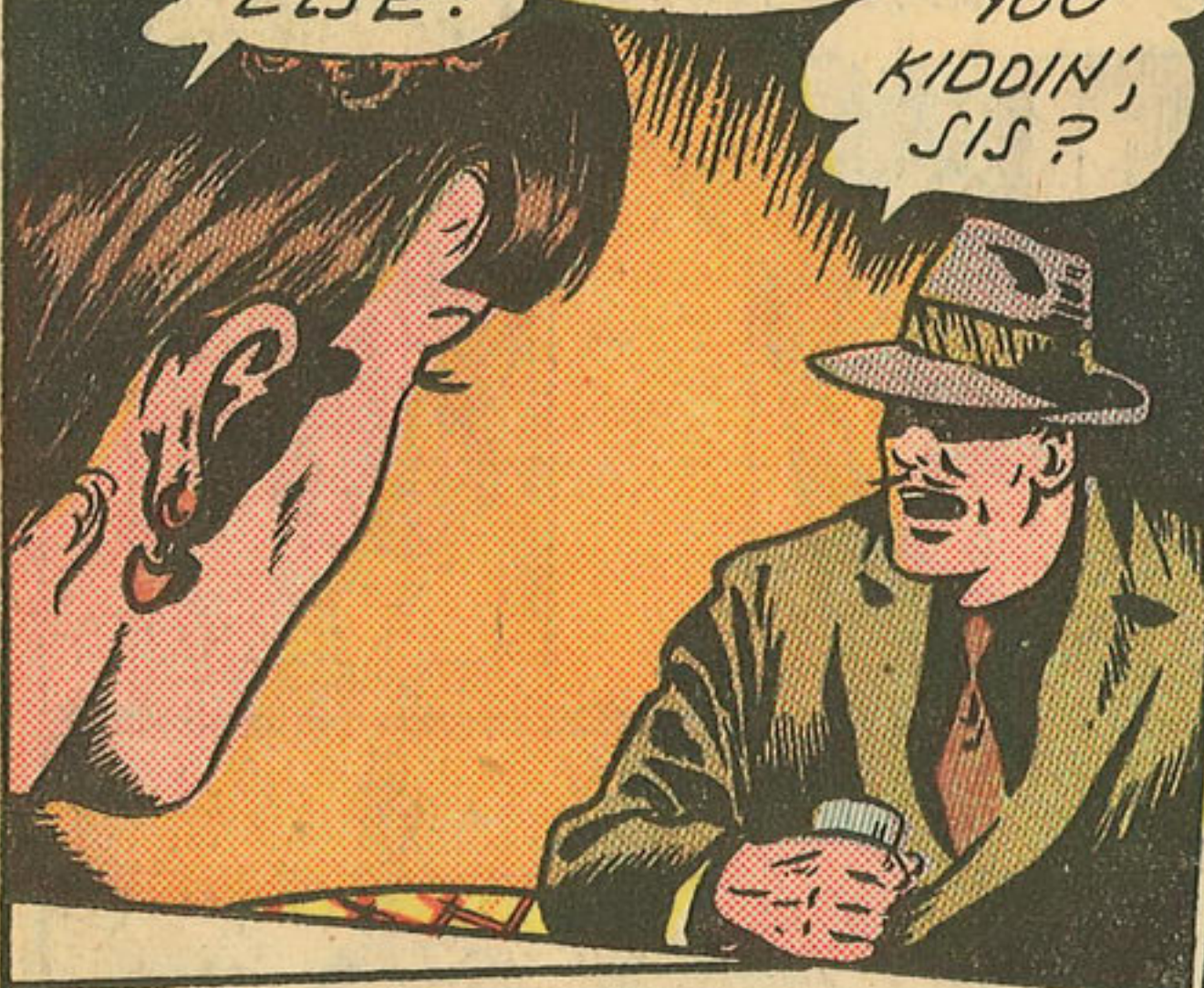


NO, TRIGS--I-I DIDN'T
BRING THE MONEY! I
BROUGHT SOMETHING
ELSE!

HUH--
ARE
YOU
KIDDIN',
SIS?

YIPES...
A GAT!

YES, TRIGS--A GUN! EVEN THOUGH
YOU'RE MY OWN BROTHER, I'M
TURNING YOU OVER TO THE
POLICE! WHEN YOU BROKE
OUT OF THE PEN, I WAS IN
DEADLY FEAR YOU'D COME--
--NOW I'M GLAD!



YOU'RE NOT GOING TO RUIN
MY CAREER, TRIGS-- IF THE
PUBLIC KNEW YOU WERE MY
BROTHER, I'D NEVER GET
ANOTHER JOB
SINGING!!

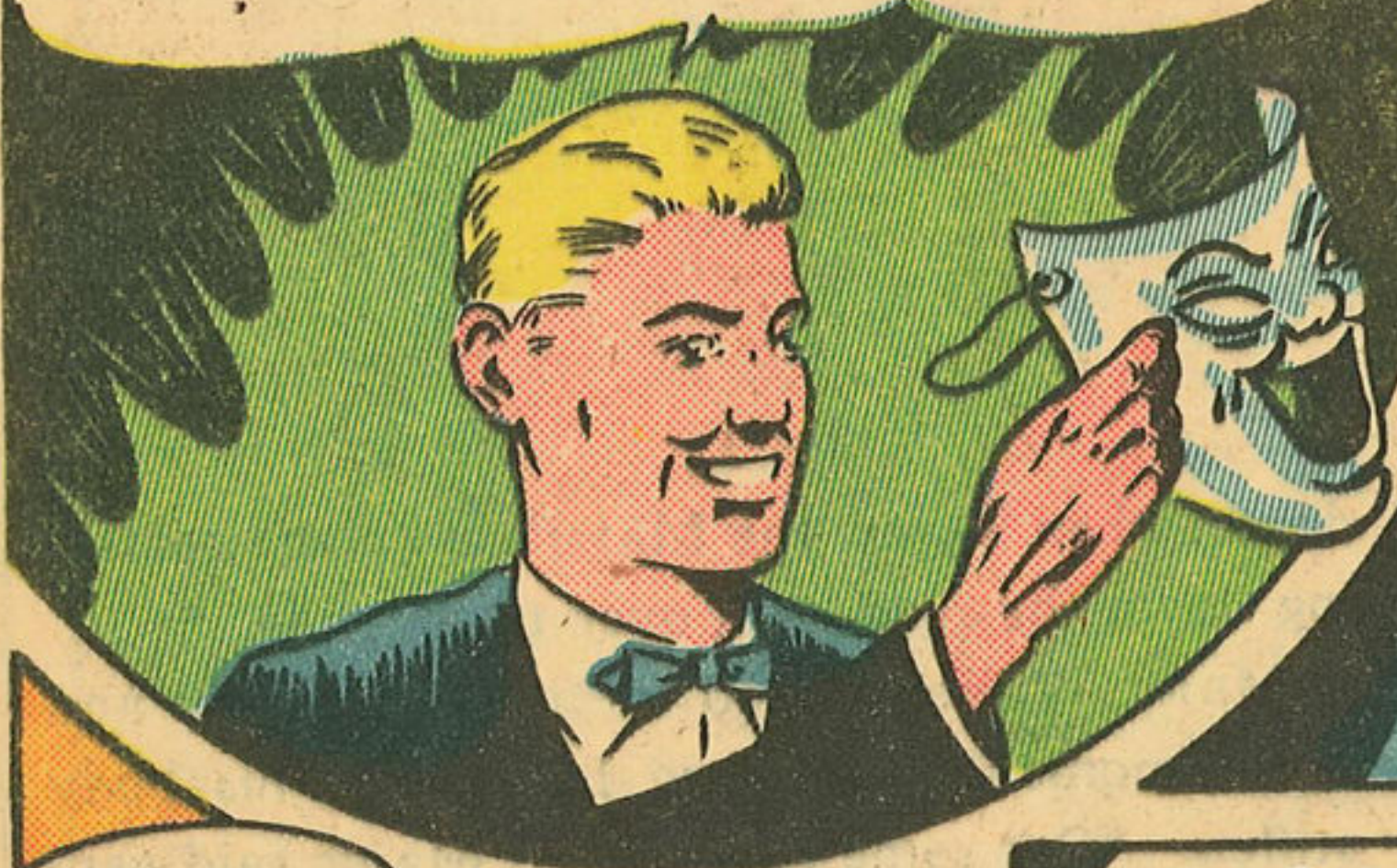
THAT'S WHAT YOU
THINK! GIVE ME THAT
GUN!

OHhhh--
STOP!



HOWEVER HEARING ALL THIS IS--

CEASAR'S GHOST! NO WONDER THE KID WAS FRIGHTENED! TRIGS WAS GOING TO BLACKMAIL HER! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING BUT ALL I HAVE IS THIS FUNNY MASK AND A LOADED WATER PISTOL!



SECONDS LATER, THE DOOR FLIES OPEN AND IN STEPS THE PRANKSTER BENT ON JUSTICE!

DROP THAT GUN, TRIGS!

WHAT IN-- A MASKED FUNNYMAN??



YEAH--A FUNNYMAN--A PRANKSTER OUT FOR RIGHT, TRIGS--DROP IT!

YIPES-- I'M BLINDED-- THAT WATER!

ALL RIGHT-- YOU WON'T DROP IT, SO I'LL DROP YOU!

OOF! OHHHH!



HERE'S HIS GUN, FAIR ONE! KEEP HIM COVERED, WHILE I CALL THE POLICE! IF YOU TELL THEM YOUR CIRCUMSTANCES, I'M SURE THEY WON'T GIVE YOUR NAME TO THE PAPERS!

I-I'M VERY GRATEFUL... TRIGS IS MY HALF-BROTHER, BUT HE HATES ME!



SOME MOMENTS LATER, AFTER THE PRANKSTER LEAVES - - -

DON'T WORRY, MISS SWEET-- WE'LL NOT SAY A WORD ABOUT YOU TO THE NEWS-- HAWKS--AND WE'LL KEEP TRIGS' IDENTITY QUIET!

THANKS, PATROLMAN HAMMER! I-I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO THE CLUB--- I'VE GOT A DEEP SUSPICION WHO THIS PRANKSTER IS AND WANT TO THANK HIM AGAIN PERSONALLY--



SWIFTY RUSHES BACK TO THE CLUB TO FIND...

NO... I GUESS I WAS WRONG! MIKE COULDN'T BE THE PRANKSTER-- HE WAS HERE ALL THE WHILE--YET, I WONDER?? ANYWAY, I'LL APOLOGIZE FOR BEING SO RUDE TO HIM BEFORE ...



The other HALF

RAIN glistened upon the rails curving away out of the freight siding. The sound of a sledge-hammer beat upon Casey's ears. He wriggled his toes in his sodden shoes, then slid forward as the Major came toward him.

"Better hustle it up." Major Wilkens peered at Casey through the slanting rain. "We've got to get this stuff unloaded tonight."

Casey's tired body grew tense with anger. "We've been at it all day—"

"It's going to be unloaded tonight."

Casey watched the Major slosh away through the puddles, climb up onto the flat car to see how the others were doing. For a little while Casey stood there, feeling the rain against his face, the dampness creeping into his body from his aching feet. This stuff had to come off the flats tonight. It was almost midnight. They were only about half way finished.

"Back your truck up here!" a voice bawled from the driving rain. "Hey. You, Casey—"

Casey swung up into the cab, jammed the gears into reverse. The 10-ton wrecker shivered and bucked. After a little maneuvering Casey got it into position, engaged the transfer gears. The boom cable crawled. Another of those confounded 5-ton jobs, Casey saw.

"Okay," a voice yelled. "Pick it up. Easy."

Casey picked it up, feeling the big wrecker stiffen under his feet. His eyes hurt from squinting past the flashing windshield wiper blades. His hands were cold, numb. And they had to work right through. . . .

At the depot he dropped the cargo, reached in and turned off the ignition. He was about to walk across the big floor to the front of the

depot, when he saw the Major's car come splashing down the road, pull over to the side.

Major Wilkens stood in front of Casey and for a moment the young fellow felt his body stiffen. "Get some coffee," the Major said gently, "before going back. This is all overseas material. We've got to get it unloaded—"

"I'm out!" Casey forced the words past stiff lips. "I've had enough. I'm no slave. All day and now all night—"

The Major's lips tightened. "Okay, son. You can go home then. This is no time to worry about how long we work. Remember it's got to be done. You can leave now but you'll get your release in the morning!"

IT WAS still raining and the highway ahead of Casey was a glistening ribbon. The drumming of the motorcycle filled his ears. His body was a solid ache—

His fingers gripped the brake lever cautiously as he saw the slickered figure before him at the edge of the road, a man wearing a khaki uniform. Carefully Casey pulled over to the side. He couldn't pass the guy up on a night like this.

"Not much room," Casey said. "But you're welcome if you don't mind riding this way."

"Anything's better than walking," the soldier said, a grin sweeping across his face. "You don't look any too dry yourself."

"I'm not." Casey got the cycle rolling. "I just got through work. Been out in this danged down-pour all day and up until just about fifteen minutes ago." He hesitated, decided not to mention anything about the job.

"On furlough?" Casey asked over his shoulder.

"Yes. Just back from the other side. I had to make this trip home. I couldn't connect with a bus or train. Nothing to do but hike."

"Tough," Casey admitted. "Swell night for that, too."

"Huh! This is nothing! Boy, you should have seen the weather over *there*. This is just damp compared."

A bean wagon showed ahead of them and Casey guided the cycle in beside it. "I haven't had any grub since supper," he explained. "Let's go in. It's on me."

While they sat at the counter eating, Casey listened to his companion. He'd just come back, after eighteen months overseas. And it hadn't been fun. He'd been stationed at a post for three months, and even then they'd had little chance to do anything. An occasional night off and the rest of the time drilling.

"Getting ready for the invasion," Steve, the soldier, explained with a hard grin. "Boy, they're making sure everyone knows their stuff."

THE invasion. Casey thought about that carefully, wondering how this guy could smile when he spoke of it. He was back for a couple of weeks, maybe a month, then he'd go over again and get into the thick of it.

There had been bombings. "More than anyone knows," Steve admitted. "They hit a hospital once just after a load of the fellows came back from the front. It was night and maybe an accident. I don't know. . ."

And they'd spent that night and the next day digging into the wreckage, saving what they could, getting the wounded into temporary shelters. No one had faltered. They couldn't. Out there it was life and death. Besides, you couldn't turn your back, remembering there were wounded men waiting. Men in pain and even dying.

The ambulances came and went in a steady stream. It had rained, too. "Something like tonight," Steve's lips twisted. "Only about three times as bad."

Reserves had been needed and Steve had

gone up front. It had been pretty awful; there wasn't much chance to sleep and the grub floated around in rain and didn't taste like anything at all. That was another time they kept going, because there wasn't anything else to do.

"My mother's dying," Steve murmured. "I guess so, anyhow. That's how come I got back. The officers were pretty swell about letting me go—"

"How could they be anything else?" Casey almost cried. "When your mother's dying—"

Steve finished his coffee. "You don't figure that way when you're fighting."

"We'd better scram," Casey said. "I didn't know . . . your mother—"

HE PUSHED the cycle fast after that, because every second counted. If he'd known he'd have kept going in the first place.

So Steve could get home and see his mother and then back again to the front. "I guess," Steve yelled above the bark of the motor, "you're in defense work."

"Yeah. We—we've been getting army trucks ready for overseas. We repair 'em, ship them out. I guess it's the stuff you guys use."

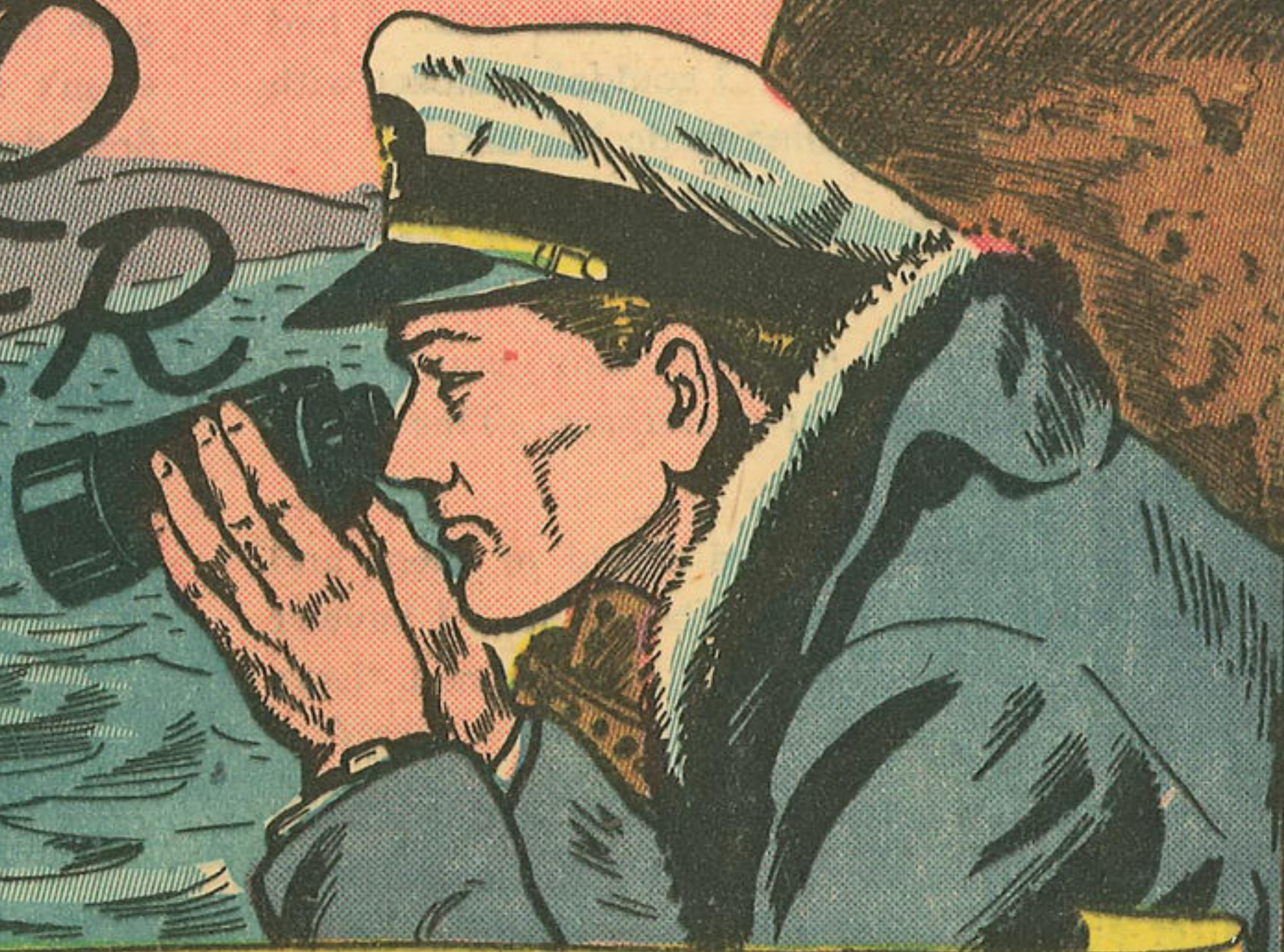
They were in Evanston and Steve guided Casey to the house. "There's a light," Steve said softly, looking up at the house. "Maybe . . . guess I'm in time. Thanks. Maybe I can repay you sometime."

Casey drove toward home. He was wide awake now, and all the numbness was gone from his body. He could get a few hours' sleep and then it would be morning. He could go back to the job and take his medicine. The Major was a pretty tough character, but he always gave a guy a chance. Maybe he'd suspend Casey for a day, but he'd let him come back to work. Casey grinned. From now on they couldn't dish out enough overtime to make him say Uncle.

Especially after he understood how the other half of his team lived . . . and worked.

THE END

LLOYD FOSTER



FROM THE PAGES OF MODERN NAVAL HISTORY
A STAUNCH FIGURE RISES TO PROMINENCE AMONG
THE GALLANT HEROES OF NAVAL WARFARE...
THIS MAN'S WEAPONS ARE STRANGE, YET THEY
BELONG TO HIS WAR OF SALVAGE. WATCH LT.
COMMANDER FOSTER AT THE HELM OF HIS
SHIP, IN A FIGHT AGAINST THE UNLIMITED
PERILS OF THE DEEP! PROUDLY WE PRESENT..

Fifty Fathoms - Foster

BOMBAY, INDIA - WHERE A RECENT
CATASTROPHE HAS GUTTED THE
HARBOR, GIVING LT. COMMANDER
FOSTER A RESPONSIBLE TASK...

WELL, LLOYD.. HERE WE ARE IN BOMBAY
AND I STILL MAINTAIN
WE WON'T BUMP INTO
ANY AXIS AGENTS
WHILE ON OUR
JOB!

I'LL
WAGER
THAT TEN
BUCKS YOU
OWE ME
THAT WE
WILL, BOB
EVANS!

THAT'S
A BET,
COMMANDER!

IF I WIN, YOU
OWE ME TWENTY!
NOW.. SOUND OUT
FOR POSITION OF
THAT WRECKED
EXPLOSIVE CARRIER
WE'VE GOT TO
UNLOAD!



TEN MINUTES LATER, AT ANCHOR, LLOYD FOSTER CALLS A CONFERENCE IN HIS CABIN...

GENTLEMEN, OUR PROBLEM IS TO UNLOAD THE EXPLOSIVES FROM THE HOLD OF THE SAVOY TEN FATHOMS UNDER OUR KEEL, AND GET THEM INTO THE NAVAL LIGHTERS WITHOUT INCIDENT!

COMMANDER, THE MEN ARE READY!

GOOD! I WILL MAKE A PRELIMINARY DIVE TO CHECK UP ON HATCH POSITIONS FOR ADVANCED OPERATIONS! GET MY GEAR READY!

TAKE IT EASY, COMMANDER! WATCH OUT FOR THE KRAKEN!

A SHORT TIME LATER, ON DECK--

REMEMBER OUR BET, BOB!

I DO COMMANDER! BE CAREFUL DOWN THERE!

KRAKEN? OUT HERE IN BOMBAY? DON'T BE SILLY!

TEN FATHOMS UNDER WATER--

THERE SHE LIES-- THE S.S. SAVOY WITH EIGHT HUNDRED TONS OF T.N.T. WAITING TO GO OFF! I'LL NOTE ALL HATCH POSITIONS AND GO RIGHT UP!

FOSTER SURFACES SHORTLY...

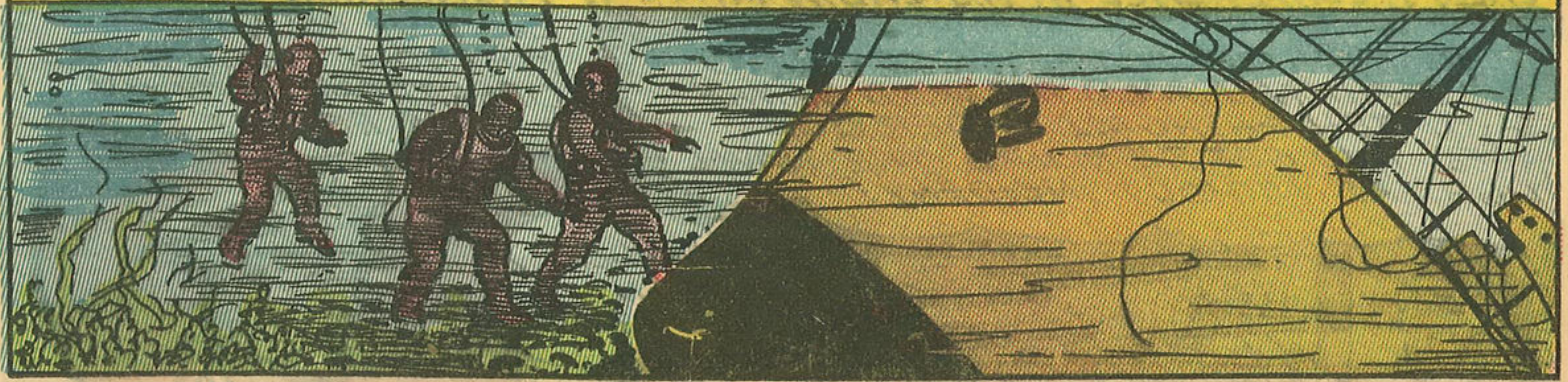
EVERYTHING'S SET, BOB! SEND THE DIVING CREW BELOW TO RECEIVE SALVAGE LINES!

YES, SIR!

HOW'S THE WATER DOWN THERE, LLOYD?

FAIRLY CLEAN, BOB! JUST WATCH OUT FOR FLOATING DEBRIS!

AIR BUBBLES RISE TO THE SURFACE AS CREW NUMBER ONE DESCENDS TOWARD THE SUNKEN HULK!



HELLO, BOB, MAKE
READY FOR THE
SALVAGE DIVERS!
CHECK!

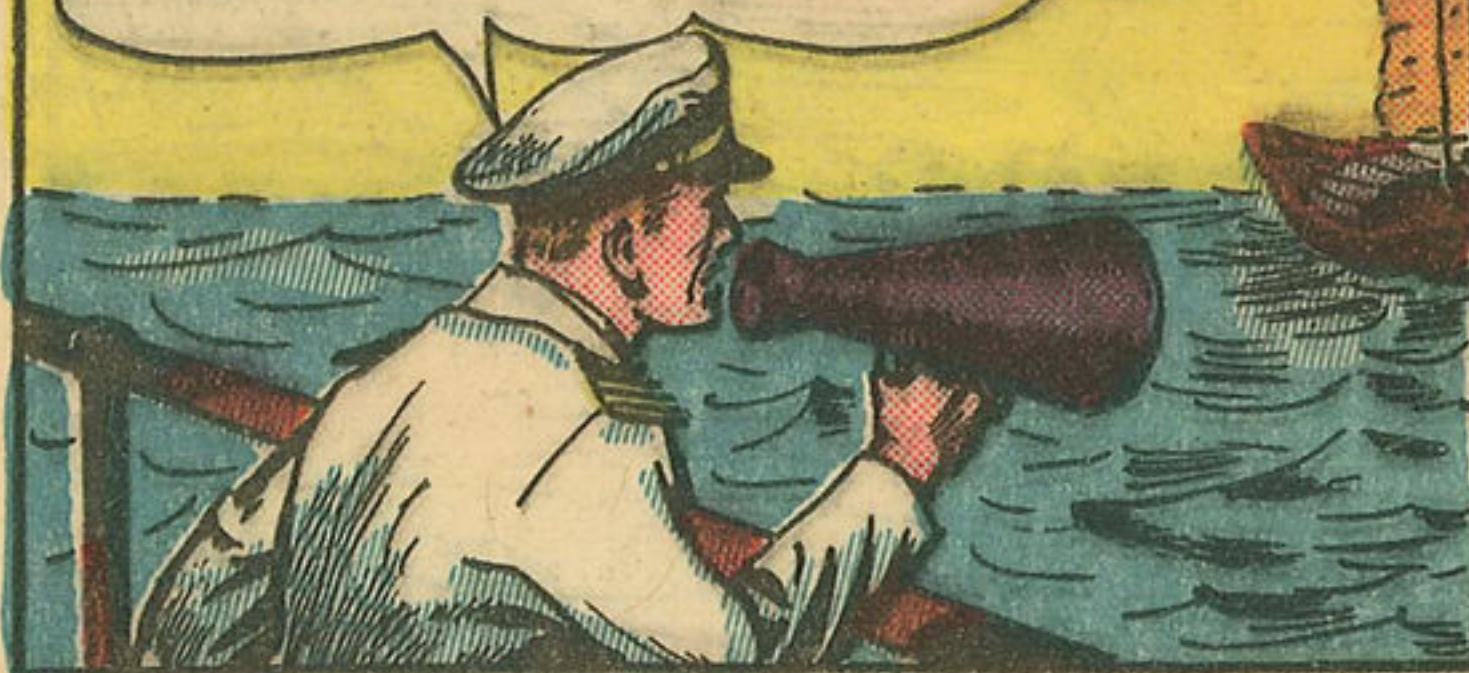


AT THAT MOMENT...

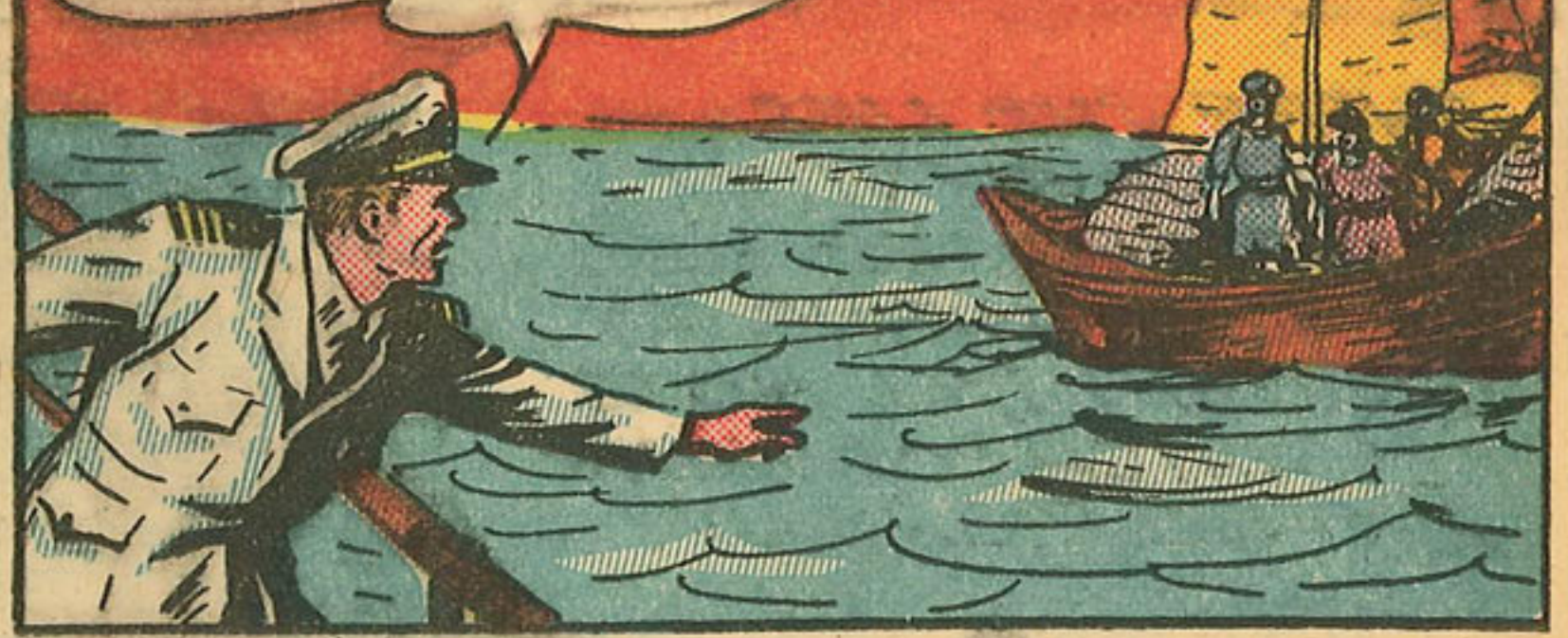
HEY! WHAT'S THAT NATIVE
JAMPAN DOING SO
CLOSE TO
OPERATIONS?



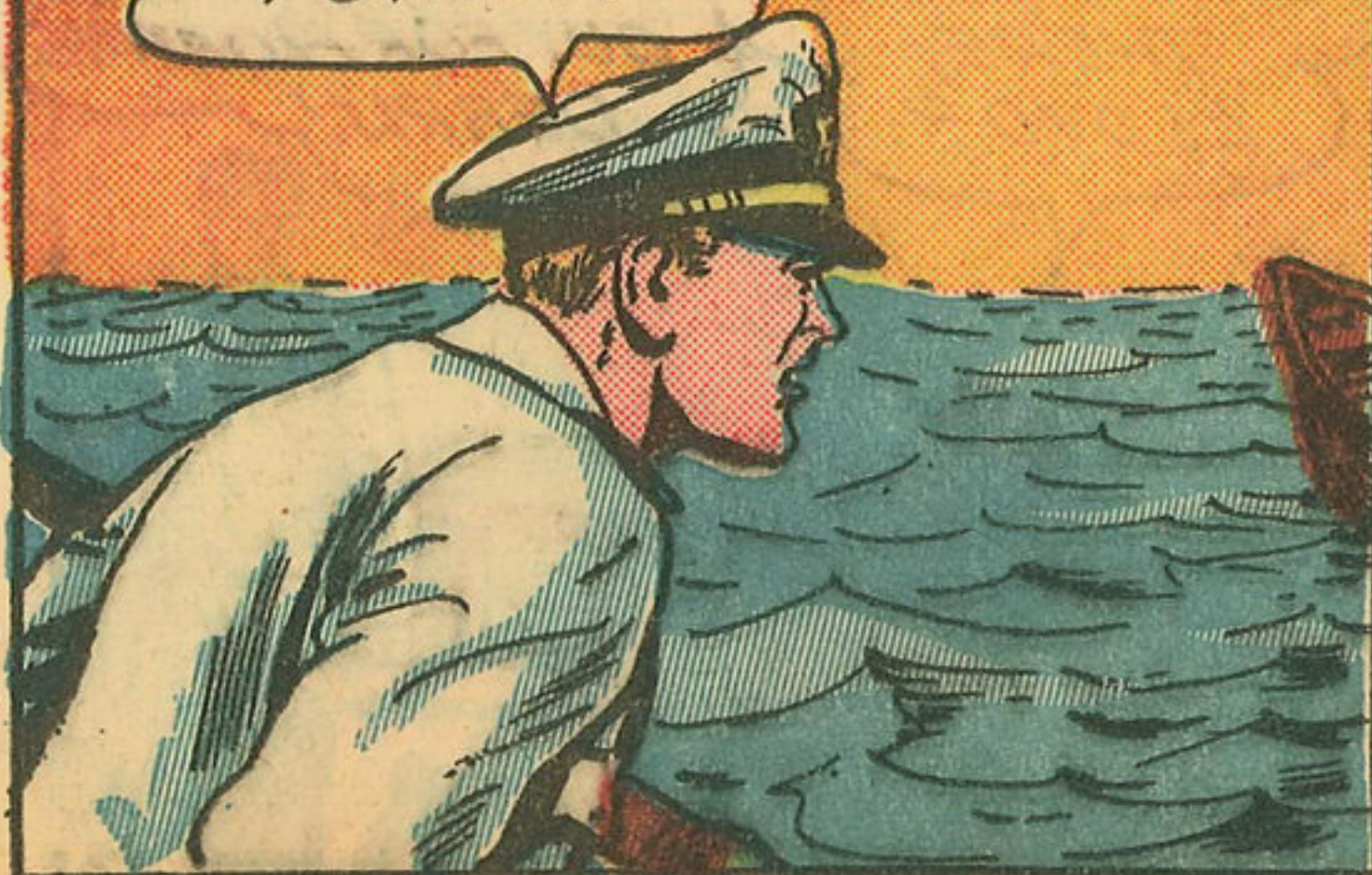
AHOY, THERE! RESTRICTED
AREA - HEAVE OFF! DO
YOU HEAR ME?



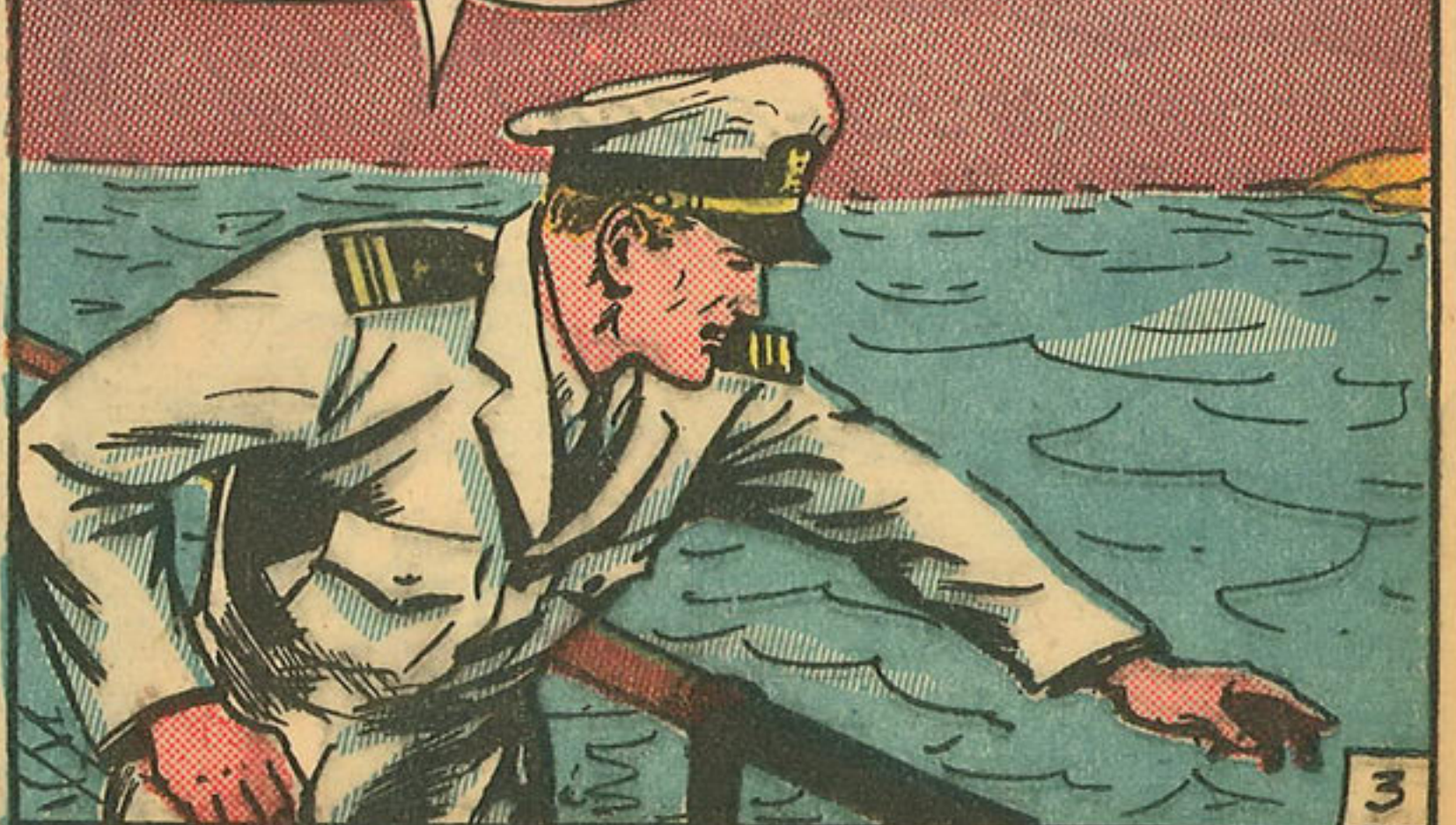
FOOLS! AHOY... STAND
OFF! NAVAL
OPERATIONS...

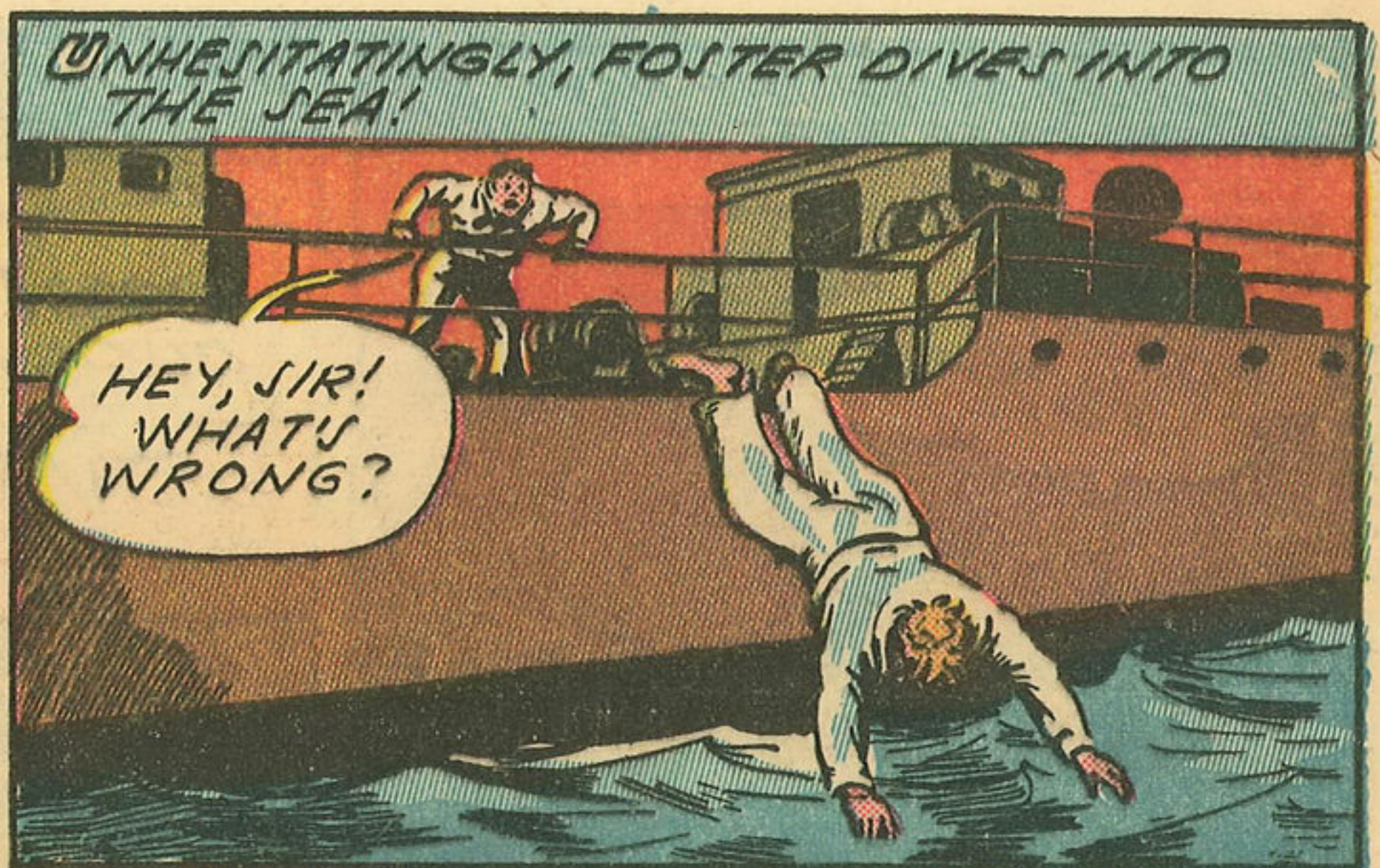
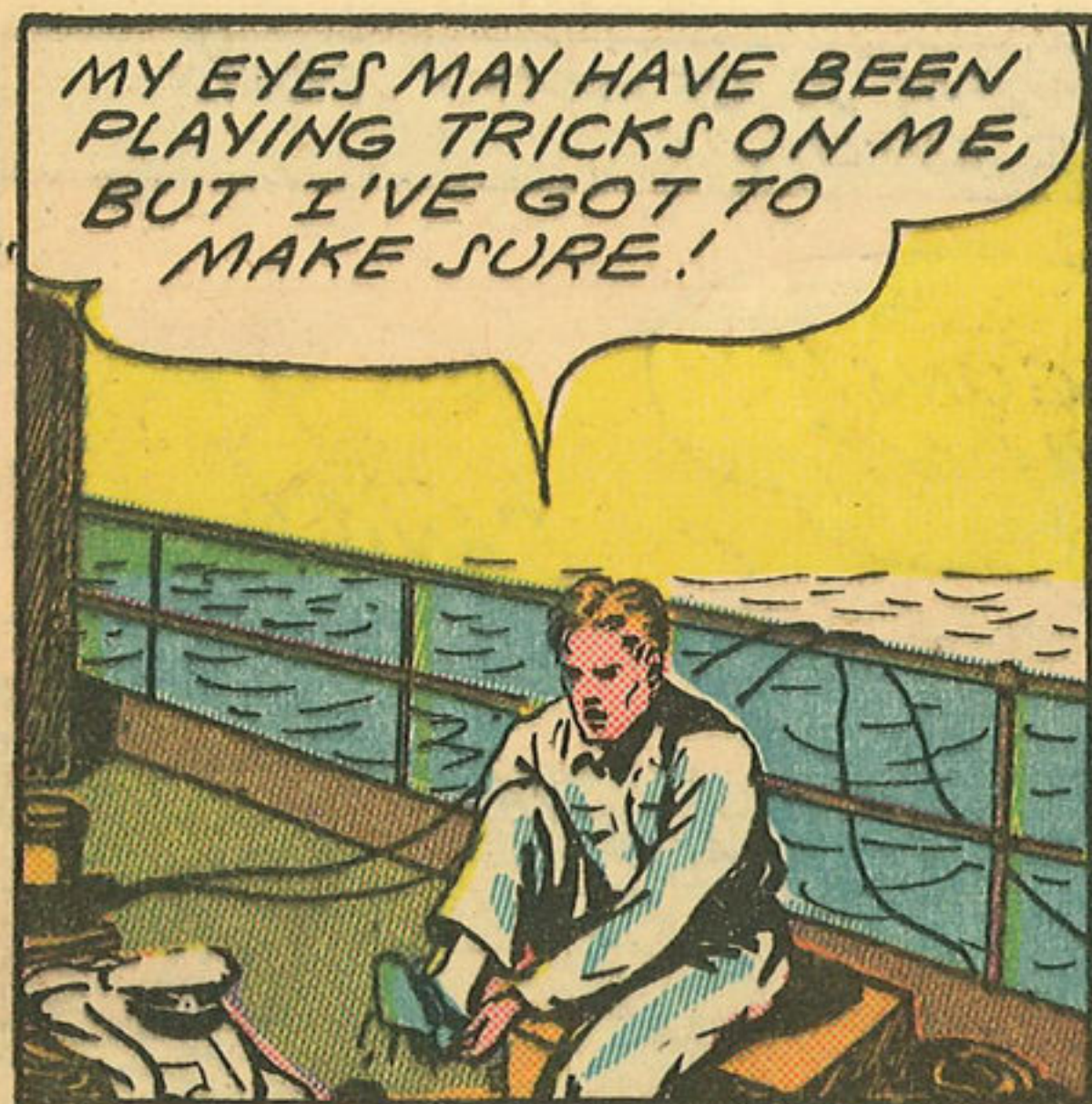


GOOD GARFISHES! THEIR
BOAT IS GOING RIGHT
OVER THE DIVER'S
LINES. THIS ISN'T
FUNNY!



ONE OF 'EM'S
HOOKED A BOX
ONTO BOB'S LINE!
HEY, YOU!





IN SHORT ORDER THE NAVY DINGHY OVERTAKES THE NATIVE CRAFT!

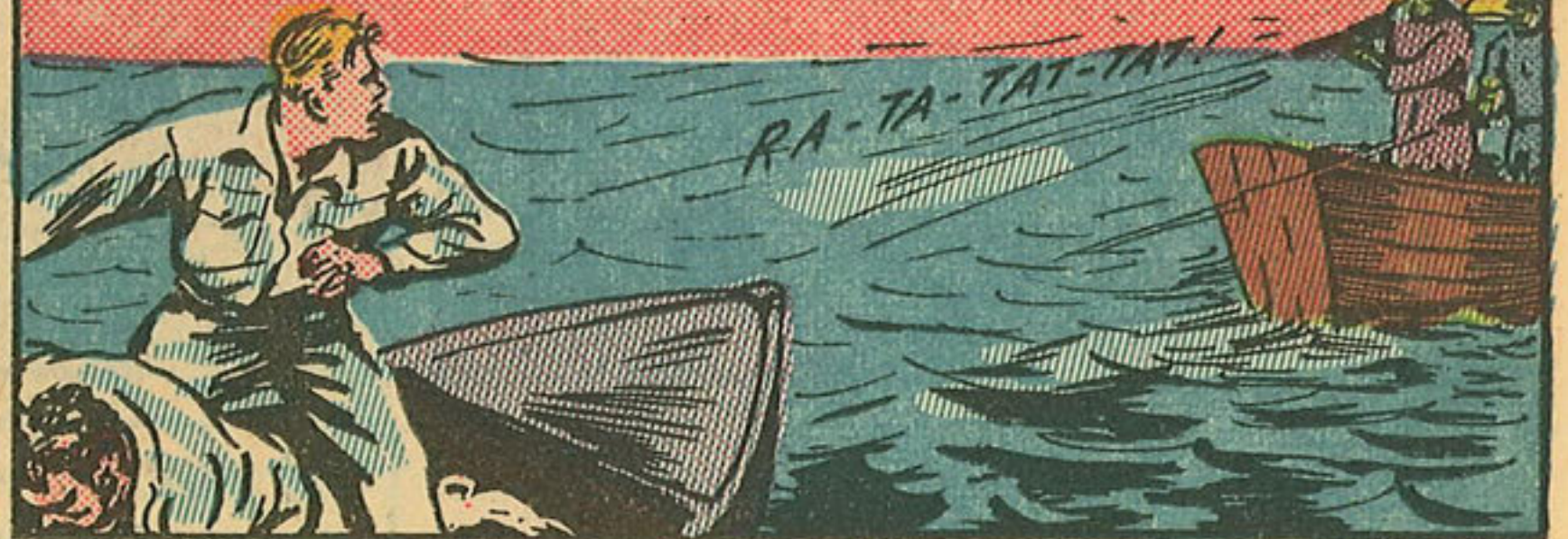
HEY, YOU
IN THAT
BOAT, HEAVE
TO!



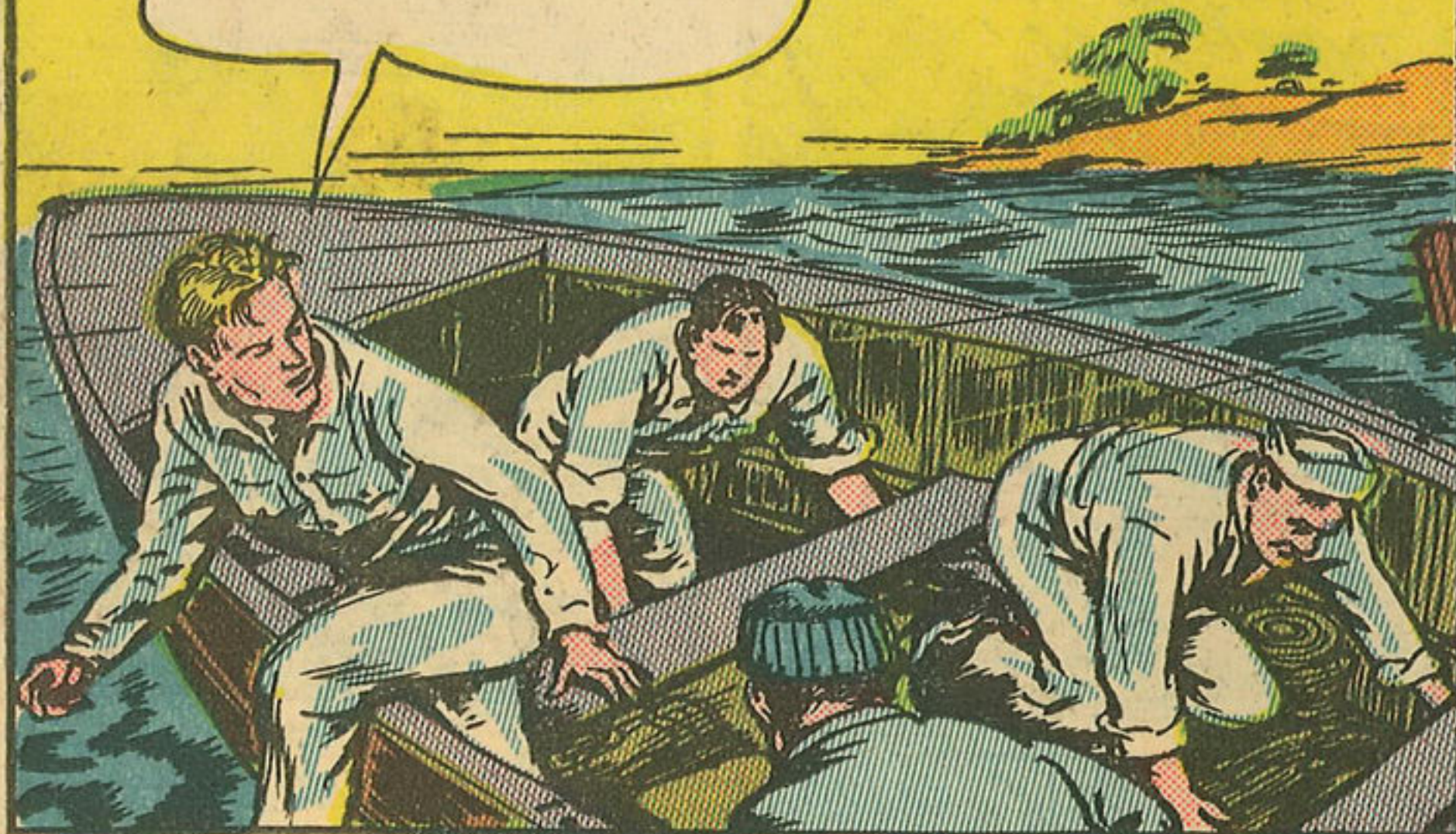
FOR ANSWER, THE NAVY BOAT
IS FIRED UPON!

WOW! GUNS!!
DUCK, MEN!

BANG! BANG!



STAY UNDER COVER!
I'LL GIVE 'EM
A SURPRISE!



LLOYD SLIPS OVER THE
SIDE, SILENTLY - UNNOTICED!

THEY'LL NEVER KNOW
WHAT HIT THEM!



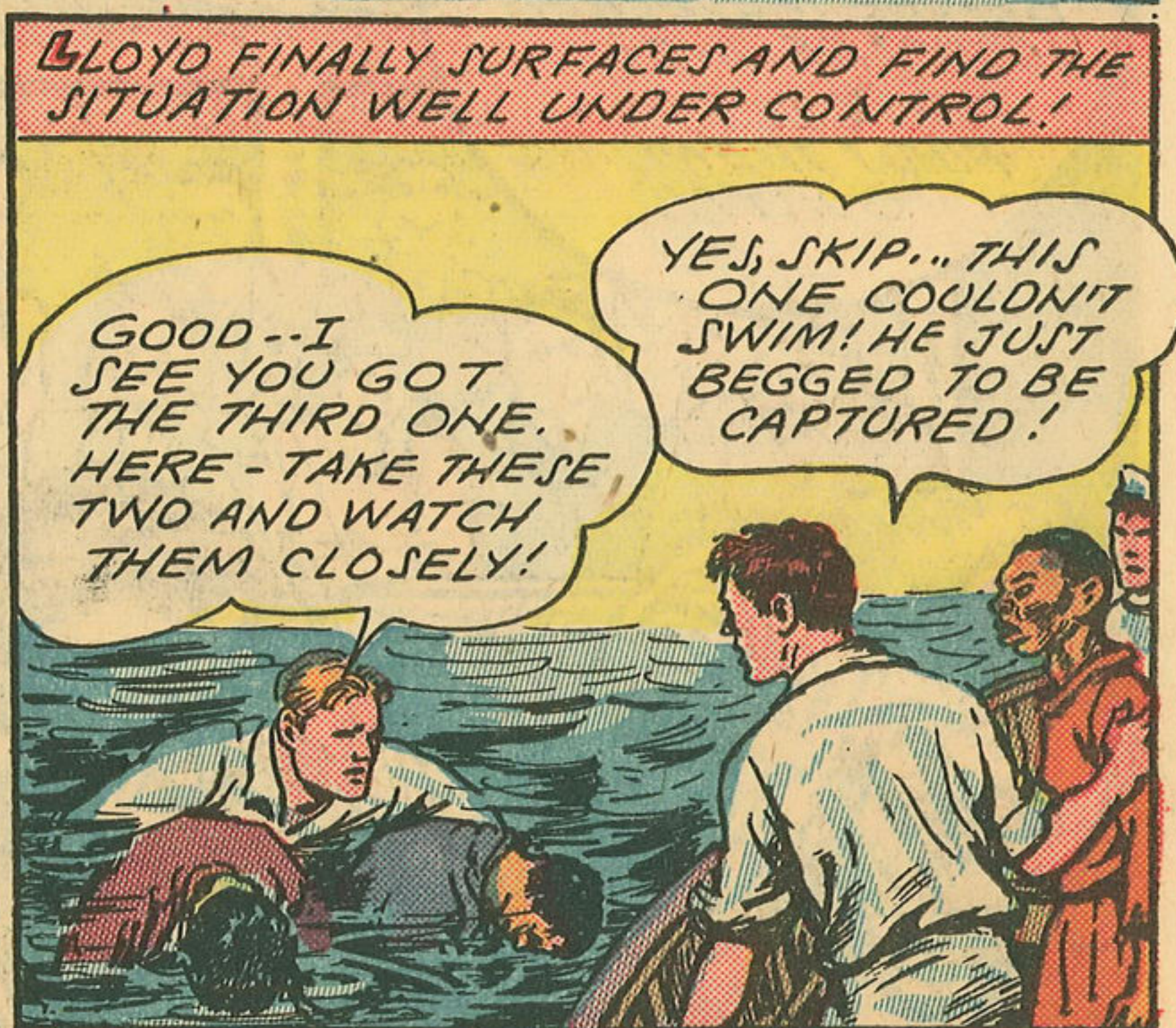
A SUDDEN JERK AND . . .

.. NOW THEY'RE
WET JAPS!



AS I THOUGHT!
THEY'RE
JAPS PAINTED
UP TO LOOK
LIKE INDIANS!
WELL---





THE END

The JUDGE AND THE JURY

THE PASSING PARADE
OF CRIME BECOMES
A GRIM PICTURE OF
FUGITIVES STANDING
BEFORE THE SECRET
COURT OF THE
JUDGE WHO
FINDS THEM
GUILTY!

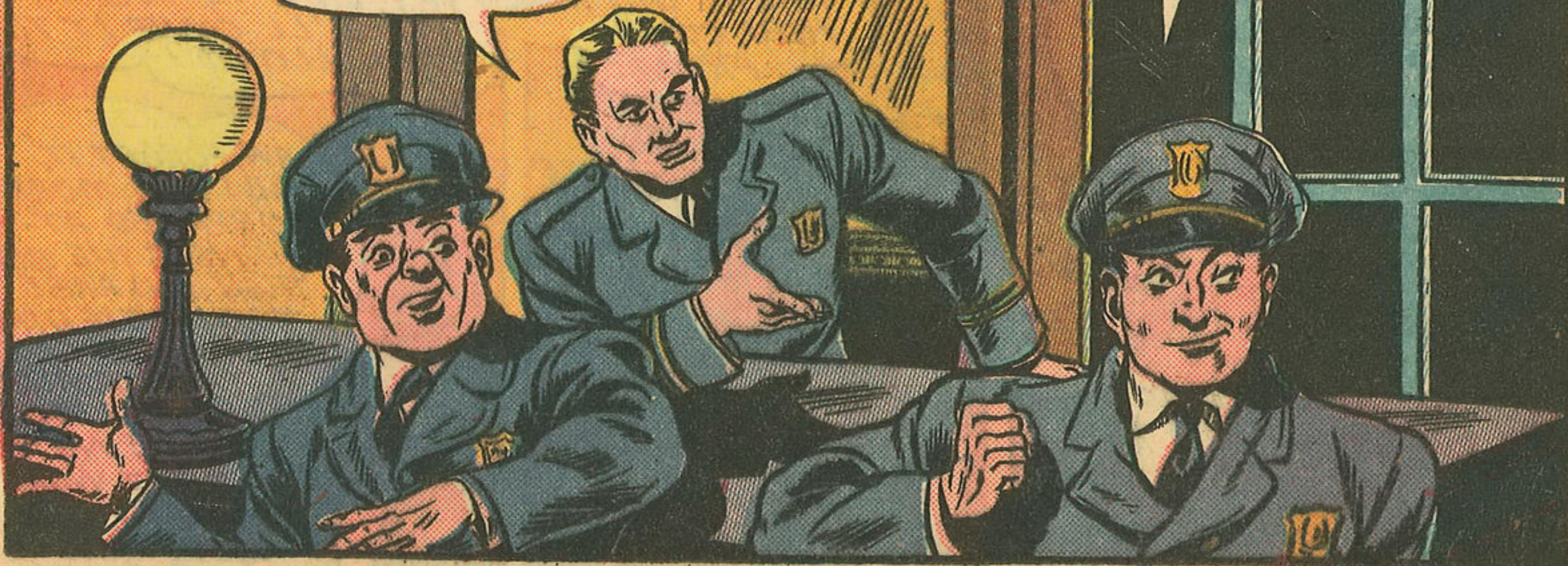
INTRODUCING THE MOST FASCINATING CHARACTER
IN COMICS-- HE IS NOT POSSESSED OF SUPER
QUALITIES OTHER THAN THOSE WHICH EACH
OF US HAS-- LOVE OF OUR COUNTRY, FREEDOM
AND JUSTICE!



A STRANGE THING HAPPENED ONE DAY IN POLICE PRECINCT FOUR . . .

MIKE -- JOE! LOOK AT WHAT'S
COMIN' IN!! DO YOU SEE
IT, TOO?

WELL, FER THE
LUVVA ME!



PLASTIC FROM THE SOY BEAN-- I'M VERY INTERESTED!

IT WAS STRANGE HOW I STARTED MY EXPERIMENTS! YOU SEE...

"STANISLAV GAVE MY DAD A COCK AND BULL STORY AND SUCCEEDED IN CONVINCING HIM THAT THE PLASTIC EXPERIMENTS WERE WORTH INVESTING IN!"

THIS TEN THOUSAND SHOULD BE ENOUGH TO CARRY THE EXPERIMENTS! IT SOUNDS TO ME LIKE A WONDERFUL INVESTMENT!

NATION BANK

"BUT, SOMETHING STANISLAV SAID THAT SAME EVENING SUDDENLY MADE MY DAD HESITATE - - -"

BUT, YOU MEAN YOU HAVE NO FORMULAS? I COULDN'T GIVE YOU THIS MONEY WITHOUT SEEING SOMETHING DEFINITE!

WHAT?

YOU GIVE ME THAT MONEY!

HEY-- STOP IT!

"DAD STRUGGLED BUT STANISLAV WAS DESPERATE AND HE HAD A GUN - -"

YOU CHEAT-- YOU IMPOS.. NO! AHHH!

I MUST HAVE THAT MONEY!

BANG!

IT IS UNFORTUNATE THAT I GAVE MY SCHEME AWAY--I DID NOT WISH TO KILL HIM! AHH-- HERE IS THE MONEY!

"BUT I HAD HEARD THE SHOT AND I RUSHED INTO THE LIBRARY - -"

DAD! DAD! WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

OH-- I DID NOT THINK YOU WERE HOME!

"MAD WITH GRIEF AND FEAR, I RUSHED THE MAD PROFESSOR BUT--"

FOOL - YOU THINK I LET YOU STOP ME?



"I WAS MOMENTARILY UNCONSCIOUS BUT, WHEN I CAME TO, STANISLAV HAD FLED LEAVING ONLY A RABBIT FOOT BEHIND!"

DAD! DAD-- DEAD!! I'LL GET STANISLAV! I'LL GET HIM!



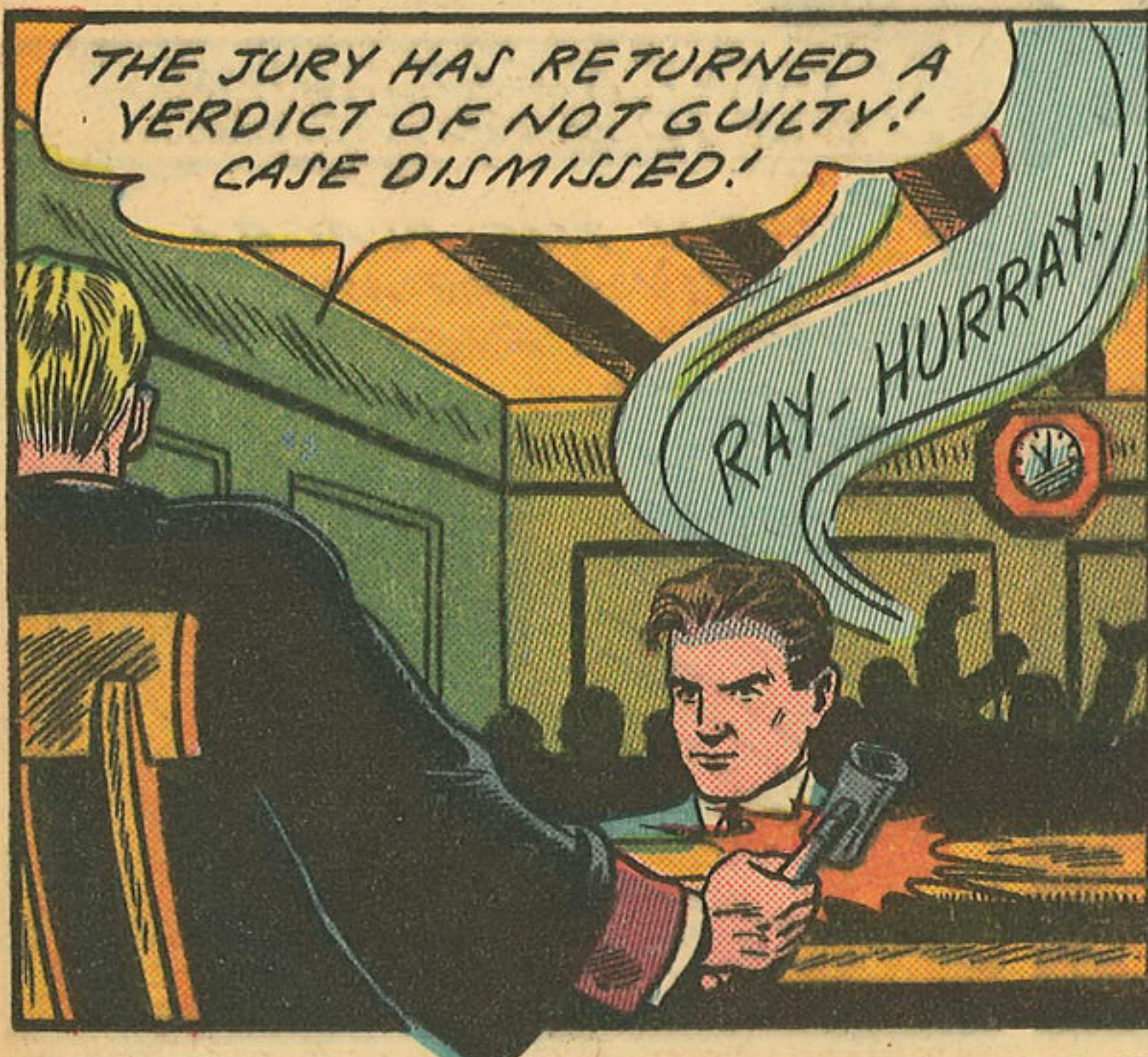
"WITH REVENGE IN MIND, I STUDIED LAW AND MADE IT MY DUTY TO DEFEND THE OPPRESSED --- TEN YEARS LATER ---"

IN VIEW OF THE CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE, I ASK YOU TO FIND THE DEFENDANT NOT GUILTY!



THE JURY HAS RETURNED A VERDICT OF NOT GUILTY! CASE DISMISSED!

RAY - HURRAY!



GOOD WORK, JIM!

SPLENDID!

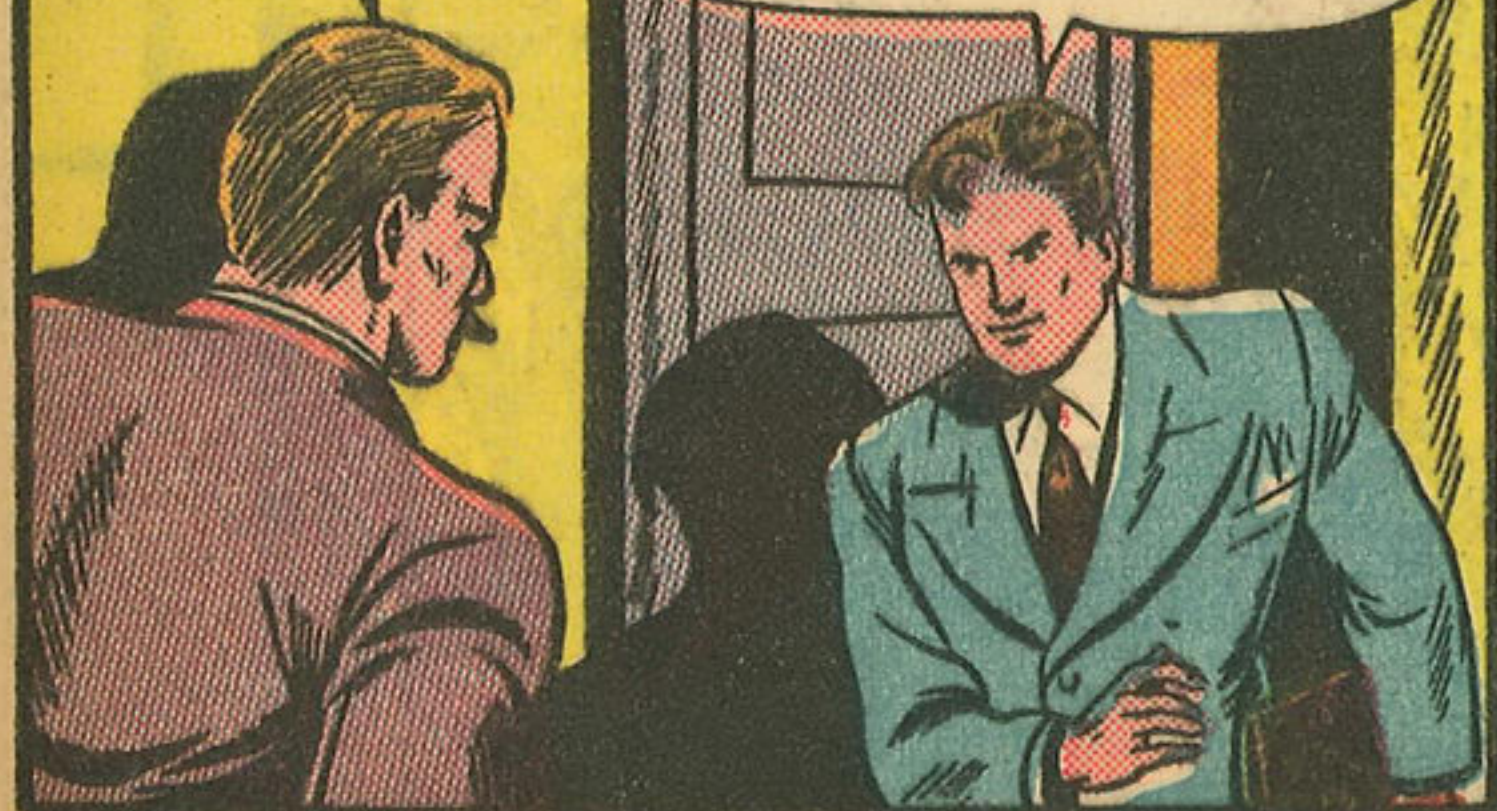
THANKS -- IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME NOW, I'M IN NEED OF A LITTLE REST!



"BUT AS I PREPARED TO LEAVE THE COURTHOUSE, A MAN STOPPED ME."

PLEASE, SIR, MAY I SPEAK TO YOU?

OF COURSE -- YOU'RE MR. WILLIS, THE NIGHT CARETAKER, AREN'T YOU?



YES! I'M WORRIED ABOUT MY SON -- HE'S... HE'S A MURDERER!

GOOD HEAVENS MAN! DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING?



WELL, WHAT I MEAN, SIR, IS THAT HE THINKS HE IS!

SUPPOSE YOU COME ALONG WITH ME AND TELL ME THE WHOLE STORY!



FRANK IS A DEFENSE WORKER-- HE SAVED SOME MONEY AND INVESTED IT ON REAL ESTATE THEN FOUND HIS PROPERTY WAS ALL MARSH LAND! HE HAD A FIGHT WITH THE FELLOW WHO SOLD IT TO HIM...

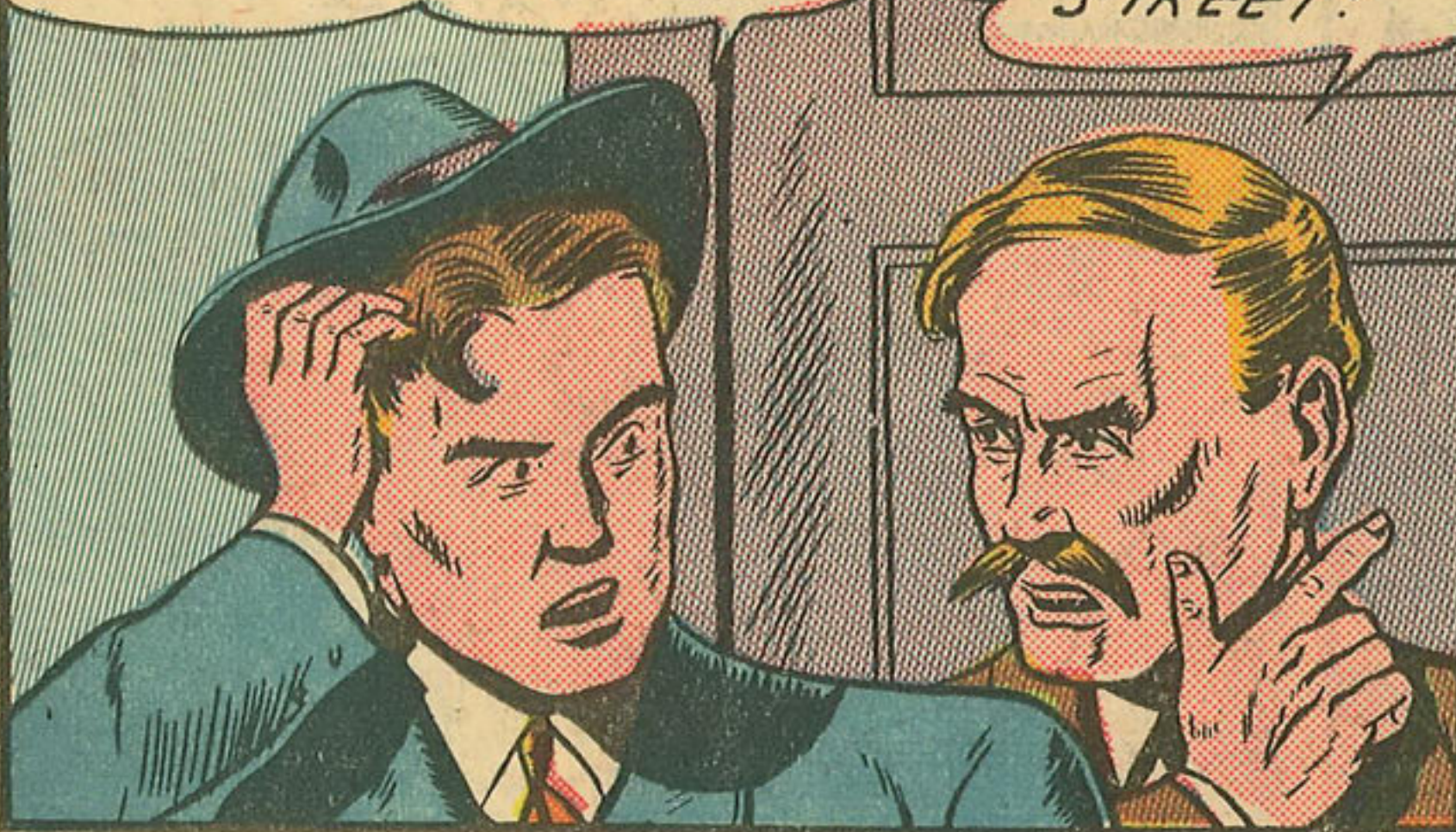


...THE OTHER FELLOW PULLED A GUN- FRANK GRABBED AT IT, AND IT WENT OFF. THE REALTOR'S PARTNER PROMISED NOT TO TELL THE POLICE IF FRANK WOULD FORGET ABOUT BEING SWINDLED!



THIS SOUNDS AS THOUGH IT MIGHT BE A NEW ANGLE ON AN OLD CONFIDENCE GAME! WHERE IS THIS REAL ESTATE AGENT?

DALE DEVELOPMENTS, 155 NORTH STREET!

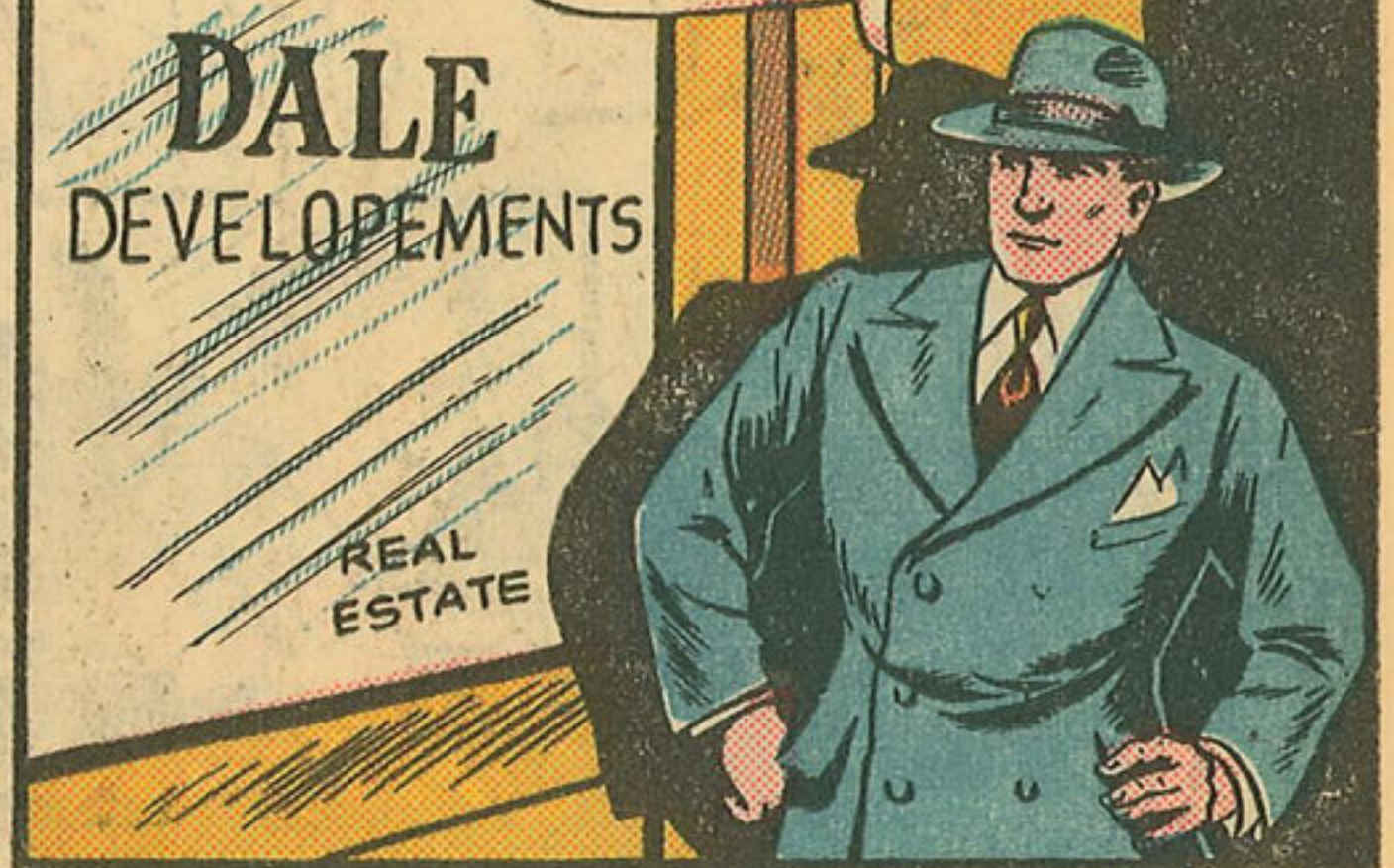


"I WENT RIGHT DOWN THERE TO INVESTIGATE..."

THIS IS THE PLACE! I ONLY HOPE MY HUNCH IS RIGHT!

DALE
DEVELOPMENTS

REAL ESTATE



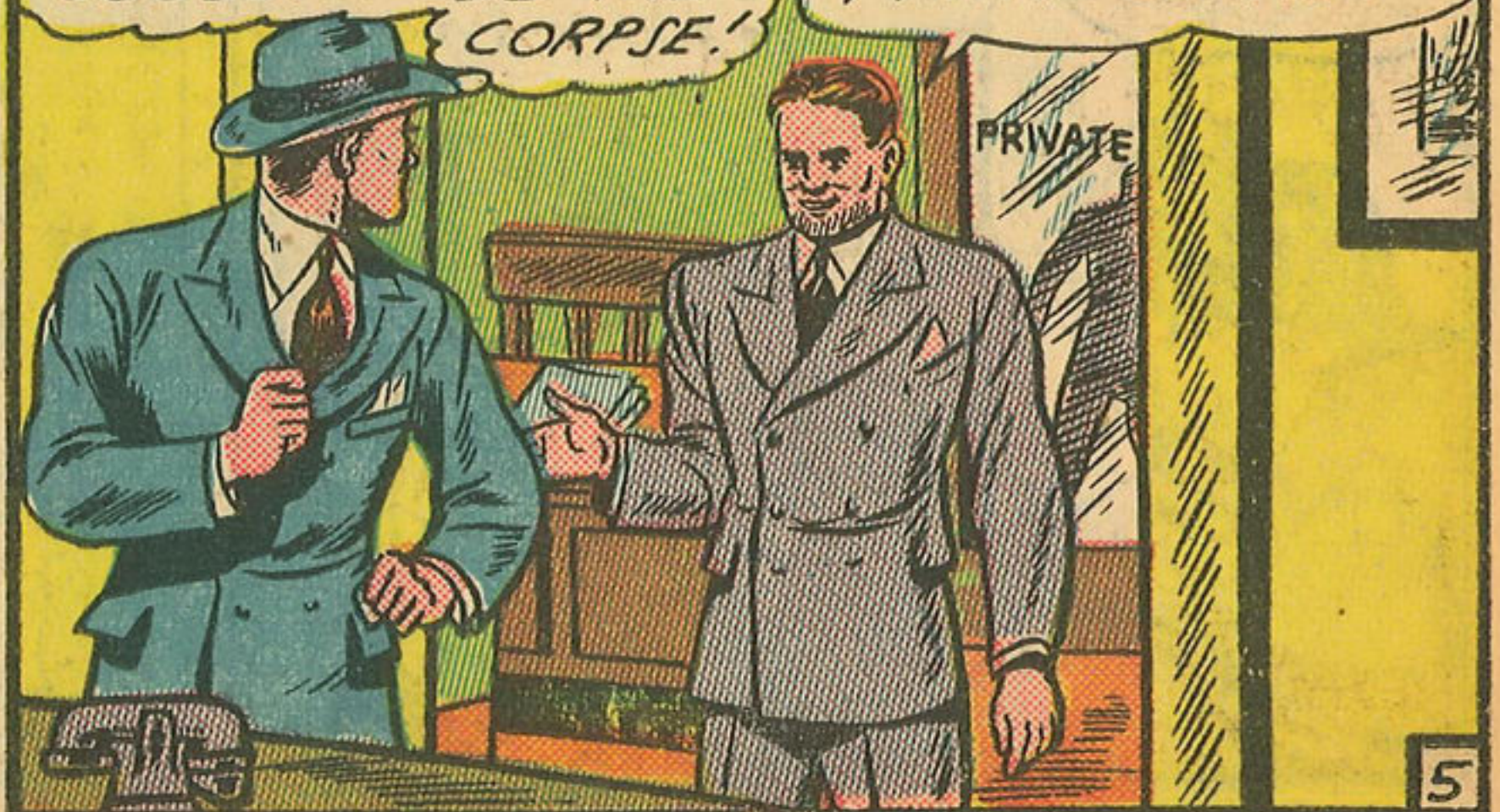
GOOD AFTERNOON, SIR -- WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU? MY NAME IS GAVIN!

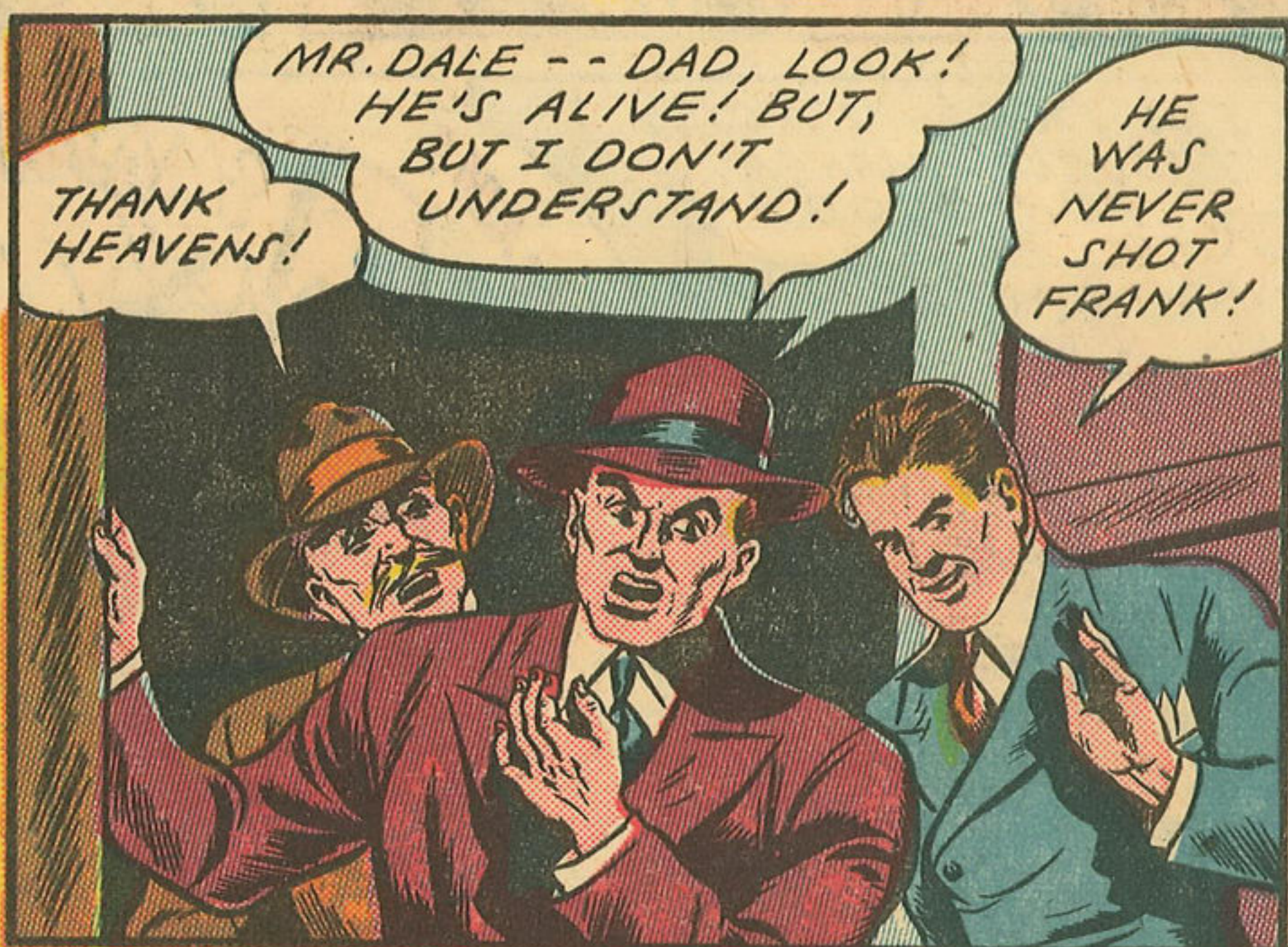
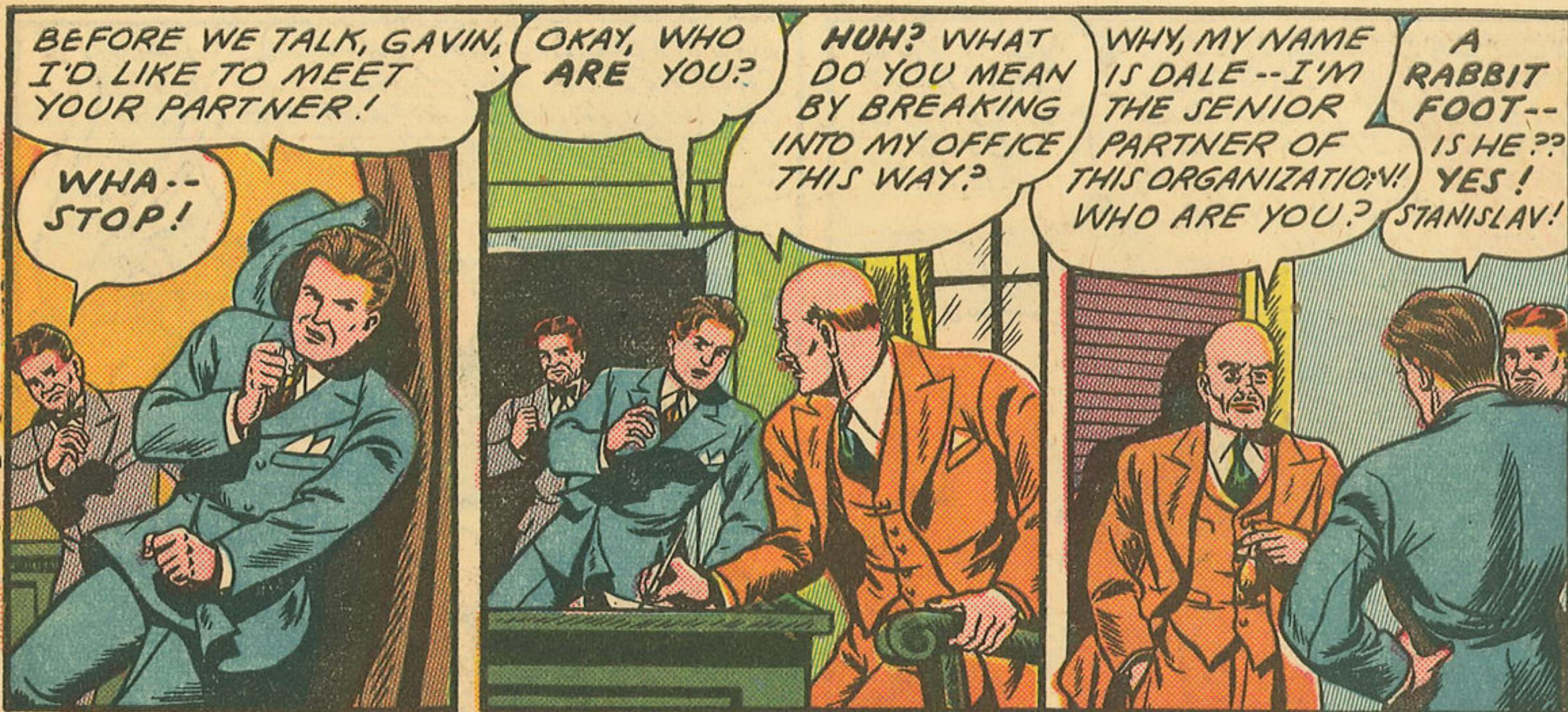
YOUR ADS INTEREST ME -- I'M THINKING OF INVESTING SOME MONEY IN YOUR NEW DEVELOPMENT!



HMM-- SOMEONE'S BACK IN THAT OTHER ROOM! I CAN SEE HIS SHADOW AGAINST THE GLASS DOOR! OF COURSE, IT COULDN'T BE THE CORPSE!

THAT'S SPLENDID! YOU'LL FIND IT AN EXCELLENT INVESTMENT! I'LL BE MOST HAPPY TO GIVE YOU ALL PARTICULARS!





YOU DROPPED THIS WHEN YOU SLUGGED ME AFTER SHOOTING MY FATHER IN COLD BLOOD AND STEALING HIS LIFE SAVINGS! NOW DO YOU REMEMBER?

NO -- YOU CAN'T! IT WAS TOO LONG AGO!



EVENTUALLY, THE LAW CATCHES UP WITH ALL OF YOU MUGS-- MEANTIME HERE'S MY BRAND OF JUSTICE!



I'LL STOP THAT NOSEY TROUBLE-MAKER FOR GOOD!



OWAH! SMASH!



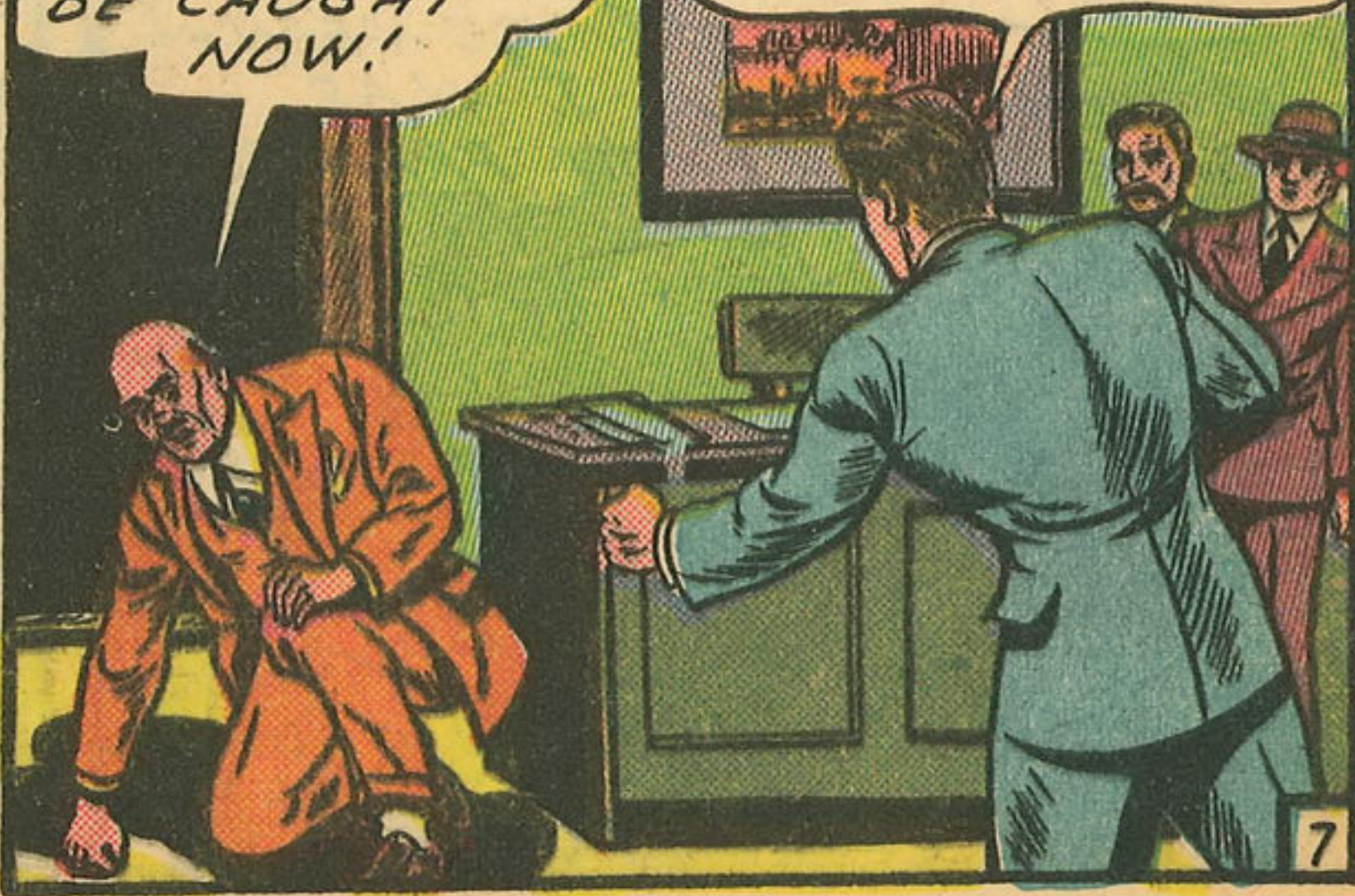
NO MORE OF YOUR GUN TRICKS, YOU CHEAP CHISELLERS!

THE IMPACT OF FRANK'S BLOW SENDS GAVIN HURLING THROUGH THE WINDOW!

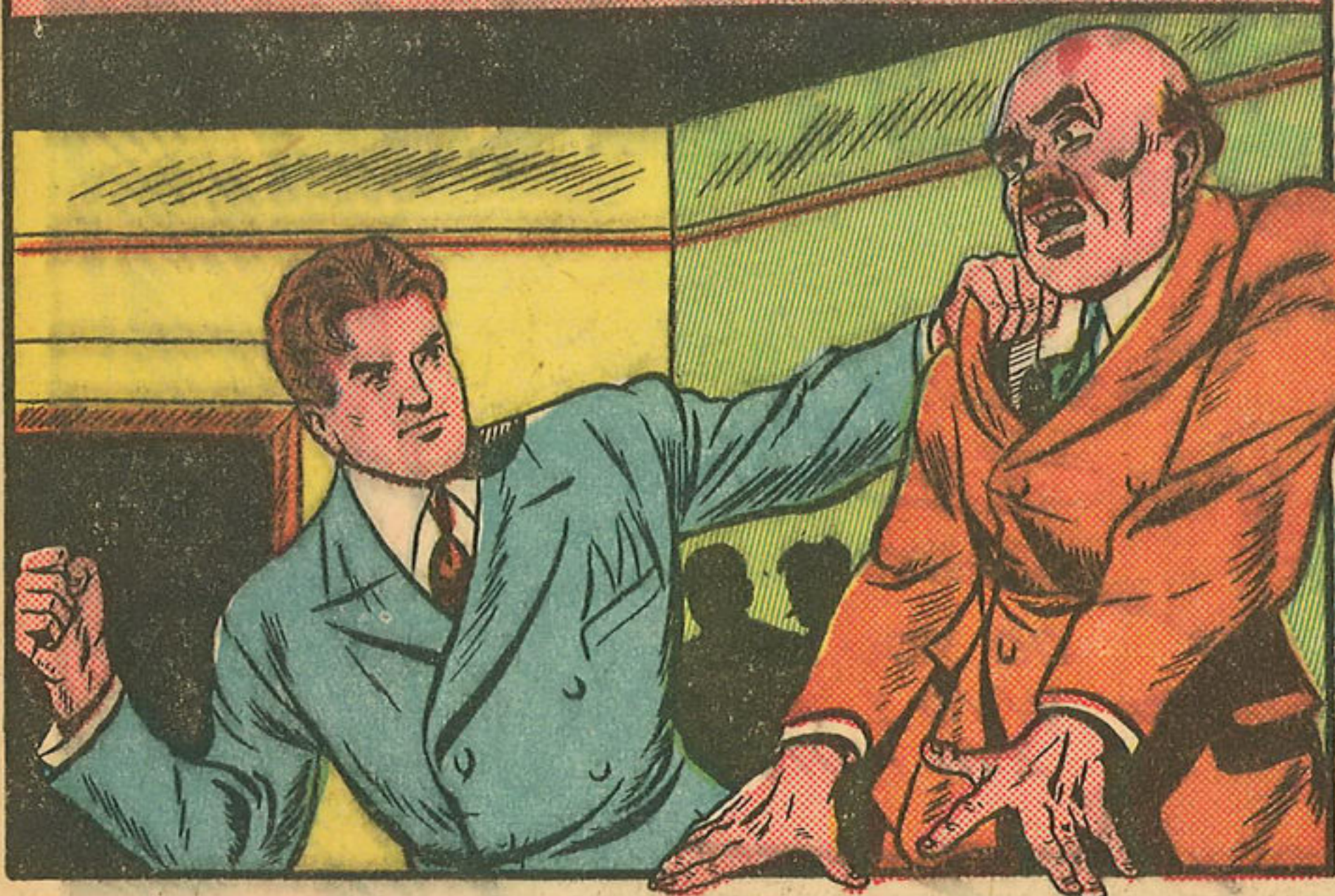


YOU WON'T GET ME ON THAT OLD MURDER! I'M NOT GOING TO BE CAUGHT NOW!

YOU'RE NOT, EH? WELL, WHAT ARE YOU PLANNING TO DO ABOUT IT?



"I MADE STANISLAV - OR DALE, AS HE IS NOW KNOWN - PAY DEARLY FOR HIS CRIMES!"



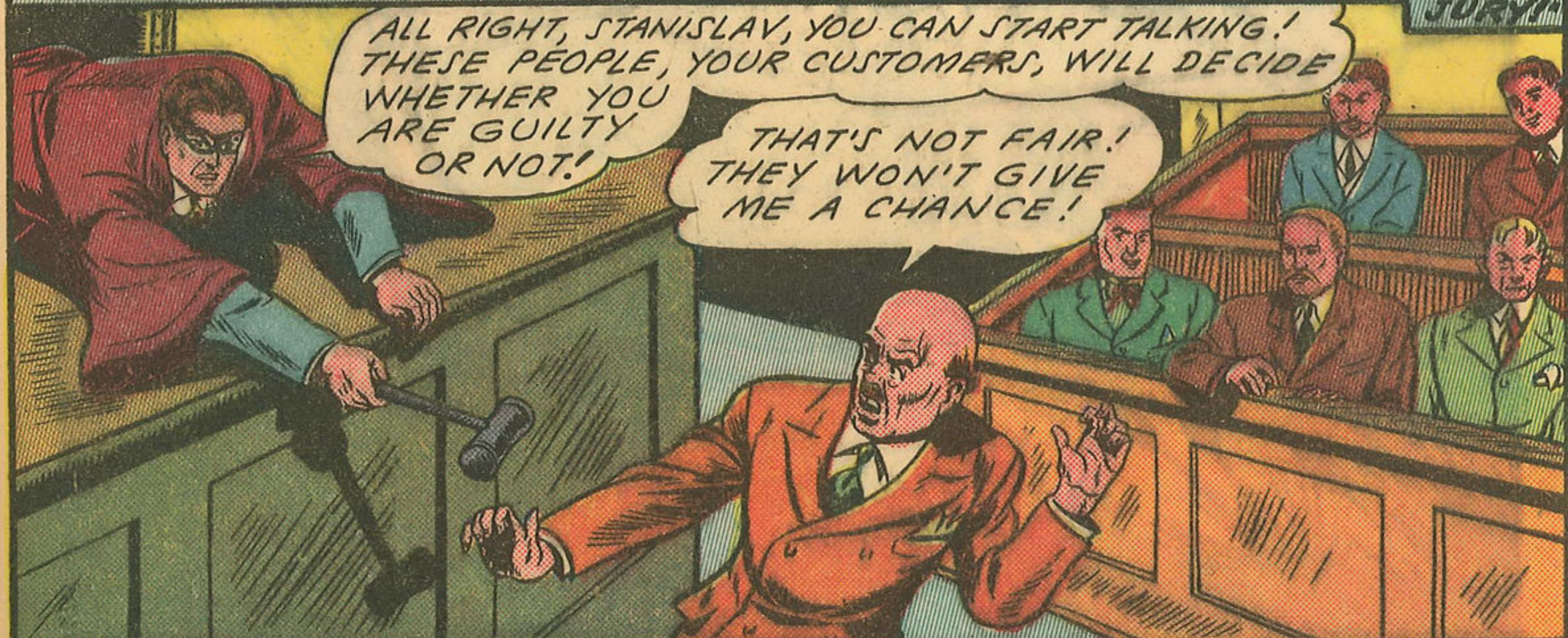
FRANK, GET ON THE PHONE AND CONTACT ALL OF DALE'S CUSTOMERS. TELL THEM TO BE AT THE COURT HOUSE TONIGHT! MR. WILLIS, YOU LET THEM IN AS THEY COME!

OKAY!

ANYTHING YOU SAY!



"SO, THAT EVENING, A STRANGE TRIAL TOOK PLACE IN THE COURT ROOM AT MIDNIGHT! I WAS THE JUDGE, AND DALE'S VICTIMS MADE UP THE JURY!"



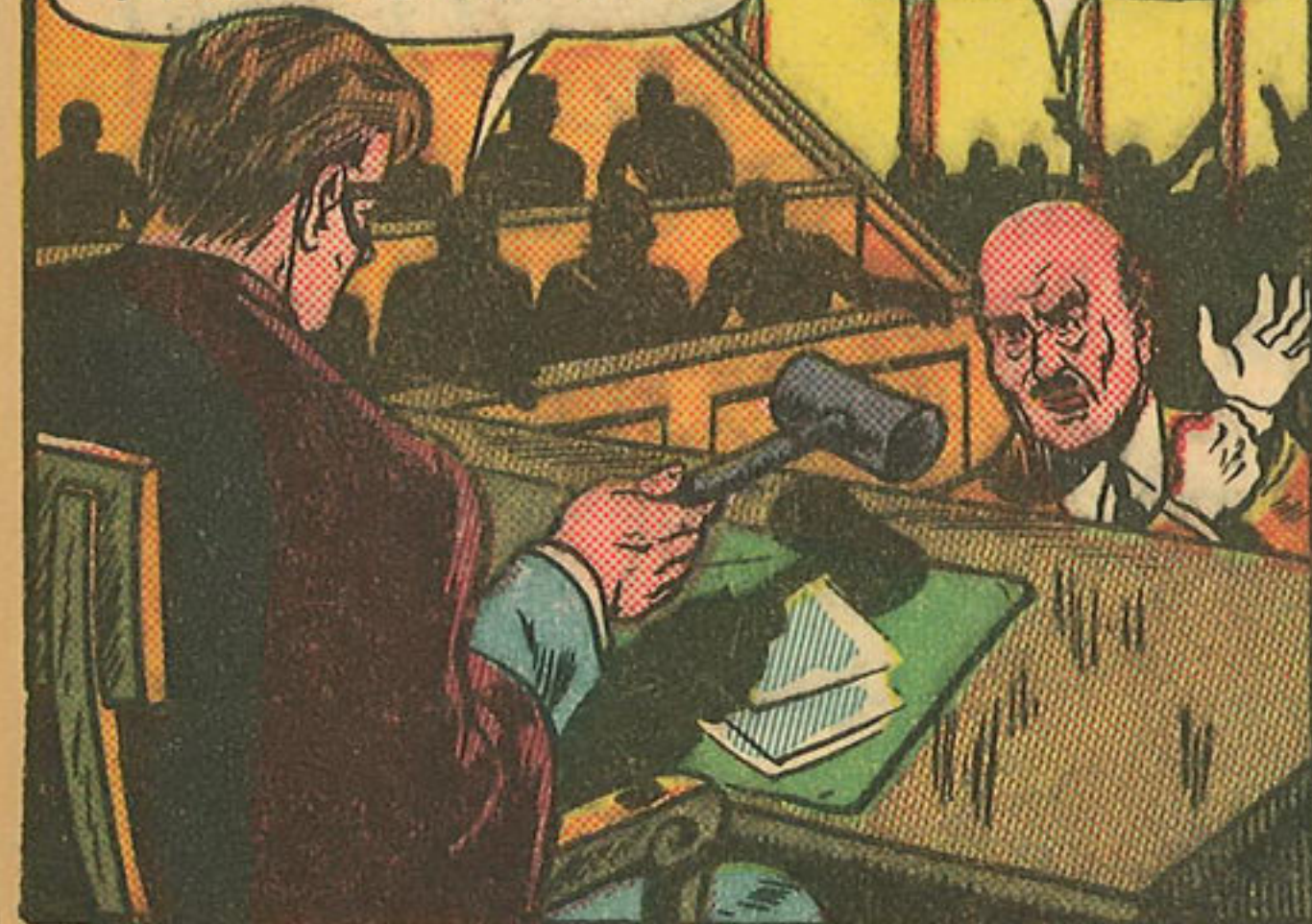
ALL RIGHT, STANISLAV, YOU CAN START TALKING! THESE PEOPLE, YOUR CUSTOMERS, WILL DECIDE WHETHER YOU ARE GUILTY OR NOT!

THAT'S NOT FAIR! THEY WON'T GIVE ME A CHANCE!

"DALE COULD THINK OF NO DEFENSE AND THE VERDICT WAS UNANIMOUS!"

WE UNANIMOUSLY AGREE THAT HE IS GUILTY AS CHARGED ON ALL COUNTS!

THIS IS UNCONSTITUTIONAL!

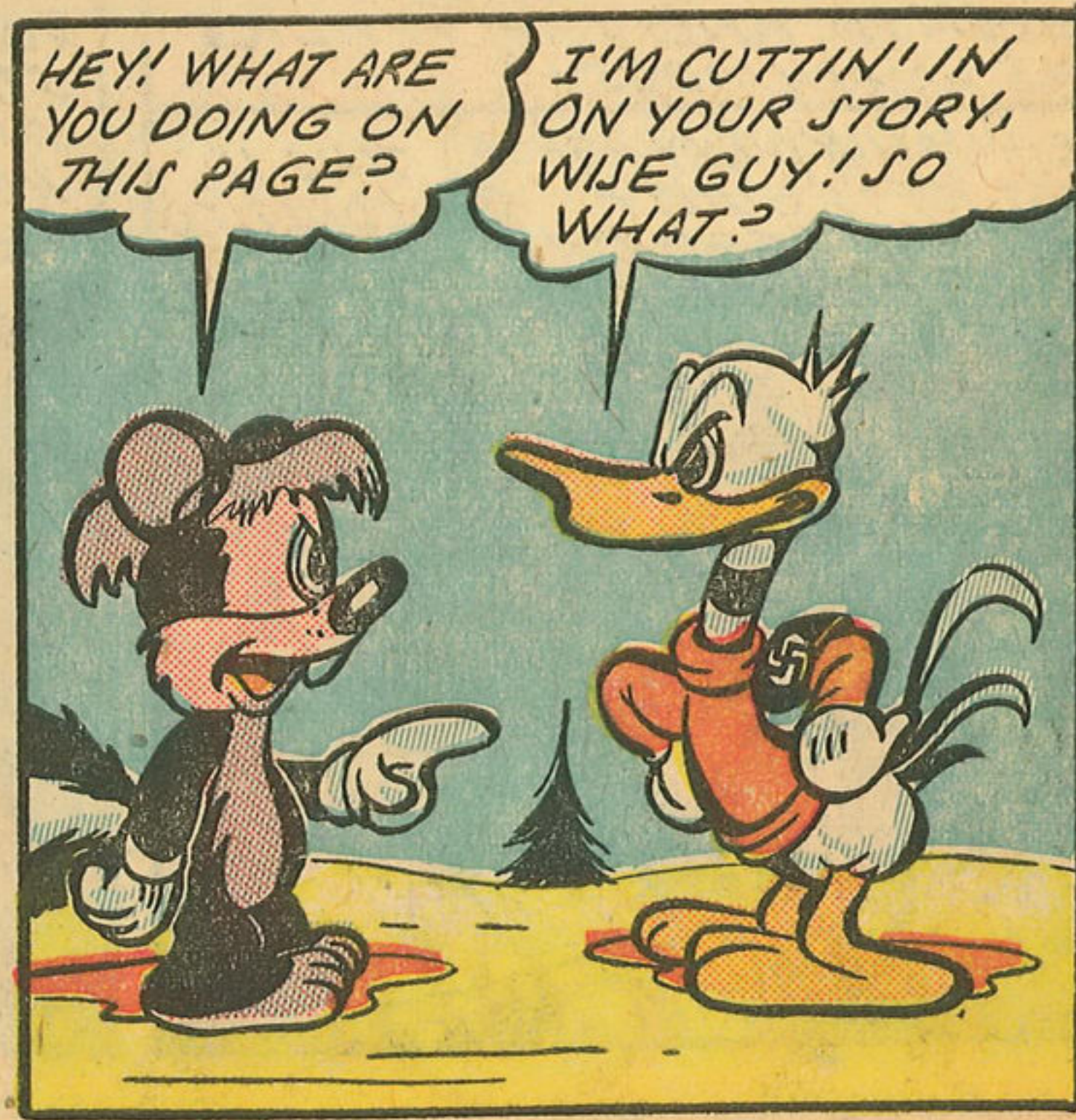


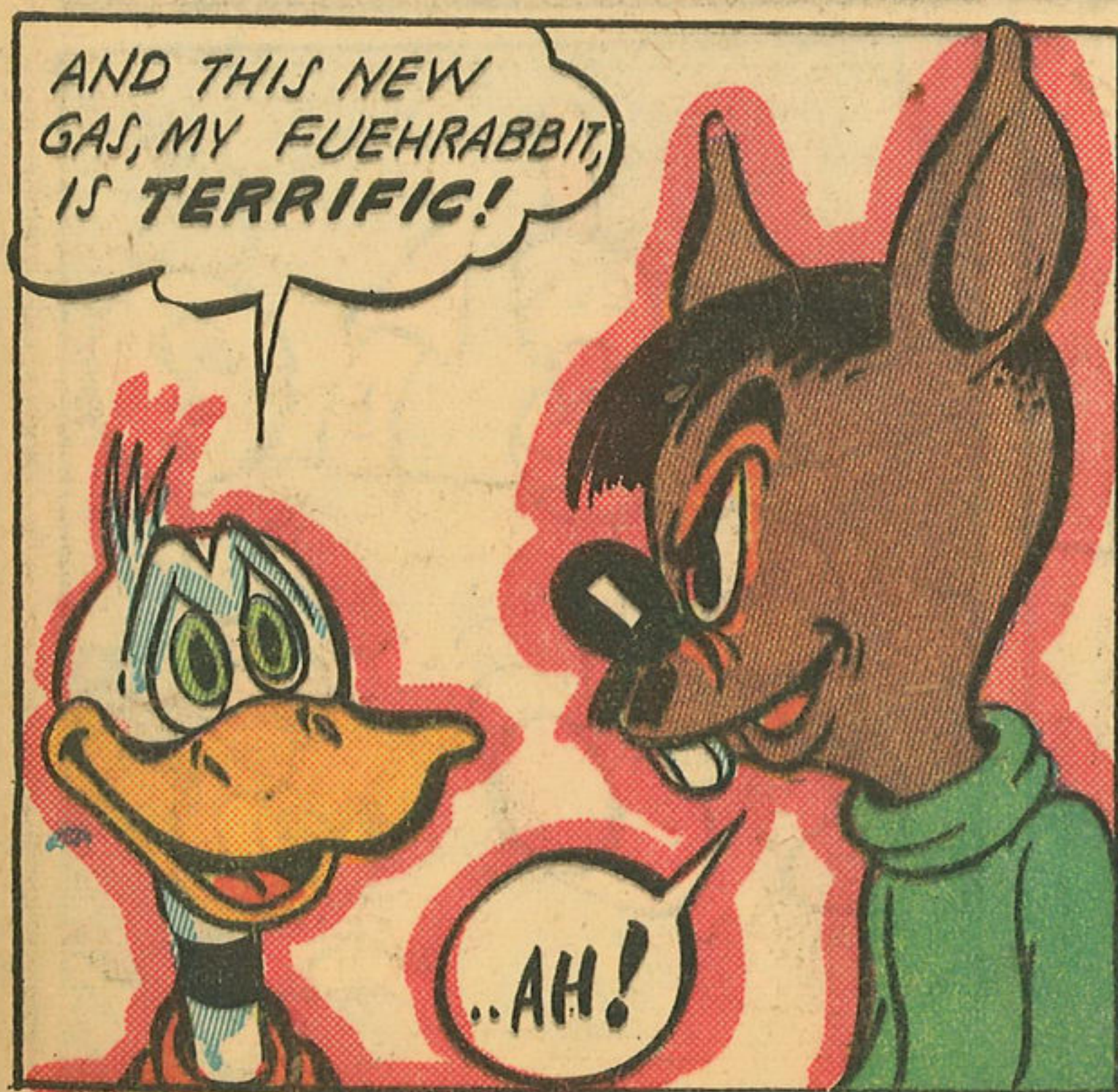
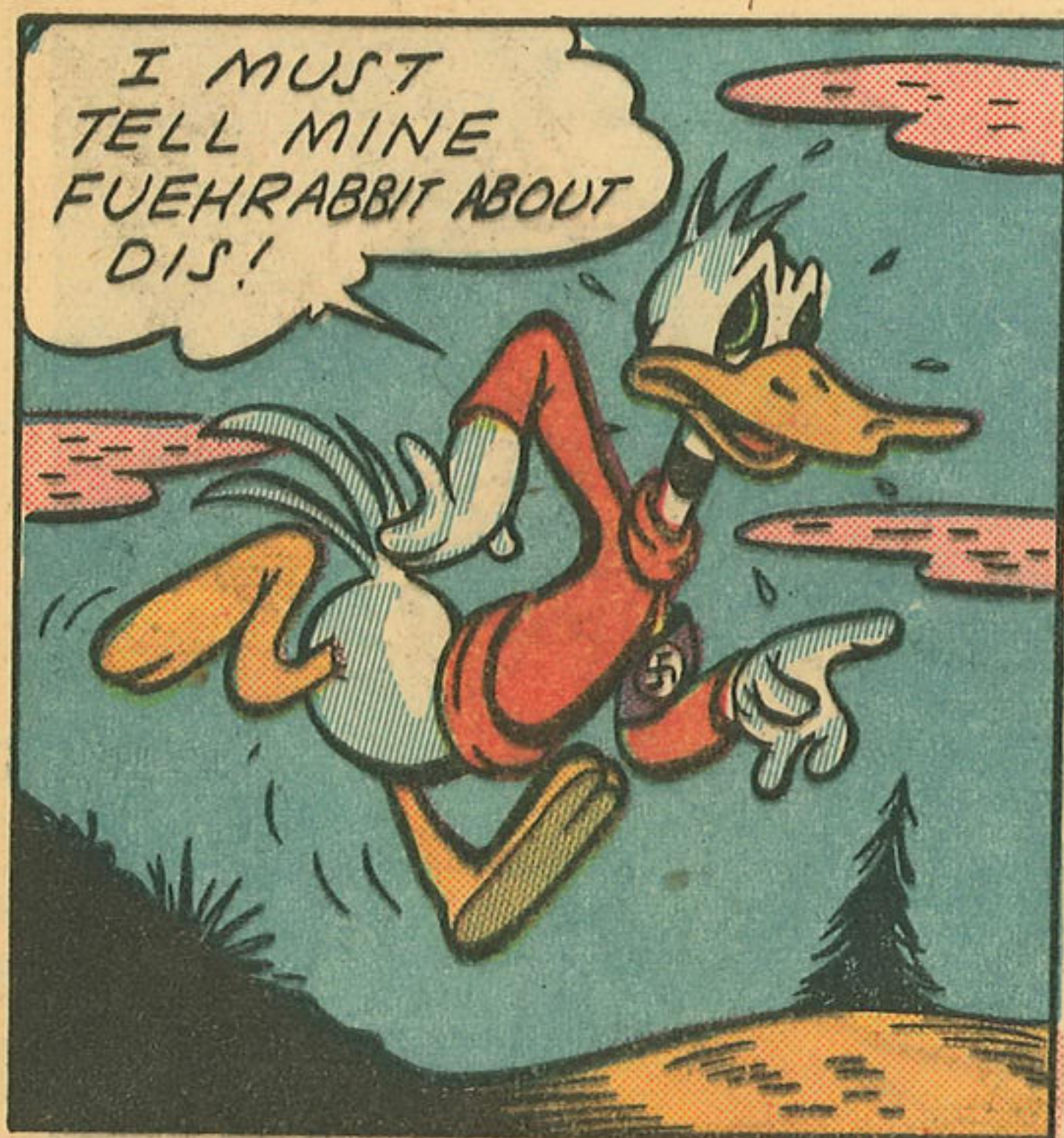
SO NOW, GENTLEMEN, THIS CROOK KNOWN TO YOU AS ROD VICARS, TO ME AS STANISLAV, AND TO MANY POOR PEOPLE AS DALE IS READY TO PLEAD GUILTY IN A REAL COURT!

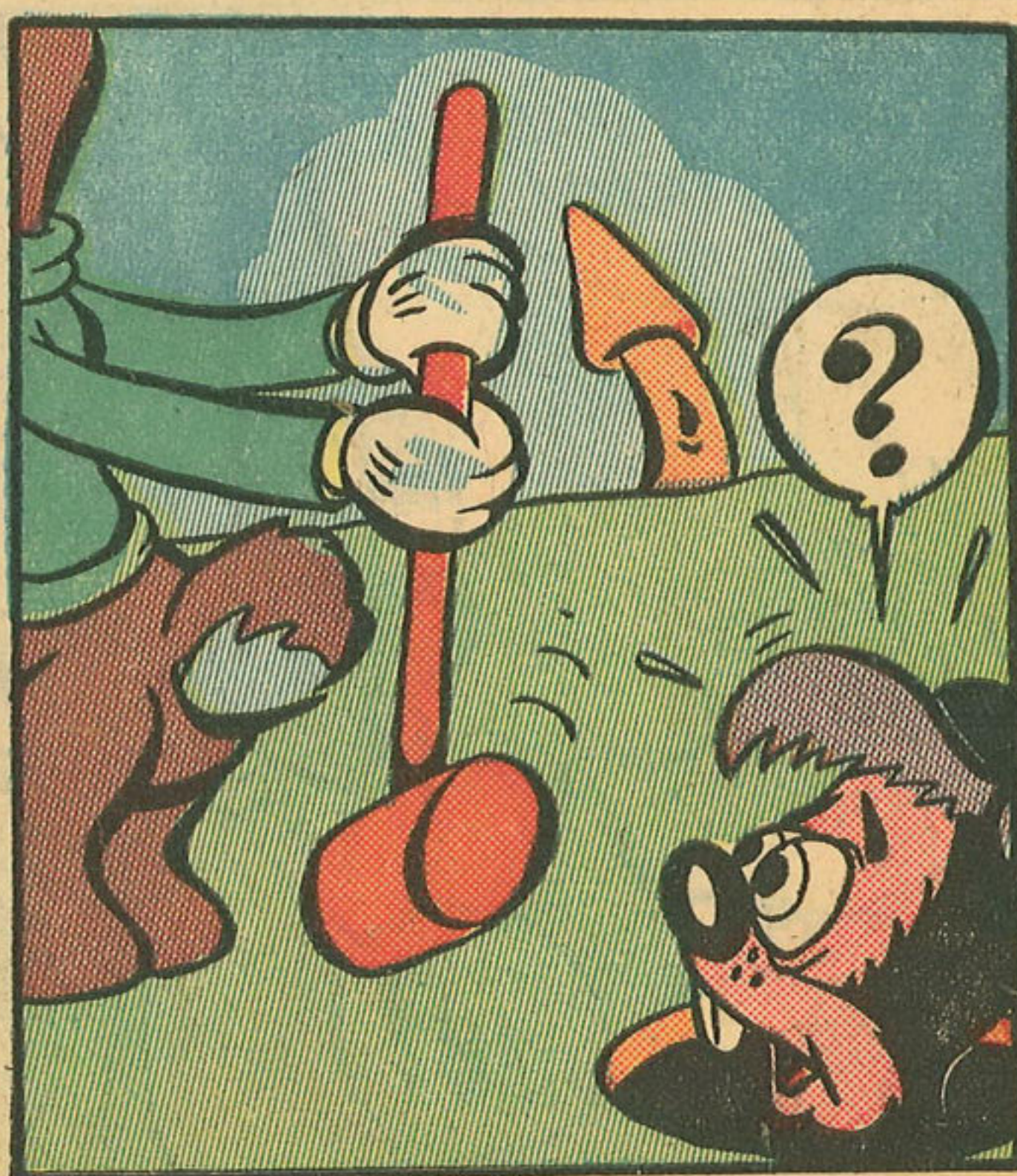
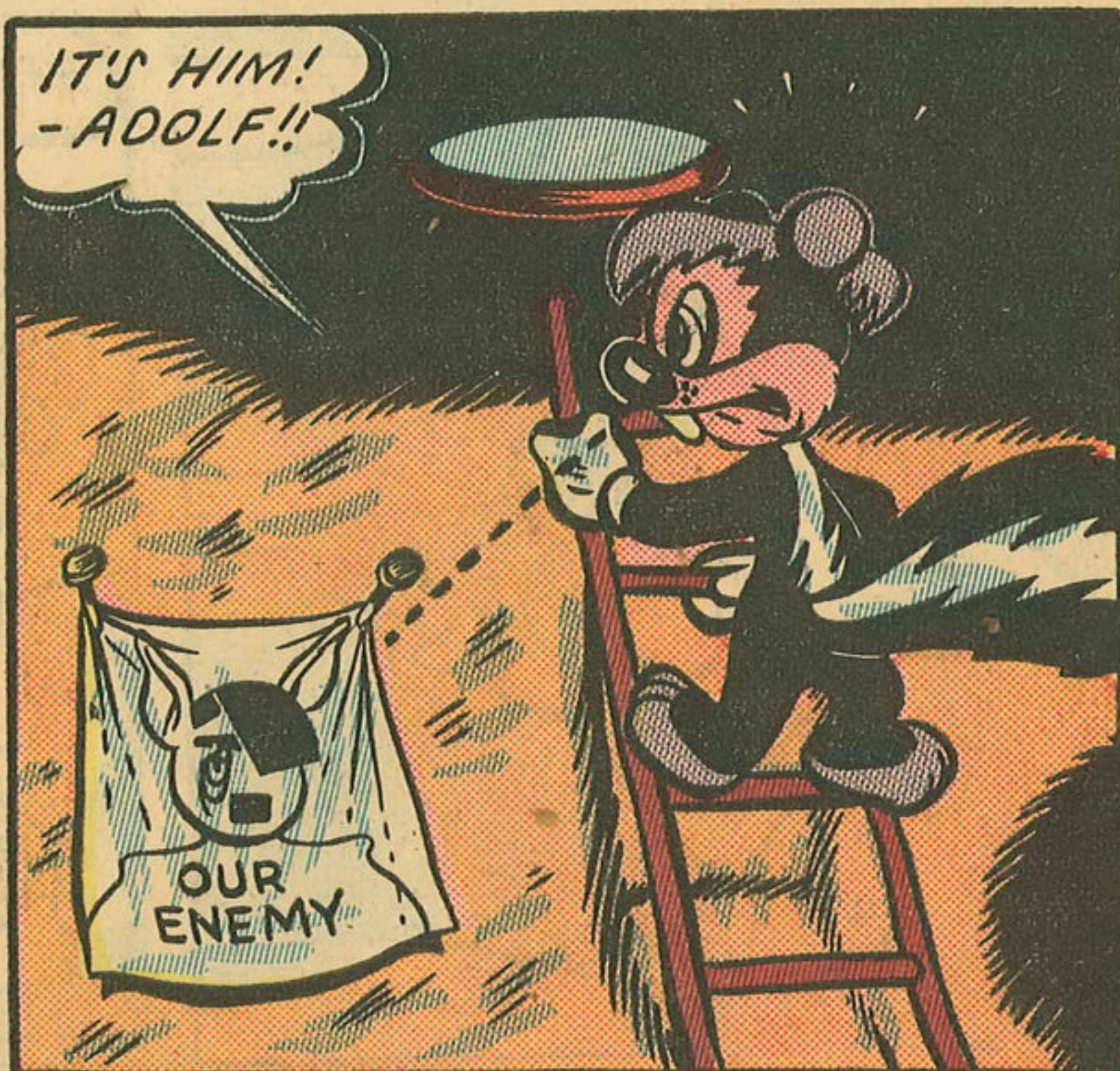
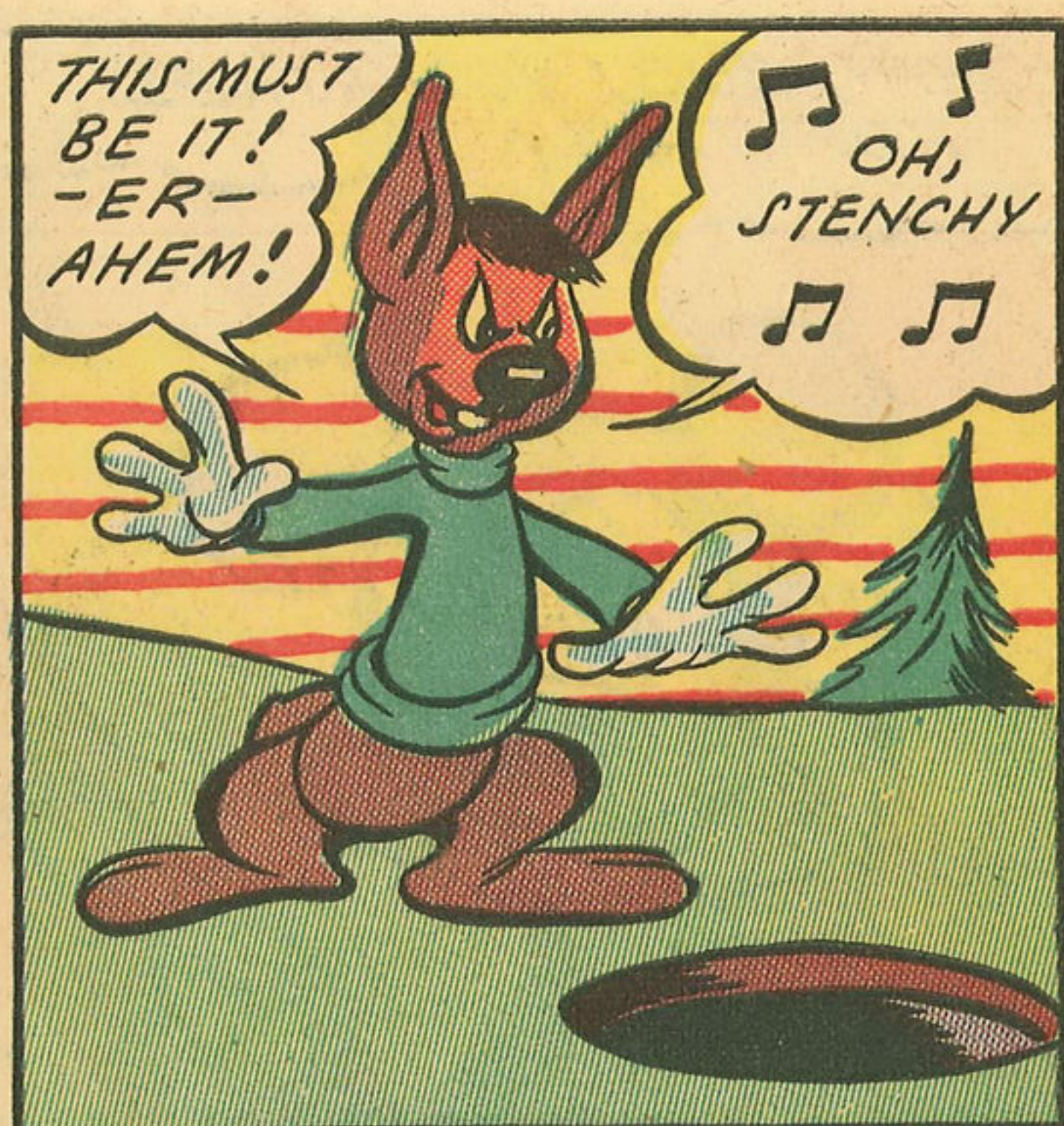
HEY, YOU CAN'T GO!

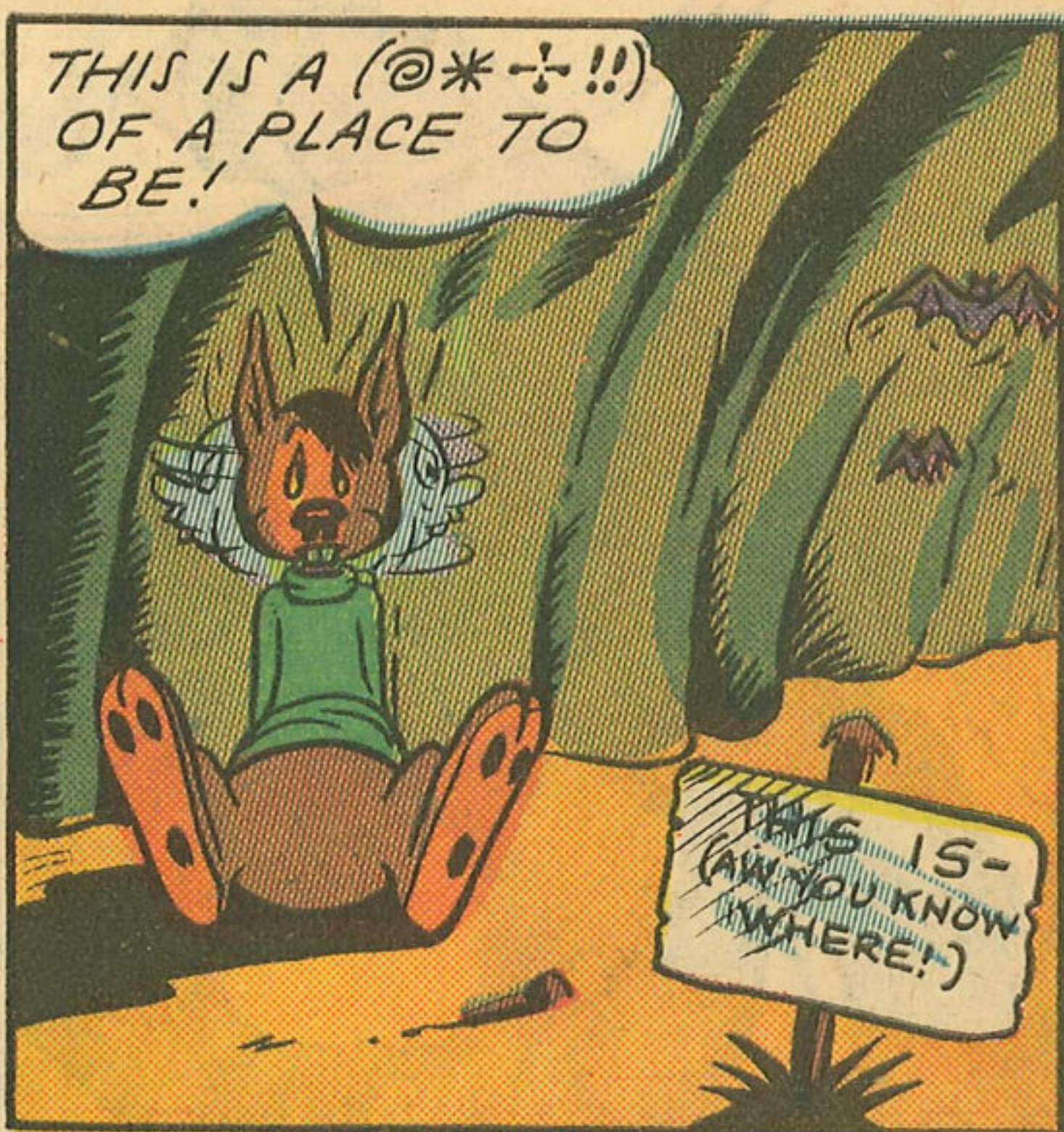
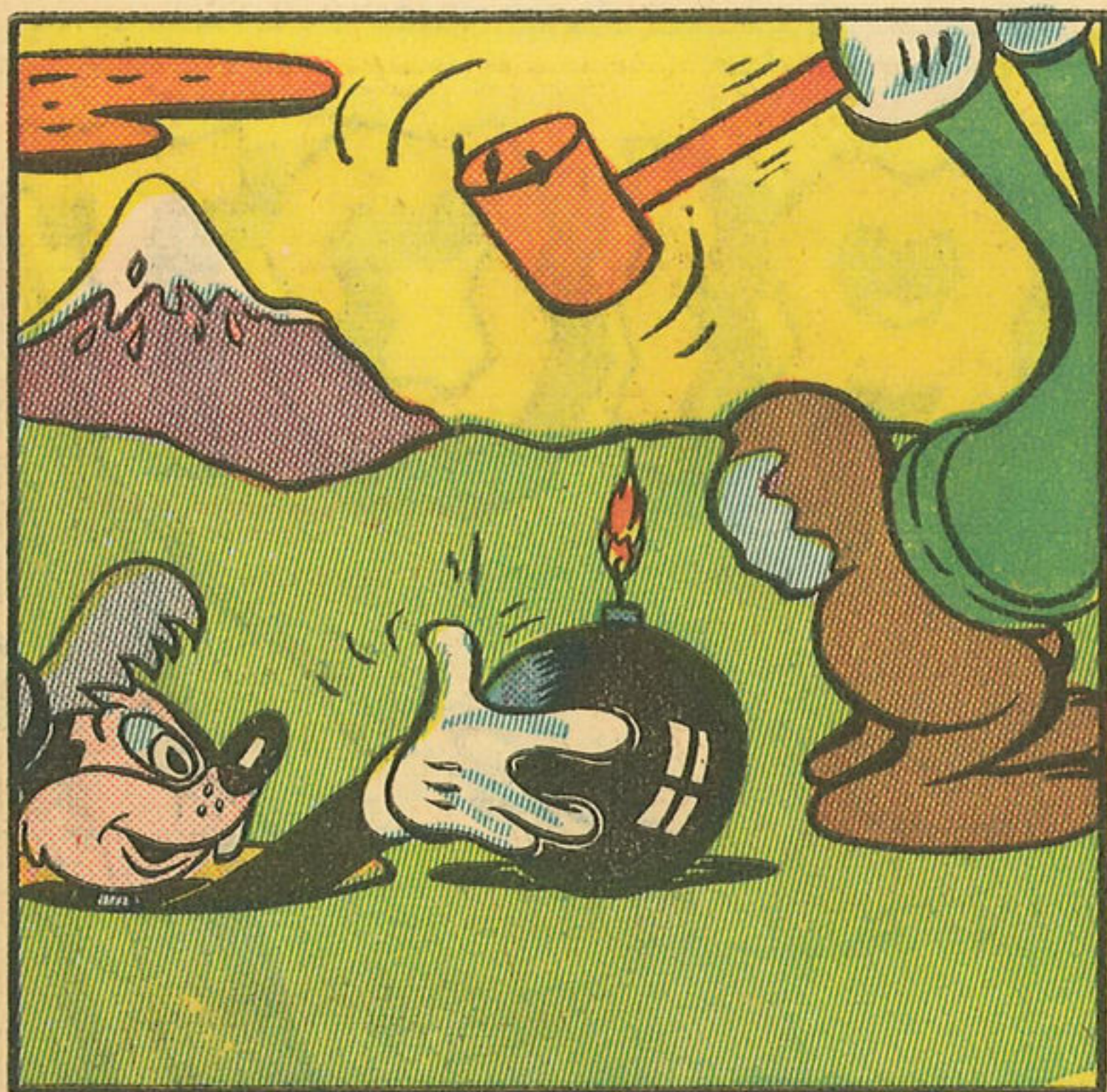
IT'S ALL RIGHT, MIKE -- WE OWE "THE JUDGE" A GREAT DEBT FOR THE WORK HE'S DONE TONIGHT!











RED RIOT



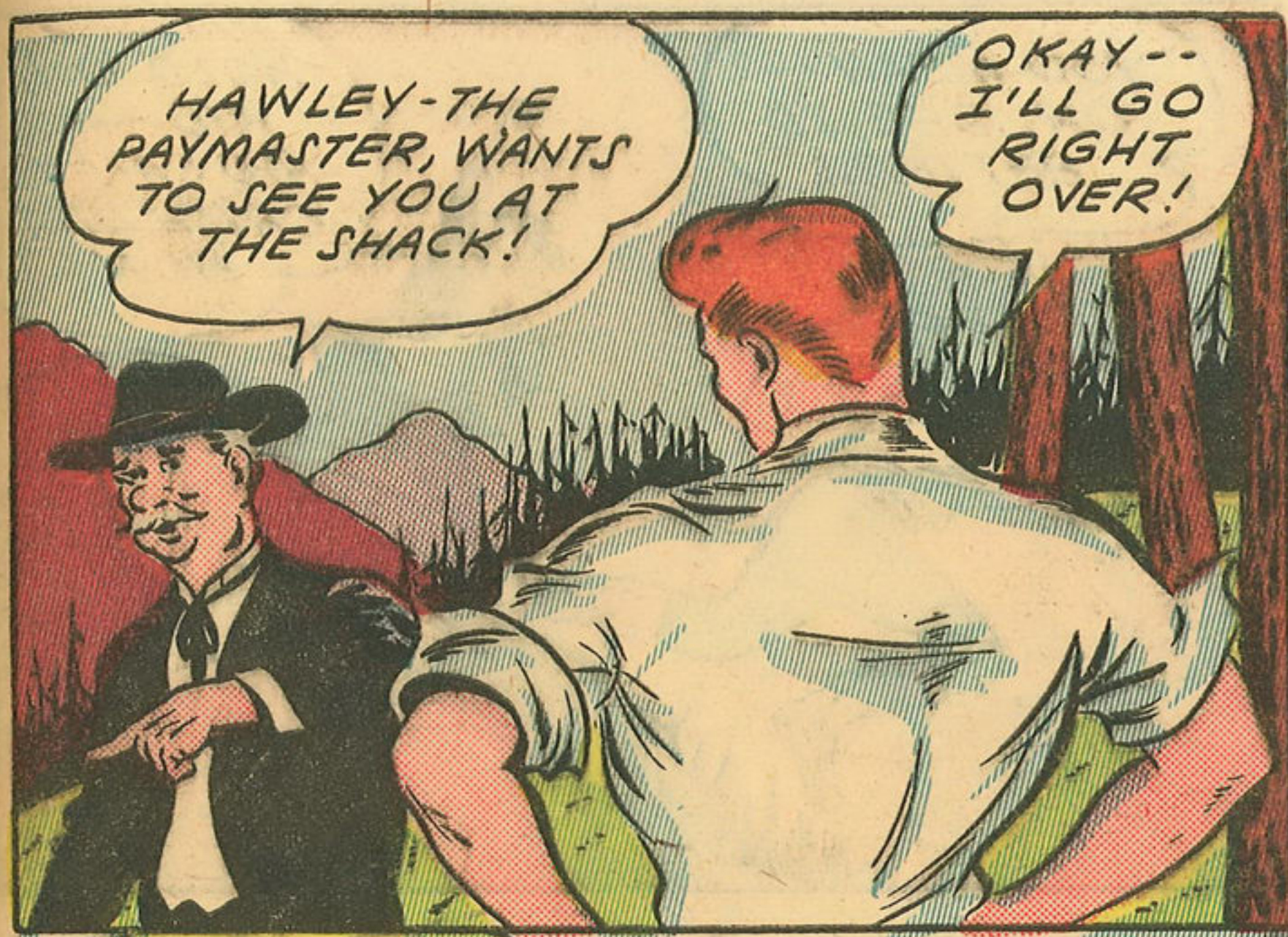
A FLASH OF RED IN THE GREEN OF FORESTS AND, BEFORE YOUR EYES, JACK CHANDLER SMASHES HIS WAY INTO A NEW FAME AND NAME AS RED RIOT!

SCENE: NORTH OREGON WHERE VIRGIN TIMBER IS STILL TO BE FOUND.

HEY, JACK! JACK CHANDLER! WHERE ARE YOU?

HELLO, JAKE-- HERE I AM! WHUTCHA WANT?

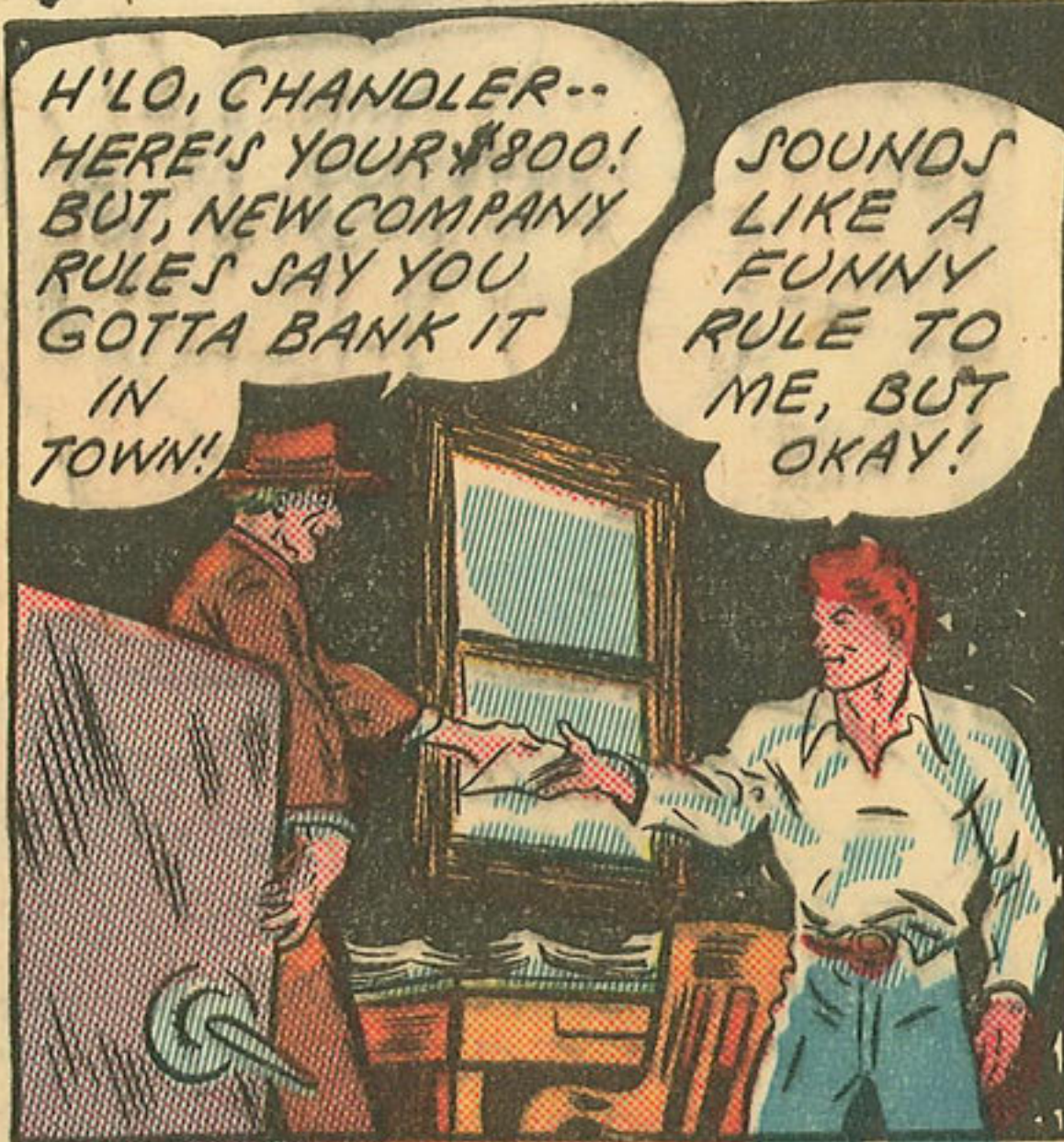




HAWLEY-THE
PAYMASTER, WANTS
TO SEE YOU AT
THE SHACK!

OKAY--
I'LL GO
RIGHT
OVER!

SO, A FEW MINUTES LATER--



H'LO, CHANDLER--
HERE'S YOUR \$800!
BUT, NEW COMPANY
RULES SAY YOU
GOTTA BANK IT
IN TOWN!

SOUNDS
LIKE A
FUNNY
RULE TO
ME, BUT
OKAY!



WELL, IF IT ISN'T
KID CHANDLER...
WELL-HEELED
WID CASH!

799-
800!
YUP,
ALL
THERE!



HI,
KID--
WHERE
YOU
GOIN'
WID
ALL DOSE
GREENBACKS?

OH, HELLO,
NORVO!
I'M GOIN'
DOWN TO
THE BANK
SOON'S
I'M
THROUGH
TODAY!



I'M GOIN' IN
NOW! WANT
ME TO
TAKE IT
FOR YA?

GOSH,
WOULD
YOU? I
HATE TO
CARRY ALL
THIS AROUND
WITH ME--
SUPPOSIN' I
LOST IT!
GOSH!



HO-- WHAT A
CINCH! I KIN
HOP TH' NOON
RATTLER AND
SKIP CAMP!
OH, BOY!

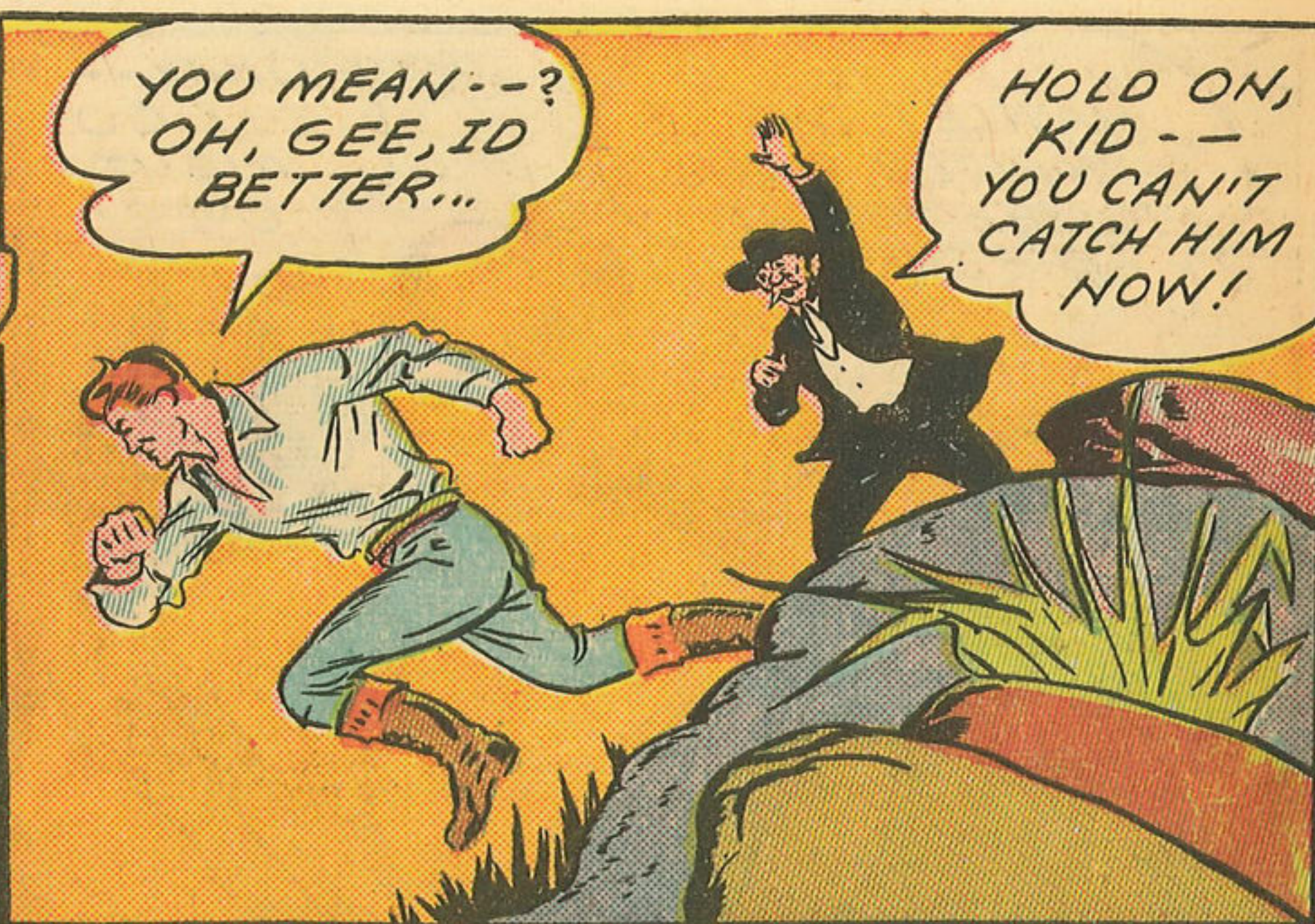


SAY, RED--
WHAT WAS
NORVO
TELLING
YOU?

AW, JAKE,
YOU'VE GOT HIM
WRONG! GEE, HE'S
A PAL-- HE'S
SAVING ME A
TRIP TO TOWN!



YOU DIDN'T
GIVE HIM YOUR
PAY CHECK, LAD?
HOLY SMOKES!
IT'S GOOD
AS GONE!



YOU MEAN--?
OH, GEE, ID
BETTER...

HOLD ON,
KID--
YOU CAN'T
CATCH HIM
NOW!

IF HE'S TAKEN
YOUR MONEY,
HE'S PLANNING
TO SKIP ON
THE NOON
TRAIN--HE'S
PRETTY NEAR
TO TOWN BY
NOW!

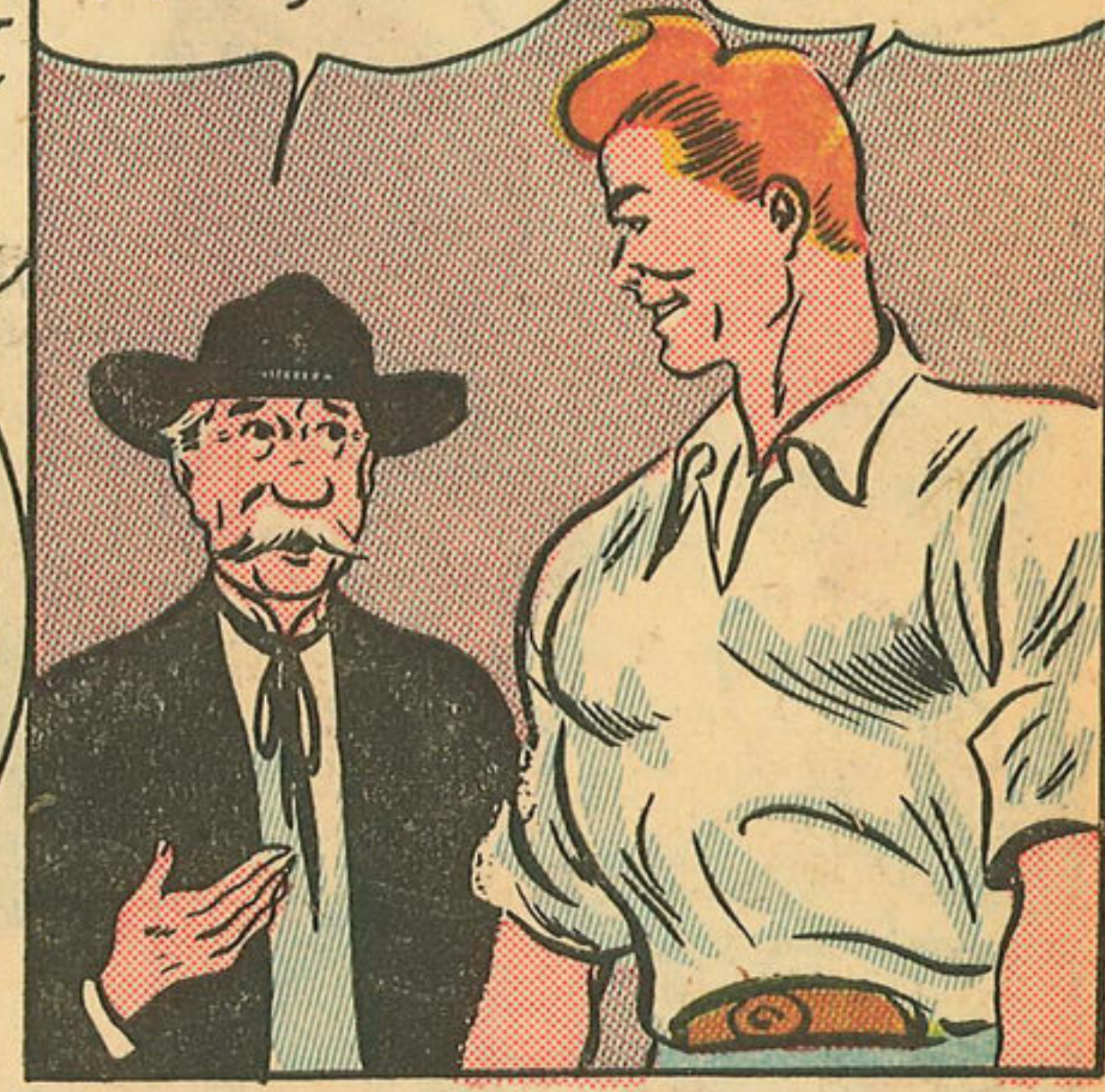
GORSH, I
DIDN'T
THINK--
HE WAS
SO
FRIENDLY,
TOO!

YOU SEE,
KID-- YOU
GOTTA BE
SMART ABOUT
THESE THINGS--
NOT ONLY
STRONG!

BUT, JAKE,
I AIN'T
NEVER
HAD A
CHANCE AT ANY
BOOK-
LEARNIN'!

WELL, WHYN'T
YOU GO TUH
NIGHT SCHOOL?
YOU'RE NOT
DUMB, KID--

DO YUH
REALLY
THINK I
CUD DO IT,
JAKE?



JACK CHANDLER TOOK HIS STUDYING SERIOUSLY - HE WAS AN
AVID READER AND QUICK TO LEARN . . .



I FEEL KINDA
SILLY BEIN' HERE
WITH ALL THESE
YOUNG UNS! BUT,
I'LL DO IT,
IF I BUST
TRYIN'!



THE STUDY OF
AESTHETICS IS THE
PHILOSOPHICAL
APPROACH TO
ART--

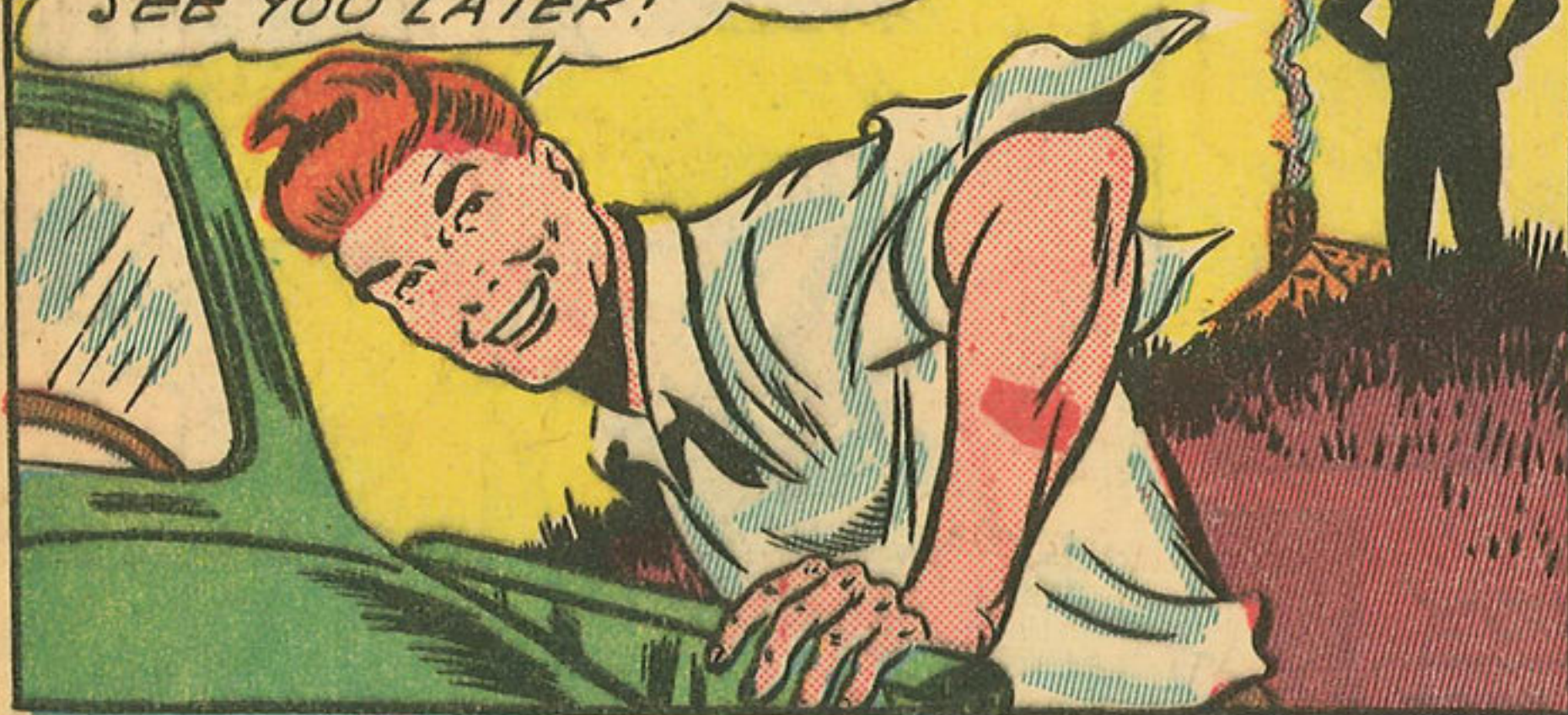


DEAR MR. GALLSTON:
YOUR RECENT
ARTICLE ON THE
CRIMINAL
PSYCHOLOGY
WAS --

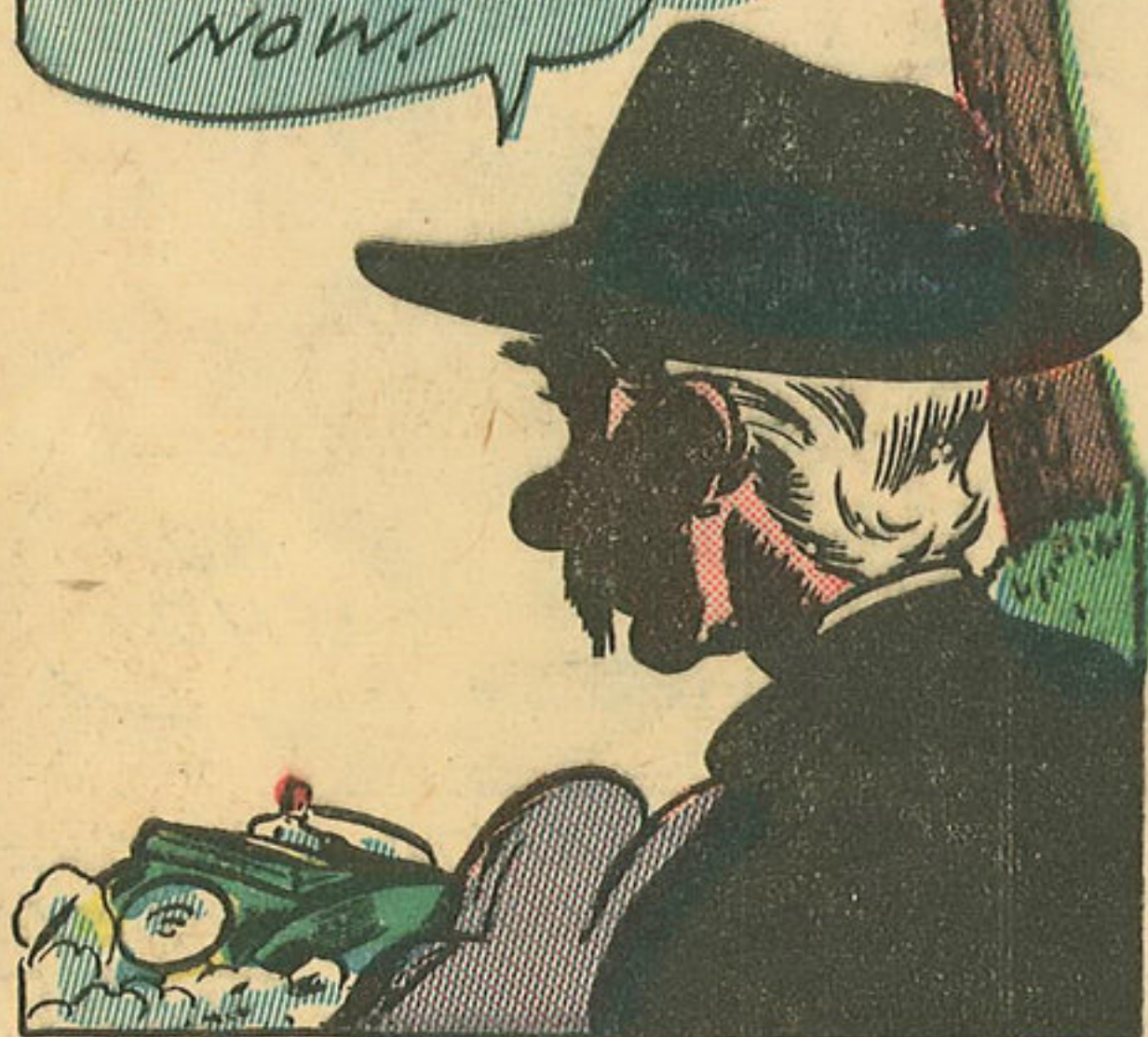
AFTER TEN YEARS, JACK IS MUCH OLDER AND WISER! HE HAS ALSO BEEN PROMOTED TO ACE TROUBLE-SHOOTER FOR THE LUMBER COMPANY!

I LIKE TO COME UP HERE FOR VISITS, JAKE-- WELL, I'VE GOT TO GET BACK AND MAKE MY REPORT! SEE YOU LATER!

G'BYE, JACK!



SHORE SEEMS FUNNY TO THINK BACK ON THE DUMB KID HE WAS-- HE'S A SMART MAN NOW!



MOMENTS LATER, A VERY BEDRAGGLED STRANGER APPROACHES JAKE ...

WONDER WHAT THIS OLD COOT IS DOIN' AROUND HERE?

HELLO, JAKE-- DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME?



CAN'T SAY AS I-- SAY!! YOU'RE NORVO!!

THAT'S RIGHT, JAKE -- WONDER WHY I'M BACK, EH?



WELL, I WOULDN'T ADVISE YUH TO STAY LONG ENOUGH FOR JACK CHANDLER TO RECOGNIZE YOU-- CHEAP CROOK!

THAT'S JUST IT, JAKE-- MY CONSCIENCE BOTHERS ME ABOUT THE KID'S \$800!



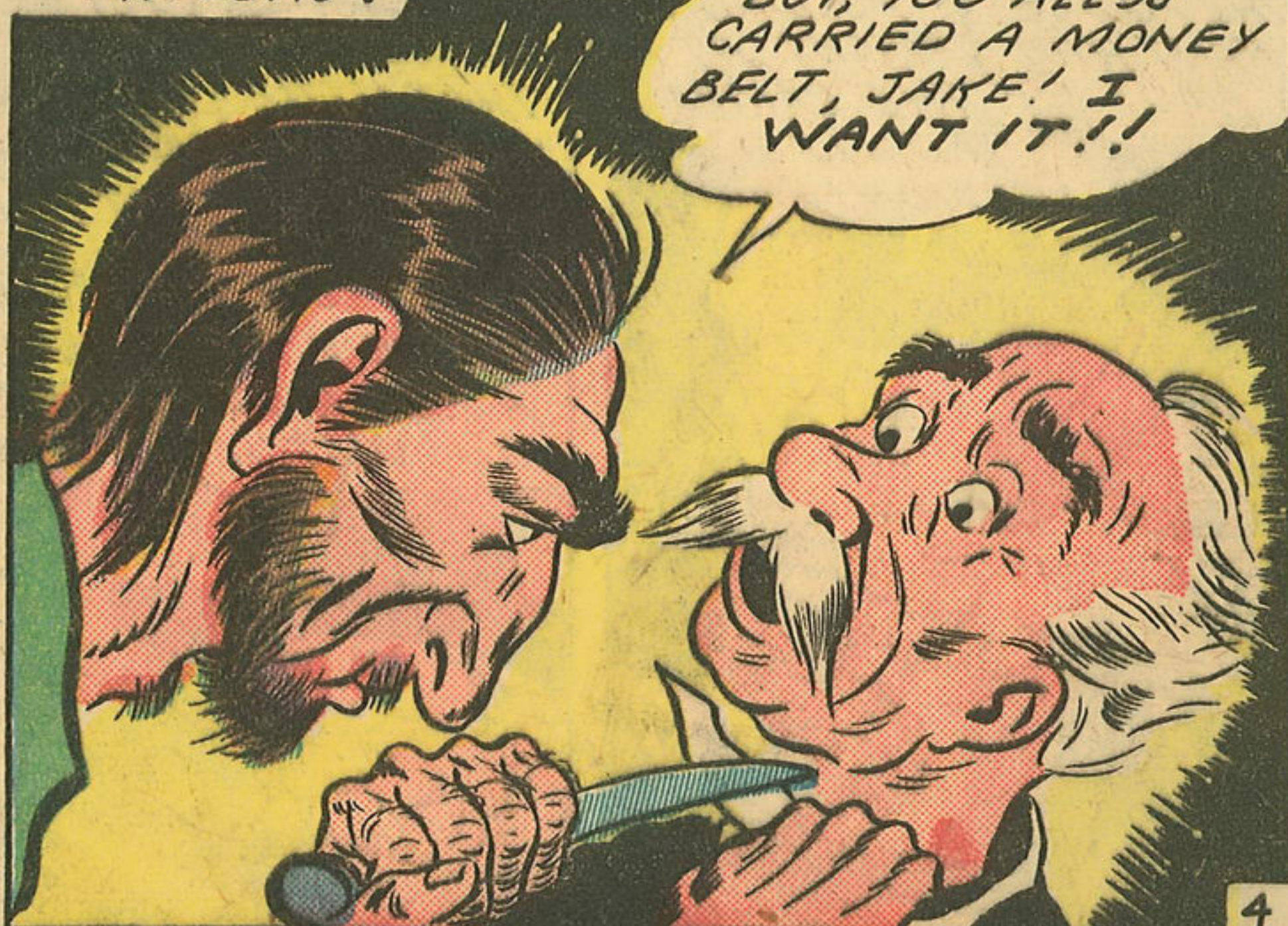
YOU MEAN, YOU WANTA MAKE IT GOOD?! HOW? YOU'RE FLATTER'N A SNAKE RIGHT NOW!

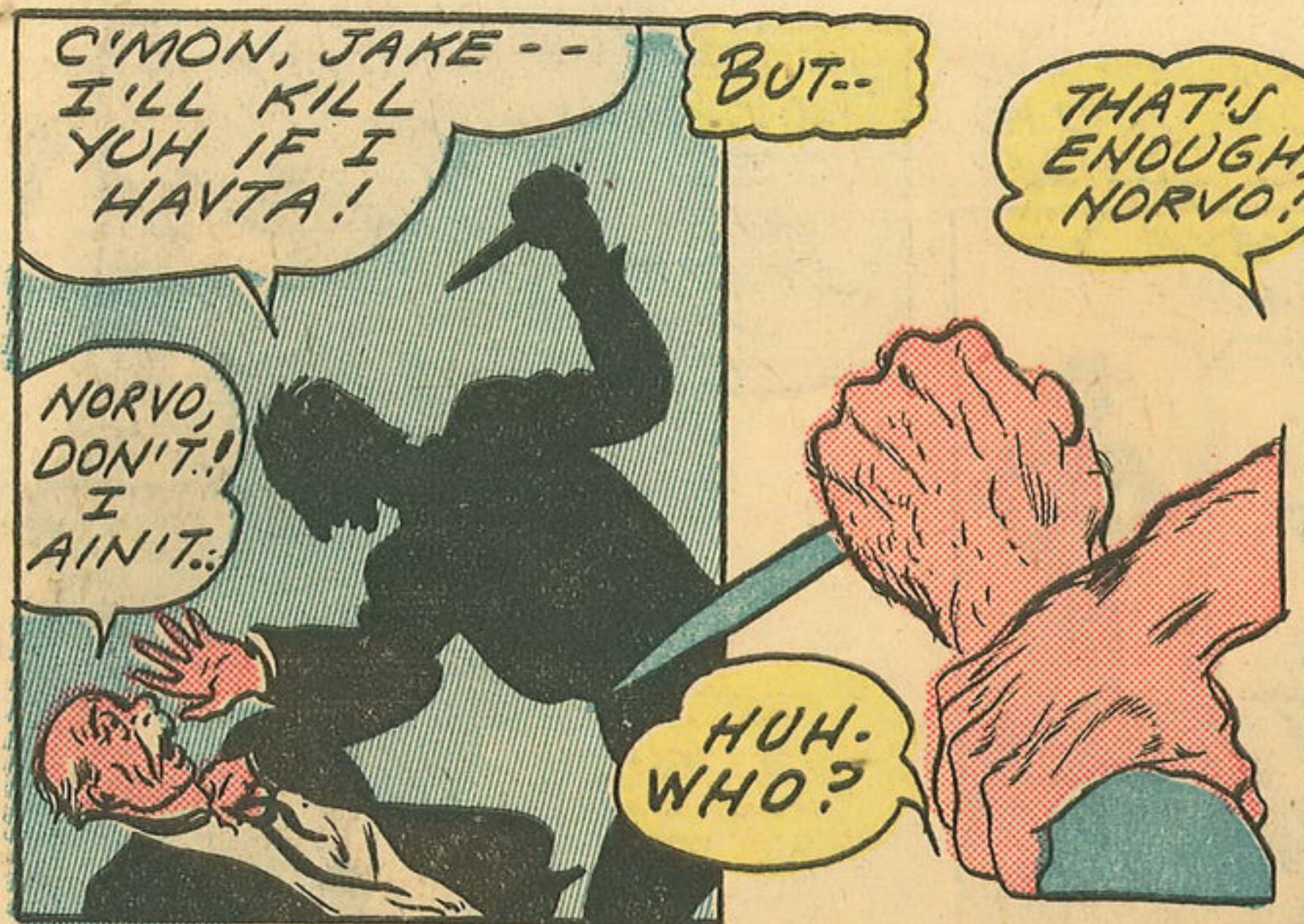
SURE, I'M FLAT BROKE NOW, JAKE!



NORVO SUDDENLY GRABS JAKE -- THE SHARP GLINT OF STEEL IN HIS FINGERS!

BUT, YOU ALLUS CARRIED A MONEY BELT, JAKE! I WANT IT!!





C'MON, JAKE --
I'LL KILL
YUH IF I
HAVTA!

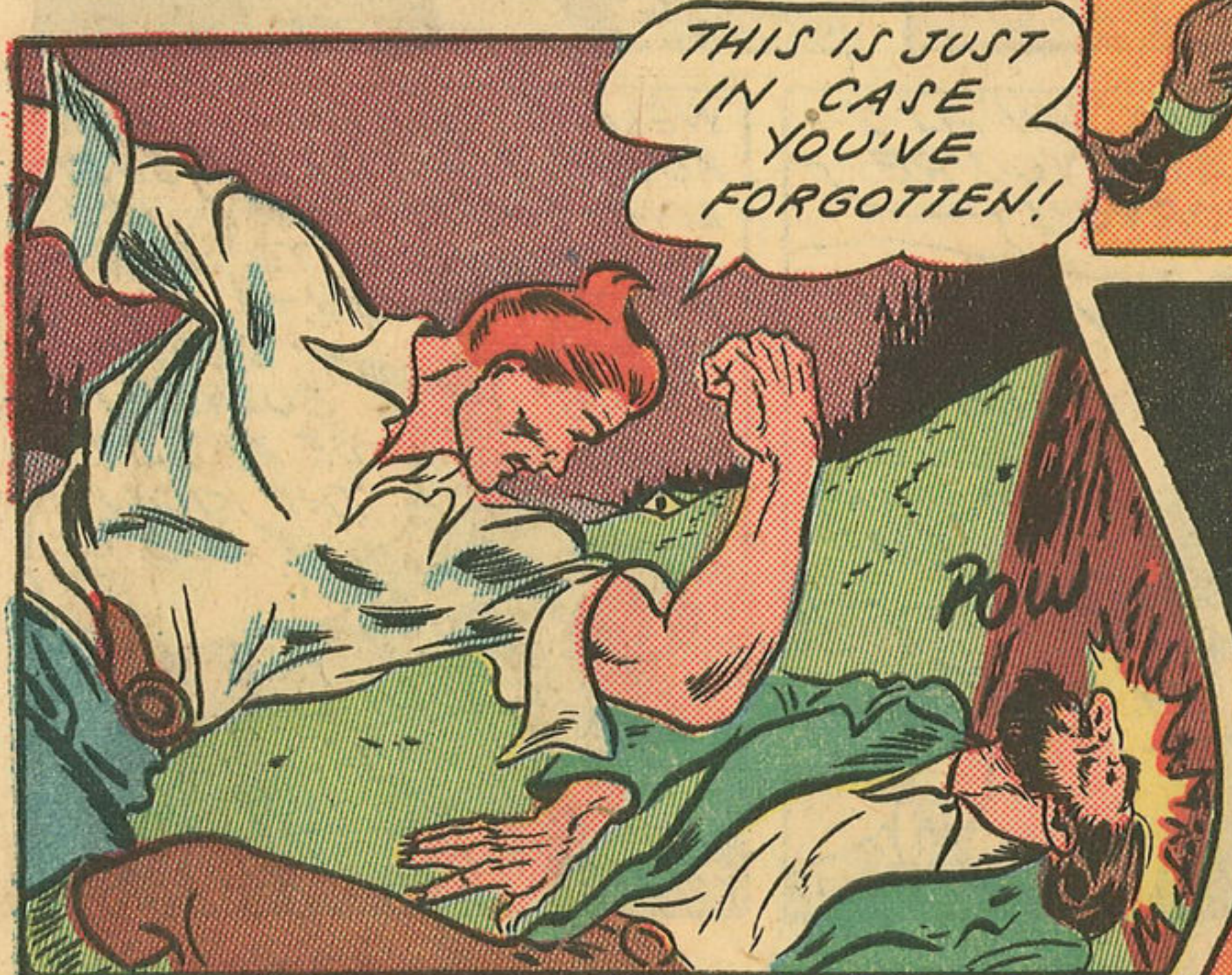
BUT--

THAT'S
ENOUGH,
NORVO!

NORVO,
DON'T!
I
AIN'T--

HUH-
WHO?

CHANDLER LANDS A WICKED
BLOW - WITH WICKED RESULTS!



THIS IS JUST
IN CASE
YOU'VE
FORGOTTEN!

POW

JACK CHANDLER WHIRLS THE
SURPRISED KILLER ABOUT!

I'M GLAD YOU REMEMBER
ME, NORVO -- MAYBE
YOU'VE GOT MY 800
DOLLARS, TOO?

CHANDLER!
NO!



JACK-- THAT
WAS A NEAT
JOB ---
YOUR HAIR
AIN'T RED
FOR
NUTHIN'!

ALMOST DID-
BUT SOME-
THING ABOUT
THIS GUY STOPPED
ME! I SAW HIM
IN MY REAR-VIEW
MIRROR AS I
STARTED
OFF!

I THOUGHT
YOU'D LEFT,
JACK?



NORVO, HEH?
THE POLICE
WANT HIM
BAD!

I KNOW-- HE'S BEEN
PULLING HIS
TRICKS AT ALL
THE CAMPS
IN THIS
SECTION!

COURSE, JACK,
THAT LITTLE
WORK-OUT
DIDN'T GIVE
YUH BACK THE
MONEY-- BUT YUH
SHURE WAS
A RED RIOT
TUH WATCH!

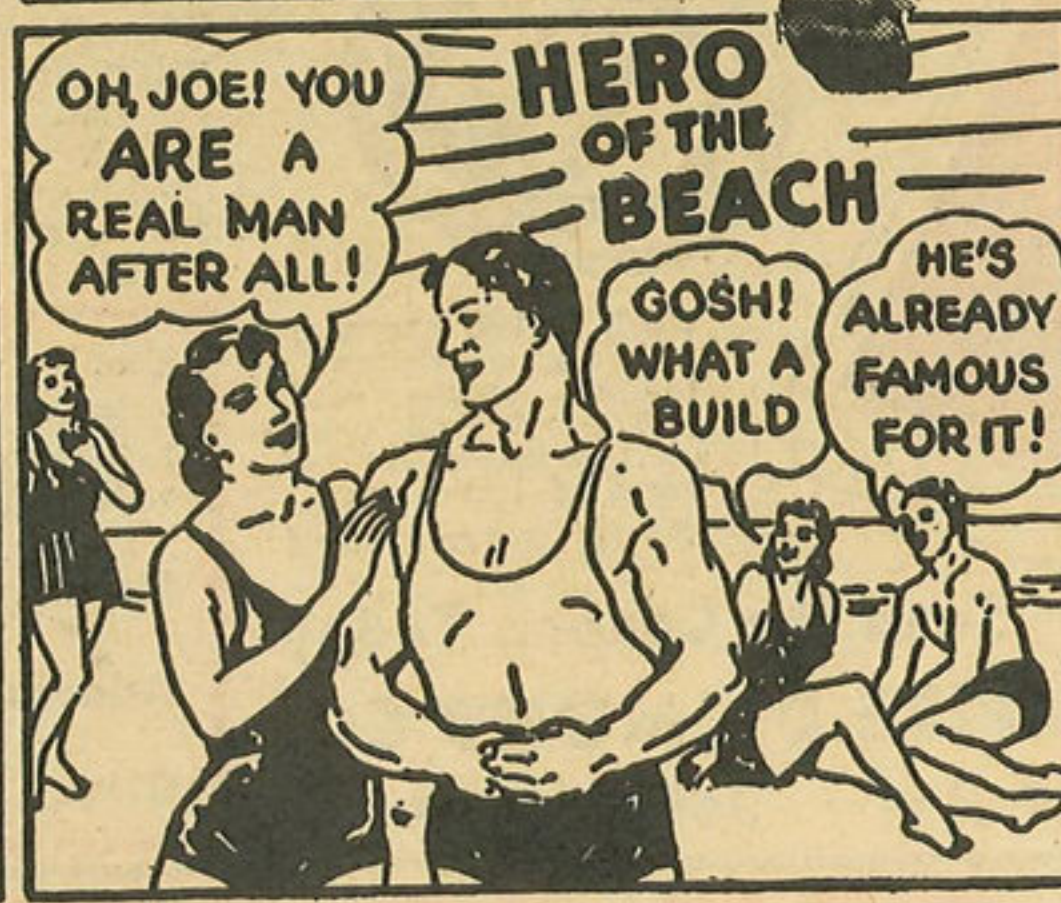
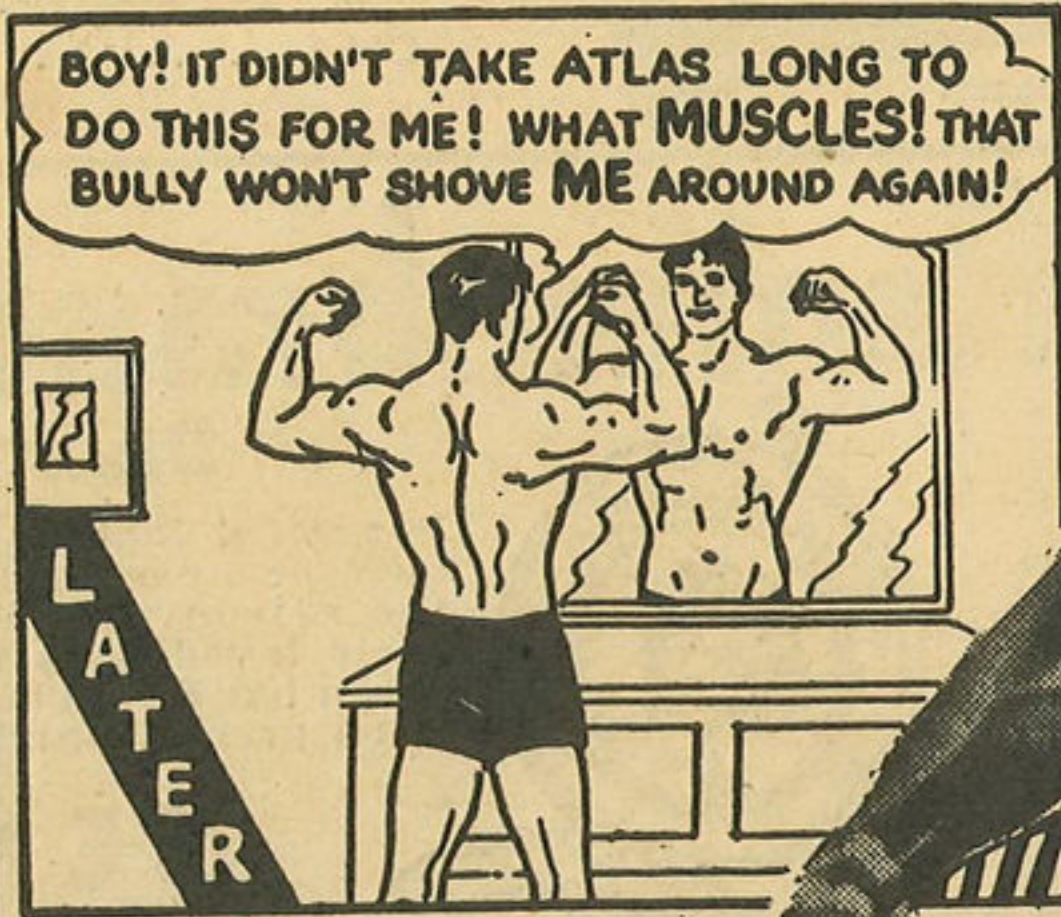
IT'S O.KAY, JAKE,
I'VE HAD \$800
WORTH OF
SATISFACTION!



JACK
CHANDLER,
THE RED
RIOT OF
THE LUMBER
CAMPS WILL
BE BACK TO
DO SOME
MORE TROUBLE
SHOOTING IN
THE NEXT
ISSUE OF
RED CIRCLE
COMICS!

HOW JOE'S BODY
BROUGHT HIM

FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindle-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

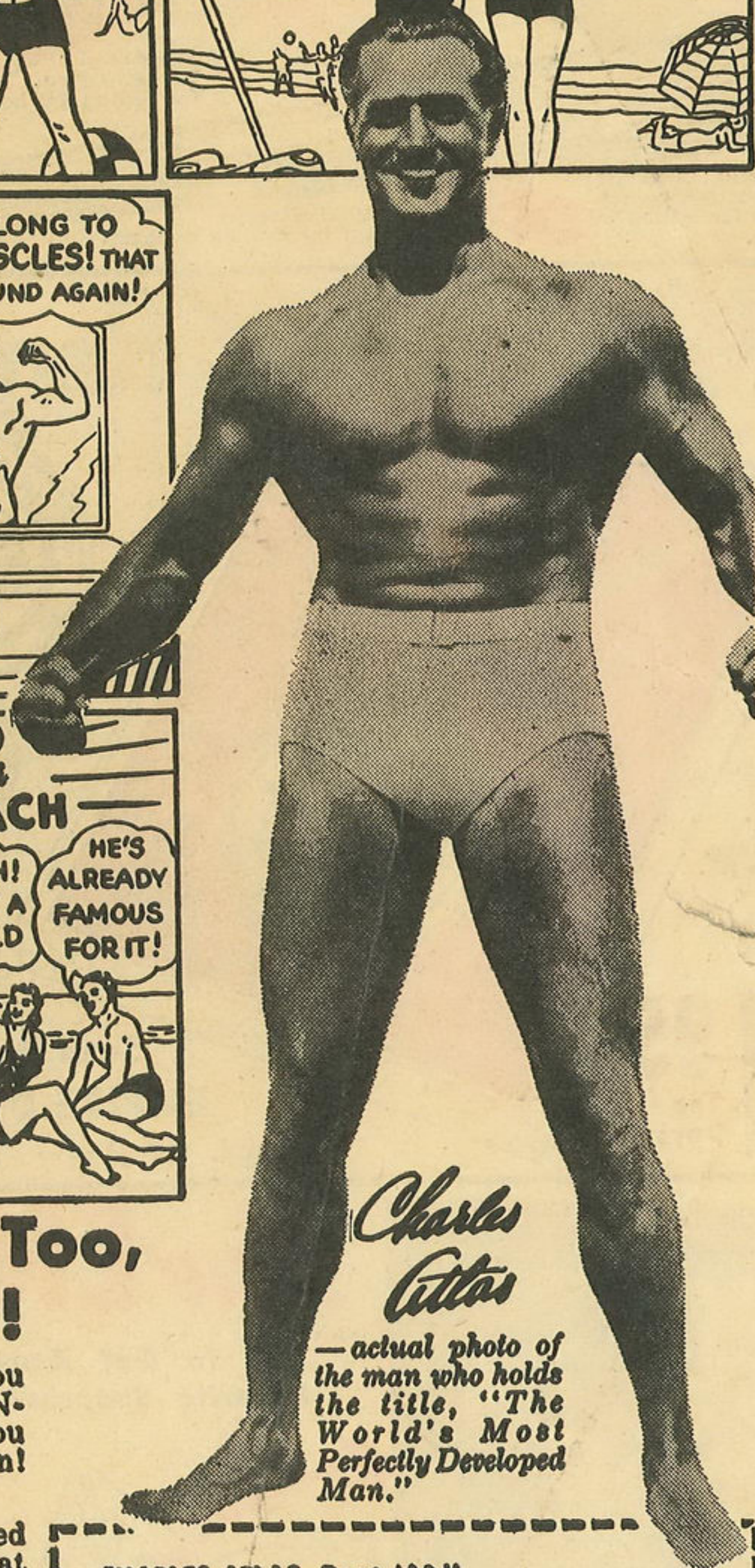
Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy,

NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 180K, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.



Charles Atlas

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 180K
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

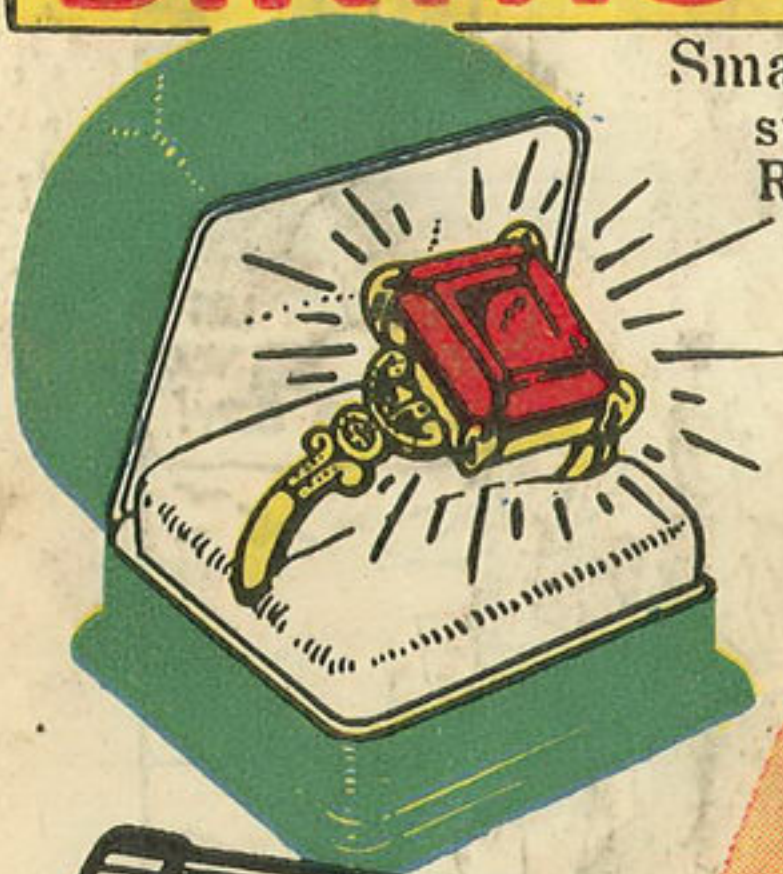
City..... State.....

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A

Beautiful Simulated BIRTHSTONE RING GIVEN AWAY

Also Other Valuable Gifts.

Smart, new, dainty, Sterling Silver Ring set with sparkling simulated Birthstone correct for your birth date—GIVEN for selling only 5 boxes of Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner at 25c each and returning the money collected. Dozens of other useful and valuable gifts (Hose, Pens, Scissors, Rings, Lockets, Costume Jewelry, etc.) are also offered in our free catalog-circular. Send name and address today for order and catalog to start.



Birthstone Ring Given for Selling 5 boxes.



Hollywood Locket--Given for selling 10 boxes.

Just Send The Coupon We TRUST You

Many feel it's lucky to wear their birthstone. Send coupon today.

GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-157 Jefferson, Iowa

Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-157 Jefferson, Iowa, for order to start.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY..... STATE.....

Gift I would like to have you send me.



Powerful Telescope for spotting planes Given for selling 10 boxes.

Ladies' Hosiery Given for Selling 5 boxes.

Hollywood Remembrance LOCKET

Dainty, New, Two-Tone



18 Inch Chain

Locket in Dainty, 2-Tone Design

Supply Limited

\$1.95

Ten Days Trial



Each locket has snap-lock and a substantial hinge. Opens easily and provides 2 spaces on the inside for pictures of loved ones. Supplies are limited

Beautiful lockets are in style today more than ever, not only because of their extraordinary beauty, but also for the reason that so many ladies want to have pictures of their loved ones near to them at all times. The 18-inch chain has a special safety lock fastener. No other keepsake is so precious and ornamental as this beautiful locket.

SEND NO MONEY

The front of the locket is new, two-tone design with sentimental heart and red roses in life-like colors. Send no money. Just mail the coupon today. Your package will be sent immediately and you pay postman only \$1.95 plus a few cents for mailing costs and 20% Federal tax, on arrival. 10 Days Money-Back Guarantee.

Empire Diamond Co., Dept. 89 HV Jefferson, Iowa.

Send the New, 2-Tone Locket. I understand I can return my order within 10 days for any reason and you will refund promptly.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Send the Coupon Today
EMPIRE DIAMOND CO.
Dept. 89 HV Jefferson, Iowa

New ENLARGEMENT 3¢

Just to Get Acquainted We Will Beautifully Enlarge Your Favorite Snapshot, Photo, Kodak Picture, Print or Negative to 5 x 7 Inches If You Enclose the Coupon and a 3 Cent Stamp for Return Mailing!

Everyone admires pictures in natural colors because the surroundings and loved ones are so true to life, just the way they looked when the pictures were taken, so we want you to know also about our gorgeous colored enlargements. Think of having that small picture or snapshot enlarged to 5 by 7-inch size so that the details and features you love are more life-like and natural. Over one million men and women have sent us their favorite snapshots and pictures for enlarging. Thousands write us how much they also enjoy their remarkably true-to-life, natural colored enlargements we have sent them in handsome black and gold, or ivory and gold frames.

You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlargement of your cherished snapshot, photo or Kodak picture. Please include the color of hair and eyes and get our new bargain offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike oil colors and sent on approval. Your original is returned with your enlargement. This amazing enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our work. Send today as supplies are limited.

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 940, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa



Enclose this coupon with your favorite snapshot, picture or negative and send to **DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 940, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.**

Name

Address

City..... State.....

Color of Hair

Color of Eyes